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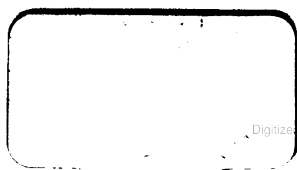


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Porter, Anna Maria

Knights of St. John; a romance



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THE
KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN,
A ROMANCE,

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,

AUTHOR OF "THE RECLUSE OF NORWAY," &c. &c.

7125
——— "Let its pure flame
"From Virtue flow, and love can never fail
"To warm another's bosom, so the light
"Shine manifestly forth."

CAREY'S DANTE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO
THOSE DEAR FRIENDS,
IN WHOSE DOMESTIC SOCIETY
THE PRINCIPAL PART OF THIS WORK
WAS COMPOSED,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ARE INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR VERY GRATEFUL
AND AFFECTIONATE
ANNA MARIA.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

FAVOURABLY blew the vernal breezes, as a weather-beaten vessel steered for the port of Genoa, late one evening, in the year 1563. Her crew were all on the deck, welcoming, after an absence of four years among distant seas, the sight of their blue gulf, and their native city.

That majestic city was now only dimly seen, reflected from the crystal mirror below; for the sun had been long set, and but the faintest purple remained in the western sky. Yet that reflected object, undulating with the waves, still possessed charms for those in whose memories it was associated with ideas of home and domestic joy. Now broken by a crossing sail or a dashing oar; now uniting and forming again into the same shapes of shadowy beauty; now gradually assuming darker and less distinct outlines, the visionary picture at last melted into one with the gray and uniform water.

But the moon rises; and as the shouting mariners approach the pharos, the proud city is again seen in all her glory, encircling the bay as with a diadem.

There stretches her magnificent amphitheatre of towers, and spires, and domes; of churches, and convents, and palaces! There rise her lofty cypress groves! There hang her aerial gardens! There spread her gilded trellises blushing with flowers and fruits; her sparkling fountains, her marble terraces descending to the sea, her harbours crowded with gallant vessels, and her protecting hills glittering with villas and with vineyards!

The broad moonlight now covers sea and shore with a flood of molten silver; the white-winged vessel gleams like a meteor as she glides swiftly onwards; she approaches the moles and the citadel—she passes them: now they recede from her forward course: she reaches the port; she casts anchor—and the next moment all her crew are on land.

One young man, exchanging hasty adieus with his companions, broke from the party, and hastened forwards with the eager step of joy. His progress was stopped in the Strada Balbi, by a crowd assembled before the gates of the seigniorry. Having in vain urged his way by vehement actions and exclamations, he found the throng too solid to penetrate; and, forced to submit, turned towards a person next him, inquiring, in no patient tone, what all this meant.

"It is the last day of the Adimari and Cigala trial," replied the gentleman he questioned.

"The Adimari and Cigala trial!" repeated his questioner, with a look of astonishment: "Have the goodness, seignor, to tell me the particulars?"

Without remarking the very remarkable expression which suddenly changed the animated countenance of the stranger, the Genoese proceeded to satisfy his curiosity.

"The present dispute is about an estate at Nervi, which was sold, some two hundred years ago, by one of the Cigala to one of the Adimari. It remained in the hands of the Adimari from that day till about two years ago, when signor Cigala laid claim to it, in right of descent, from the original possessors: offering to show proof, that it was so secured to the next of kin at the time in which his ancestor sold it, as to be incapable of alienation while any of the direct line remained. Adimari supported his right to a property which his family had fairly bought, and kept quiet possession of for two centuries. The suit was drawn out to great length, from the novelty of the case, the display of proofs and papers, the various altercations of the lawyers, &c.;—but to-day was announced for the termination; and, though the sitting is protracted to a most unseasonable hour, we are all still waiting, impatient to know the decision of the judges."

"They cannot give in Cigala's favour!" exclaimed the young man, with some degree of indignant warmth.

"Very few wish they should," rejoined his companion; "for it is shrewdly suspected, that these vexatious family registers have been dragged forth by Cigala to satisfy an old grudge he bore to Adimari when a youth. He might have been contented with the triumph he gained over him, some fifteen years ago, when he got the Podestar of Corsica from him by cabal and influence. That injury galled poor Adimari sorely; but he was a mild man, who never showed resentment, though he felt injury.—If this suit end as I hope it may, it will be a pity that the worthy signor has not lived to see it."

"What said you?—not lived!" exclaimed the young stranger in a piercing cry of demand.

"He died three months ago, broken by care and grief."—The last words were unheard by him to whom they were addressed; his head had sunk back on the shoulder of a by-stander; and he must have fallen to the ground, but for the closeness of the press.

From the ghastly fixtured of his features, the people around pronounced him dead; and humanity soon effected, what nothing else could have done: the sympathising crowd broke asunder, pressed on each other, opened a passage for the persons who were endeavouring to bear him forward to the portico of the Palazzo; and some one recognising his lineaments, or fancying a resemblance, as he was borne by, whispered his name.

"It is Adimari's son!" repeated one to another; and as they followed him with their eyes, low murmurs of pity succeeded to the clamour of curiosity and impatience.

The doors, that had so long been watched, now flew open, and a mixed multitude poured forth; all wearing the emblem of the Cigali triumphantly in their caps.

The shouts of the one party, and the execrations of the other, were unnoticed, and scarcely heard by the outer crowd: their attention had fastened upon another object; and they now trampled down each other, anxious to catch a glimpse of the sufferer, and to ascertain whether he were indeed their fellow-citizen.

When this unfortunate son (for it was Cesario Adimari) opened his eyes, he found himself principally supported by a young man, whose prepossessing countenance was expressive of deep interest. He felt this person's hand tremble in assist-

ing him to rise; and he observed that his garments were sprinkled with blood. This person then had held him, while the vein had been opened which Cesario now felt stiffening in his arm.

"I thank you, signor!" he said in an agitated voice. "I thank you all, my countrymen!—I will go home now—Home! where my father is not!—O God!"

Gushing into tears as he spoke, and unable to resist their salutary violence, he leaned his face against one of the gates; again he felt the cold agitated touch of the hand which had so recently pressed his: it was colder and more tremulous than at first.

Roused by such extraordinary sympathy at once into shame at thus publicly displaying his feelings, and into livelier gratitude for the compassion bestowed on him, Cesario was pulling his cloak round him to depart, when, in directing his eye towards the benevolent stranger, with a look that still asked his sympathy, he saw in his cap the hated myrtle-branch of the Cigali.

His eye changed. "You are a Cigala, then!"

"I am."

Some of the crowd murmured, in under voices, "Giovanni Cigala."

Cesario started at the sound; the scathing of a glance keener than any curse ever uttered by hatred, was all the answer he vouchsafed to the son of the man who had stripped his father of competence and life. He shook off the grasp that would have detained him; and, springing down the steps of the portico with sudden strength, was out of sight, and beneath friendly shelter, ere nature again gave way under the shock of fuller information, and the certainty of utter ruin.

Many days elapsed—days of alternate grief and indignation: for Cesario mourned the loss of a parent dearer than his life's blood; and saw himself reduced to beggary and dependence.

The bulk of his expected inheritance had consisted of the estate just wrested from him. His father was a man of nobler pursuits than fortune: in his early youth he had served in the fleet of the republic, but with more honour than profit; and in later life he entered into commercial speculations.

In Genoa, the gentry, and second class of nobility, are permitted to unite mercantile concerns with their boast of patrician quality; and Adimari, having embarked in them, had ventured rather too far in the hope of increasing the fortune of this darling son.

In consequence of the unjust detention of one of his richest vessels, in a Portuguese Indian settlement, Adimari had been induced to send his son thither; charged with documents necessary for the release of the ship. A voyage to the East was, in those days, long and dangerous: Cesario encountered the perils and pains of its difficult navigation; and endured, afterwards, the vexation of combating for his rights with an arbitrary governor, determined to keep the prize he detained under imaginary pretences.

An act of self-defence, made by some of the crew, during a visit on shore, was construed into a piratical attack: and the ship and cargo being formally condemned as forfeited to the government of Goa, Cesario returned to Europe, comforting himself under this disappointment by the certainty of finding affluence and peace at home.

But during four years, his father had suffered many other losses; and, the Nervi estate gone, no-

thing remained to Cesario, excepting a few olive and mulberry grounds at Polchiverra; the annual products of which would fall short of the sums demanded to defray the debts contracted during his absence in this disastrous law-suit. He was resolved, however, to pay them; and he instantly made himself answerable to all the creditors.

"What madness!" said one of his kinsmen to him: "you are destroying yourself; that wretched remnant of property, comes to you in right of your mother's settlement; it cannot be touched by your father's creditors: why contract this needless engagement?"

"Needless, do you call it?" interrupted Cesario; "needless! to preserve my father's name without reproach! no! that unspotted name is all he had left to bequeath me; and I will preserve the precious legacy with my life."

"But how are you to discharge the claims which are still against him; a thousand ducats at least ——"

"Are much for a man who has not quite the sixth part of that sum to live on; however, with Heaven's assistance, I will do it, or perish in prison; and so add another damning sin to the catalogue of the Cigali. I shall pledge that estate to the Jews; they will give me the money, perhaps, for ten or twenty years possession—meanwhile I must find bread with my sword."

His kinsman shook his head, and withdrew. Cesario threw himself on a seat, and sunk into deep thought; for a while his reflections were full of anxiety, and the dismal future; but they soon changed, leading him back to the days of his childhood and his youth, to the cherished images of his father and his home; that home which was now the property of another!

Flattering fancy gently deluded him with a succession of beloved recollections; which, as they continued to arise, arose in forms of startling reality, and made him live the past again.

In imagination he walked beneath the lofty plane-trees that shaded the terrace at Nervi, conversing with his father; now and then stopping to list the soft laving of the tide against the steps which led into the sea; or leaning over the balustrade, to watch the progress of a skiff, or the flight of a bird: the gracious voice he was never again to hear on earth, fell on his ear in accents of tenderness and instruction; they talked of Cesario's meditated voyage, they anticipated a joyful meeting after two years of separation. Cesario's lips were just sealed on his father's hand with filial fondness, when the door of the apartment he really sat in, opened hastily, and the vision vanished.

Rising in disorder, he looked with indignant amazement upon the person that entered: it was Giovanni Cigala.

"What means this intrusion, sir?" demanded Cesario.

"It means any thing but offence," replied the former, gently, but steadily advancing.

"You come for my thanks, perhaps," said the other abruptly, "for services rendered me in the portico of the seigniory? You have them, signor. I thank you.—I thank you! There! do not urge me further."

He turned away as he concluded, and leaned against a window frame; evidently desirous of thus terminating the interview.

Giovanni still advanced, though with an air of respect and dignity. "I should not have intruded on you, signor, with any selfish errand,

earnestly as I desire to cultivate mutual goodwill;" (Cesario cast on him a glance of disdain; Giovanni proceeded;) "but I come to do you an act of justice; to make some compensation, if possible, for what the law has awarded to my father."

"Your father!—name him not, if you would have me endure your sight a single moment. My father! where is he?—in his grave! and who rifled him of life?—who tore his dying embrace, his last blessing from his wretched son?"

The impassioned young man dashed his forehead against his hand in a frenzy of recollection, and vainly tried to stifle a groan.

Giovanni looked at him with increasing commiseration; a feeling of another sort reddened his cheek, and altered his voice as he said, "The cause of this indignation honours you too much, signor, for me to remind you in strong terms, that I, too, am a son; but you must allow me to execute my commission:—I pray you permit me!"

Cesario did not answer; his generous soul was moved, in spite of himself, by the noble manner of his imagined enemy; he could not close his sense against the inexpressible charm of his voice; but he would not trust himself to look upon him. Giovanni's was, indeed, such a countenance as Raphael might have chosen for the favourite disciple of our Lord: a serene breadth of forehead, with "heavenly hair," parting from it in ample waves; large dove-like eyes; and that fair composure of complexion, which bespeaks the calm of goodness. To this countenance was joined a figure, of which the eminent gracefulness first caught attention; but, on second observation, its large proportions denoted power, the power of

strength; and then the gentleness of his countenance seemed but the more gracious.

As Cesario still kept silence, Giovanni approached him; and weighing every word, ere it fell from him, lest it should wound the delicacy, or kindle the inflammable passions of his unwilling hearer, he opened his commission.

It was a request, that Cesario would be pleased to receive the value of the estate at Nervi; at the same time assuring him, that, although the Cigali family could not allow the right of their title to be disputed, (since indeed the most satisfactory proofs of that right had been sanctified by the decision of incorruptible judges,) they abhorred the idea of ravishing it from one who had hitherto believed himself its undoubted heir.—What they were content to receive at the hands of justice, therefore, was only the power of restoring this estate to the property from which it had been unlawfully dismembered two centuries back.

They prayed him to consider them as its purchasers; and having had the estate valued, Giovanni was come to proffer the sum named. He would have laid a very heavy bag of ducats on the table as he concluded, had not Cesario sprung forward with the fierceness of a tyger, and pushed it back.” “Have your race hearts!” exclaimed he indignantly, “that you believe I am sorrowing over a few bags of dross? Not all the wealth of Peru can be a compensation to me: take back your ducats. I would neither have sold nor given my birth-place to any man; and though the law has basely awarded it to you, I may die a beggar and in prison, but never will I seal the triumph of the Cigali, by accepting gold from them as a boon.”

“I would your just grief were less intemperate!” said Giovanni patiently; “you would then admit that we *have* right on our side, though grievous has been its enforcement.”

“I care not for right, I know not where it lies; I seek not to discover!” interrupted Cesario, bursting forth anew; “I am only certain that I would not have acted thus by my direst foe; therefore I despise ye. I know that this hateful contest ruined my father’s affairs, and broke his heart, therefore I hate ye! Go then—never let me see you more, or I know not whither my distraction and despair may lead me.” Again he struck his clasped hands against his forehead, and stopped for want of breath.

“I will bear any thing from you, just now,” said Giovanni, speaking quick and short; “for I see you are not yourself. You cannot hate me, you cannot be so unjust, you *must* see that I am not a hard and merciless man.”

“Oh, you court popularity perhaps!” exclaimed Cesario, maddened by the indulgence he was giving to his passions: “’tis fit you do; for I can tell you, that where my father lies buried, there lies all the honour of your race.”

“Popularity!” murmured Giovanni, and a tear glistened in his mildly reproachful eye.

’Twas an injurious suspicion, and Cesario had rather uttered than thought it; he now stood gloomily silent; ashamed of his own intemperance, yet jealous of every feeling which could soften him in favour of a Cigala.

Could he have known with what courageous nobleness this insulted man had braved the anger of a worldly-minded parent, while convincing him that human nature called aloud for a compensation to Cesario Adimari; could he have

known that after a long and painful struggle, Giovanni had finally wrested consent, by solemnly swearing to renounce the world, unless this feeble consolation were afforded to his distressed spirit; could he have known this, even in the heat and transport of his passion, Cesario must have thrown himself upon the breast of Cigala, and besought his pardon. As it was he laboured with his contending emotions in silence.

"Then, I may not hope to move your purpose?" asked Giovanni. "You motion me to leave you: I will do so. But ere I go, suffer me to entreat you, in the name of Christian charity, not to judge me so rashly and so hardly. I am a Cigala, it is true—the son of him by whom fate has dealt its severest blow to you. I even feel as if I had been instrumental in your misfortunes, (yet God knows, I am not!) and I would fain be allowed to offer some atonement, not in the shape of gold—not in the shape of vain dissipation, but in that of devoted service. In truth, I would rather win your friendship than the love of the fairest woman in Italy."

He paused, somewhat overcome, and proffered his hand.—Cesario turned hastily round, perusing him from head to foot with struggling feelings: but pride and false opinion had the mastery; and he said, bitterly, "Perhaps you come to mock me with this amazing show of goodness:—I'll not believe in it."

"Fancy our situations changed," said Giovanni, earnestly; "how would *you*, then, have acted?"

"I!—I would have cast myself into the sea rather than abetted such robbery and such murder."

"Inquire of others;" returned Giovanni, his gentleness something disturbed by this fierce ac-

cusation, and his cheek losing its colour; "they will convince you, that resumption of right is not robbery: and, for the last charge, Heaven only is answerable.—My father, possibly guessed your father's heart as ill, as you do mine. Farewell, signor!"

His voice faltered, but his countenance had assumed an expression of offended virtue, which approached to awfulness; he staid not for reply: the door closed on him; and Cesario was left standing in a painful confusion of irritated and self-accusing feeling.

CHAPTER II.

GIOVANNI retraced his way homeward with a swelling heart,—he thought over the scene which had just passed; and while he blamed the determined animosity of Cesario, he found its excuse in an ardent nature, perhaps never restrained, and suddenly bereft of the sole object it prized in life.

Giovanni's temper and manner might have been supposed the results of philosophical principles; but his heart had no philosophy in it, if by that term we are to understand the austere discipline which extinguishes the passions, and refuses even to the affections all power over our peace.

Concealing under the serenity of a temper incapable of disturbance, feelings peculiarly sensitive, and a mind highly exalted by romantic and religious studies, Giovanni had, at a very early age, felt the full force of the master-passion. He was a younger son with more graces than wealth for his portion: it was his destiny to love a coquette, by whom he was alternately tortured and transported, till she broke her own spells by marrying an old nobleman, whose rank and riches ensured her that power and those pleasures which she rated far above the enjoyments of the heart.

At the same period, Giovanni lost his mother. This affliction (for he loved her tenderly) following so immediately upon a first disappointment,

at once divorced him from the usual interests and expectations of life; and, obeying a sudden impulse, he enrolled himself among the Knights of St. John.

The scattered remnant of that celebrated order, after having for more than four centuries been the bulwark of christendom; after having shed their noblest blood in all the wars between the infidels and the true believers; after having given dignity to chivalry, by the irreproachable lives of its knights; was now driven from Rhodes, the ancient throne of its glory; despoiled of its conquests by the Ottoman arms, robbed of its richest commanderies by the very princes whom its valour had supported, and all its possessions shrunk to the sterile rock of Malta.

As the brothers of this celebrated order preserved the fame of its former glory, and the chivalric spirit by which that glory was acquired, Giovanni repaired to their island, with a soul burning to prove itself worthy of their fellowship.

When he thus took upon him the obligation to live a life of celibacy, and to devote himself to the interests of religion, he had scarcely attained the age of one-and-twenty. He fulfilled this obligation for five years; distinguishing himself in the convent by obedience and purity of conduct, and upon service, by zeal and intrepidity.

Mild and unaspiring in peace, in war he was inspired with a new character; for never did Cæsar's ambition prompt to bolder enterprise, nor Alexander's thirst of fame lead to nobler exploits.

"Backward to mingle in detested war,
"Yet foremost when engaged;"

and leaving a track of glory behind him, wherever he went, he made christendom ring and the Ottoman power shake with the thunder of his arms.

Meanwhile, the death of his heir made a great revolution in the sentiments of the elder Cigala and the destiny of his younger son. It was not fit to let his honours and wealth pass to a distant branch, while a true scion from the parent tree yet flourished. He had a daughter, it is true; but she was an alien from his affection, by having clandestinely married a young Frenchman, with whom she had fled, he neither knew nor cared to inquire whither: he was little inclined, therefore, to let the offspring of such a marriage inherit his property.

In consequence of these circumstances, he procured the pope's dispensation for his son Giovanni (a favour not unfrequently sought and obtained on similar occasions;) and thus released from his vow of celibacy, and obedience to a military superior, Giovanni reluctantly returned into the business and bustle of every-day life.

Although he had long ceased to consider the woman who had formerly infatuated him, with any other emotion than contempt, her tyranny rankled in his memory; and he shrunk from such ignoble bondage to another, with something of prejudice.

This dread of a passion, which is indeed either the angel or the demon of our lives, made him shun those gay scenes where women hold the chief place; and though he never expressed his averseness to marriage, nor suffered himself to believe he might eventually disappoint his father's hope of seeing him suitably allied, he had gone on nearly a twelvemonth, since his return from Malta, without evincing the slightest inclination for any of his sprightly countrywomen.

Yet Giovanni was neither unsocial nor melancholy. Perhaps he had more inward happiness

than any other man of his age, consequently sought less from without. He was one that loved to look on the fair side of creation: for him, every place had its pleasures, every season its enjoyment, every prospect its beauty, every character its excellence, and every vexation its utility.

Accustomed to seek a beneficent cause for every seeming hardship, when others stopped at the saddening point of a subject, he would pursue it till it emerged in light and consolation.

And for all subjects, there is that cloudless region!—every trial and calamity of the human race terminates in this brief passage from life to immortality. On that glorious immortality Giovanni would muse till his heart burnt within him; then, while taking his solitary autumnal walk, they who passed him, and saw not the expression of his downcast eyes, resting on the fallen leaves over which he trod, might fancy him wrapt in melancholy contemplation. But so reading, they had read him ill: for if the fading sky and withered woods reminded him of the brevity of human existence, the light and life within himself, told him that man's perishable dust enshrines a light which the grave cannot extinguish, and a living principle over which death has no power.

Thus, though serious, he was not sad; though solitary, not unsocial; and the serenity of his countenance only reflected a just image of his soul.

Report had wronged the elder Cigala, or rather had mistaken his character, when it charged him with malignant motives in his contest for the estate at Nervi. He was actuated solely by a selfish desire of acquisition.

The elder Adimari once held the most lucrative post under the Doge, the podestat of Corsica;

Cigala coveted it, intrigued for, and got it. He would have done the same thing by his best friend.

After a lapse of years, accident discovered to him the family-deeds by which he regained a right to the property which had been unwittingly purchased by the ancestor of Adimari; his greediness could not resist the temptation; and deceiving himself, by imagining he yielded solely to a laudable regard for posterity, he commenced and prosecuted the suit.

During its progress, Signor Adimari's fortune suffered by great mercantile misfortunes; the suit was tedious and expensive; his son's absence was prolonged far beyond the time stated for his probable return; and, in those days, there were no fixed modes of communication between the two hemispheres; he had heard of him but once during three years; and the information he sent convinced his father that the business he had gone on would end in disappointment: wearied out, therefore, with hope deferred, with anxiety, with increasing debt, with the straitening of his bountiful spirit, and pining for his son, the unhappy gentleman gradually drooped, and at length died.

His death somewhat shocked the elder Cigala; but the impression was not strong enough to assist the pleadings of Giovanni, who ceased not to importune his father to drop the suit.

The suit, however, proceeded against the executors of Signor Adimari, and the result is known.

With little sympathy, either in their tastes or principles, the elder and younger Cigala lived together in common-place harmony: Giovanni had that ascendancy over his father, which a strong mind gains over a weak one; that ascendancy which controuls the actions of him upon whom it is exerted, without altering his inclinations; that

ascendancy which is often submitted to in private, in deference to public consideration.

So meekly did Giovanni bear his noblest qualities, that not one party could hate or vilify him; and if the elder Cigala were susceptible of laudable pride, it was when he heard his son's integrity quoted, and his knightly exploits extolled. While listening to praises bestowed on his son, he seemed to fancy that his own character was ennobled by them.

Thus, making a sort of property of Giovanni's good report and high endowments, he liked him not the less for a superiority, which would have mortified him in any other.

In one instance, hard was the contest between habitual respect for this excellent son and habitual selfishness. For a long time Signor Cigala resisted both persuasions and arguments, when Giovanni would have induced him to make the offer of considering the contested estate as a purchase; and at last he yielded solely from the fear of seeing this admired son return into the bosom of the order he had quitted.

As Giovanni now recalled the scene which had then passed, he grieved to think how unfairly he was estimated by Cesario Adimari; and to be esteemed by Cesario Adimari, to be absolved by him, for being allied to the person whose triumph had been his downfall, was the liveliest desire of Giovanni's soul.

Yet whence originated this desire? was it from previous representations of that young man's filial piety; or from a romantic imagination? was it from pity, and respect, and a sense of injury sustained by Cesario; or was it from the mere tenderness of a nature prone to trust and to love?

Perhaps all these causes were combined: perhaps they were rendered more powerful by that solitariness of the heart, which is felt by persons endowed with warm affections, when surrounded by companions lower than themselves in the scale of moral and mental excellence; and lower, by countless fathoms, than the elevated standard of their own imagination.

But there was another sentiment, and a painful one, which harrassed his hitherto tranquil breast. He saw that the extremity of the law is not always what would be the judgment of equity. There was more in the estate at Nervi, to the son of Adimari, than its pecuniary value. Giovanni was sensible to a ceaseless whisper in his heart, that his father's triumph was unjust. To seem to sanction such an act, to appear to appropriate its fruits, stung the high honour of the Knight of St. John to the quick; and he felt that he could not rest day nor night, until he had incontrovertibly asserted his innocence of the transaction, by a patient endurance of its victim's natural indignation, and a persevering devotedness to his service: till he had planted this conviction in the mind of the injured Adimari, his own nobility of soul felt itself stigmatised and under an impression of disgrace.

Giovanni asked himself why he felt so interested in Cesario Adimari; and these reasons satisfied him: but he could not so satisfactorily answer his further question, of what Cesario's character might appear, if divested of the powerful interest bestowed on it by his peculiar situation.

Giovanni strove to recollect the particulars of Cesario's countenance, to assist his judgment; and he remembered them distinctly.

It seemed to him almost an Asiatic physiognomy:—so dark, yet so bright; so full of ardent and impetuous passion; so flashing, so varied, so sparkling: the same dark-browed eye of diamond light; the same clear forehead, polished like marble, and rounded by black and glossy curls.—Did the same character of devouring fire lie beneath? Was it a proud soul, that cast such an air of haughty majesty over the movements of those youthful limbs: was it a determined thirst for vengeance, which gave that stern yet noble fixtured to a lip which seemed made for the loves and graces to hang on?

And that lip, that cheek, that eye supreme in manly beauty, might not they at once change their lofty character, and become the evidences of a voluptuousness too often associated with this keen sensibility to the more stormy passions.

If experience were to answer these questions in the affirmative, Giovanni felt that his pure and kindly spirit could never hold fellowship with one so different: but if on the contrary, time should prove Cesario as capable of friendship, as of filial affection; if it should direct his ardour to the sublime object of self-devotion for the advancement of his country or of his faith; if it should vanquish his prejudices, by the growth of his own virtues and wisdom; then Giovanni felt, that he could grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel; and in this yet unconquered hope he went on his quiet way.

The occupation of the Marino (for such was the name of the house at Nervi) afforded much satisfaction to Signor Cigala: it was a constant source of bitterness to his son. Although its internal ornaments of furniture, pictures, marbles, &c. had been faithfully surrendered to the credi-

tors of Adimari, there remained painful remembrances of its former inhabitant, in many a rural embellishment planned by his taste, and many an useful building erected by him for the comfort of his tenantry.

Giovanni often entered the cottages of the silk-spinners and the vine-dressers, in the hope of cultivating their good-will, and learning how best to serve them. At first, they received him in sullen silence; but after repeated visits, and frequent attempts to draw them into conversation, he won them at length into confidence; and, prefacing their discourses with some cold compliments to their present lord, they would then lament the death of their "good signor" in terms of sincere grief.

As they described the characters and habits of the elder and younger Adimari, their artless narratives presented many a beautiful picture of domestic happiness. It was an union so perfect, a happiness so pure, a condition so moderate, and so little likely to be interrupted either by the temptations of an elevated fortune, or the trials of a depressed one, that Giovanni mourned to think his father's hand had levelled so fair a fabric with the dust.

One of the oldest cottagers had a chronicle of every bush and stone on the estate. That summer-house, overgrown with jessamines, was the place where Signor Adimari used to take his siesta in summer. Yon *bosquet* of roses was planted when the young signor went beyond seas. Under that palisade of myrtles, by the great gates, the father stood and embraced his son for the last time. And on that terrace, he used to walk every morning and evening during the year appointed for his return, watching the ships that came from

the east, and still returning, though still disappointed.

To this terrace, Giovanni soon learned to bend his pensive steps, whenever a melancholy humour inclined him "to nurse sad fancies:" it was a walk adapted for contemplation, independent of its association in the mind of Giovanni with the family of Adimari.

The Marino stood upon unequal ground, like all the villas in that picturesque part of the Genoese coast; and its gardens, extending over a great surface of irregular hills, united their sunny slopes by a succession of terraces and flights of steps, which led to the very margin of the sea.

These terraces and steps, built with the green marble of the Bochetta, were mantled by a variety of creeping plants, as sweet to the sense, as delightful to the eye: the ballustrades of the steps were hung with them as with garlands.

It had been Signor Adimari's pleasure to surround himself with these simple luxuries; and even where the pavement of his terraces left no soil for a plant, he supplied the deficiency by occasional groups of shrubs growing in porcelaine or alabaster, and moveable at will.

From one of these varying groves of gay geraniums, on the highest terrace, rose a *jet d'eau*, the sound and sight of the water of which, soothed pensiveness rather than excited gayety: near it stood a magnificent cedar, its branches shading the shattered roots of a former companion. These roots, now overgrown with moss and violets, formed a fantastic yet easy seat, and had been the favourite resting-place of Signor Adimari. It soon became the evening haunt of Giovanni.

He would bring his book and read there; or, in the still hour of vespers, he would repeat the offi-

ces of that sacred profession, never abjured by his heart, though relinquished in obedience to his father. Still oftener, he would pace the cold marble, musing with fruitless pity on the many sad hours the elder Adimari had wasted there, waiting for that son, whose return he was destined never to witness!

Giovanni's kindly heart calculated but too well all the pangs of that venerable parent. "Here," he would say, "here, most likely, where the marble is worn upon the eastern edge of the ballustrade, he has been used to lean, while regarding that quarter of the horizon; and here, under the shade of these old myrtles, where the branches look brown and blighted, perhaps the tears of the poor father have dropped unheeded, as he sat forlorn and lonely, vexed with the cares of law and the disappointment of worldly hopes; seeking, in vain, a breast whereon to weep, and foreboding his own dying hour of yet sadder loneliness."

In this neglected alcove Giovanni found a volume of Virgil, which had fallen down, and been forgotten, in times long past. It opened of itself, at the eleventh book, where the grief of Evander, over the body of the young Pallas, is painted with such tenderness and beauty. The leaves of this part of the volume were worn and discoloured, too probably with the reader's frequent tears; and Giovanni, as he contemplated their traces, scarcely doubted that with the affliction of the venerable Evander, Adimari had almost identified his own.

He had feared, then, the untimely death of his absent son: Oh, could he have read the book of fate, and seen his own end was so near!—This precious volume was often Giovanni's companion in his evening wanderings; and the tender strains

of the poet, thus associated with the sorrows of the respectable Adimari, unconsciously heightened their dignity and deepened their interest.

But not in reveries of vain compassion, (though by such reveries are all our virtues nourished, and preserved for action,) did Giovanni pass his evening hours. He sought to recompense his father's new tenants for their change of masters: he prompted, nay, he exhorted many a beneficial act from his father in their favour; and his own gracious manner being always interposed to shield the grudging manner of that father from dislike or disrespect, harmony was established, and satisfaction beginning to appear.

Still, however, his thoughts were full of Cesario Adimari; and the little information he could obtain of that young man's situation and plans troubled his peace.

He learned that, by the sale of the personal property, and the pledging of his land at Polchiverra, Cesario had discharged the principal demands upon him; and that, having obtained the promise of his creditors to wait the event of a voyage he was about to make, he was preparing to sail in a vessel bound for the Levant; having taken on himself the charge of superintending the disposal of her cargo, and that of freighting her back, in consideration of a valuable share promised to him by her owners.

Giovanni had sought, more than once since their second interview, to throw himself in his way; but whether or no Cesario as purposely avoided him, they never had directly met.

This perversity of accident, far from abating Giovanni's desire to win some kindness from Cesario, quickened it, by causing him to meditate but the oftener on such peculiar luck. He did

so, till this desire grew almost into a passion; and he would cheerfully have incurred the risk of another, and another repulse, had he been assured that Cesario would ever do his feelings justice, and separate him from the hard character of his father.

This, however, was not probable; for Cesario was entering upon a course of life that would hereafter cause him to pass the greater part of his time at sea; and, when on land, would keep him down in a society far, far below the level of Giovanni Cigala's station.

Giovanni never revolved these things without a concern amounting to sorrow: here was a young man, born in the class of nobility, educated in the expectation of an ample fortune, accustomed to anticipate the future dignities of the republic, and from general fame fitted to win them all in succession; liberal by habit and by nature, keenly alive to honour and dishonour; here was this man, at the age of four-and-twenty, suddenly sunk to poverty, and forced to seek the means of preserving his father's memory from popular reproach, by embracing the humblest post of mercantile employment.

Unfitted by his former education and habits to sympathise with any but cultured and elegant minds, he was consequently cut off from the dearest affections of man, friendship and love; or obliged to receive an imperfect image of each, in association without conformity of taste, and marriage without the union of mind with that of heart.

Could Giovanni have reversed this hard fortune, by any sacrifice, whether of right or generosity, he would have done it joyfully; but it was impossible for him to deny, that legal forms, and

a worldly view of right, furnished too many arguments for an obligation on the head of the chief of the Cigali, to regain the property which had been alienated from them in times past: and it was in vain that he spoke of a superior law comprised in that simple and sublime maxim of the meek Jesus, "Do as thou wouldest be done unto."

His father, yielding through a mixture of dastardliness and respect in less important matters, where it imported no one to support him, had been obstinate in this: for nearly all of his name, having a remote interest in the family-aggrandizement, and being in the line of succession, fortified his sordid arguments by their opinions; and thus drowned the single generous voice of the immediate heir.

Giovanni, therefore, could do no more than lament that his will was unaccompanied by power; and lie in wait for some happy opportunity of serving the injured Cesario in despite of himself.

CHAPTER III.

SIGNOR CIGALA had been settled above two months at the Marino, when, that object obtained, he became a candidate for the Procuratorship, the second dignity in the Republic.

During the progress of the election, he frequently remained in the city, leaving his son to the calm enjoyment of rural pleasures, and those higher gratifications connected with the study of ancient worth, and the well-being of his dependants.

During one of these solitary periods, Giovanni was returning from a long ramble along the seashore, in haste to avoid a storm; (for it was the end of July), and the thickened clouds darkened his way;) when having entered the demesne of the Marino, he observed a figure darting from a cypress walk into a short grove that led to the chapel.

The person was wrapped in a cloak evidently for concealment; and the rapidity, yet apprehensiveness of his movements, made Giovanni pause and retreat a few steps, to note whither he went.

Seeing this person still go on, he followed him softly; sheltering himself at intervals under the broad shade of the trees, lest he should be observed in his turn.

What was his surprise to see this man (after having vainly tried the door) mount by one of the buttresses to a window, which, yielding to

his rough shake, left him a free passage into the interior.

The chapel, dedicated to the martyr Stephen, was richly furnished with images and religious vessels, composed of gold and precious stones: it contained also the relics of many eminent saints, and the consecrated garments of the officiating priest. All these treasures were sacred to every good catholic; but infinitely more so, to one who had formerly vowed to devote his life to the preservation of the christian faith, and whatever related to it.

Alarmed lest this suspicious person were one of a gang purposed to pillage the chapel of these holy things, Giovanni hastened to a low door at the further end of the building, of which he remembered having the key; he opened it softly, and closing it with equal caution, shut himself in with the robber.

The stained glass of the long pointed windows, and the shadows of the high crocketed pinnacles which rose above them, together with the drooping banners of the knights mouldering below, increased the darkness of the place. Giovanni felt for his dagger, and stood steadily observant, behind the light tracery of one of the shrines.

The person advanced eagerly.—“This—this is the spot!”—he cried in a voice that made Giovanni’s heart thrill; in a voice which he could not mistake, but which he had never before heard utter such piercing and tender sounds. “O my father—and is it here I find thee!”

It was Cesario Adimari that now cast himself on the pavement of the chapel, where a single square of black marble denoted the place he sought.

He spoke no more; but relaxed from every sterner feeling, his tears and groans echoed

through the hollow aisles; and the frequent kisses he bestowed on the insensible marble, testified the love he had borne to him who slept beneath.

Giovanni was root-bound: he would have given his life for the power of transporting himself to another scene. It was horror to him, thus to profane with sacrilegious eyes the sacred sorrow of a son taking a last farewell of the ashes of a father; to hear, perhaps, the confessions of a soul burdened with the weight of remembered omissions; and magnifying its frailties into crimes. He tried to move, but his limbs shook under him; he essayed to speak, but utterance failed him;—again the doleful accents of Cesario were heard in the chapel.

“O my father! thou hearest me, thou beholdest me in this wretched hour! strengthen me to bear my lonely and altered fate—forgive me for all my past offences against thee!—O ask for me, courage to resist the weakness of my own nature, and the seductions of a race I ought to hate—for they murdered thee.”

“Hold, Adimari!” interrupted Giovanni, recovering his voice, though unable to advance,—“you are not alone.”—

Cesario was silent for an instant with surprise and resentment; then hastily starting up, he exclaimed, “What, sir, do you persecute me even here?”—

Giovanni briefly explained the mistake which had led him into the chapel. He opened the door behind him as he spoke, and let in the little light which yet brightened in the evening sky.

That doubtful light fell full upon the figure of Cesario, as he stood supporting himself against a monument; it showed him pale, dejected, his

eyes swollen with weeping, and all his features marked with the languor of exhausted feelings.

That countenance was robbed of the fire and ferocity of grief with which Giovanni had formerly seen it agitated; but never had it been so affecting, never so powerful over his sympathising heart.

He lingered ere he went: and perhaps Cesario felt the influence of that profound interest painted in the looks of Giovanni, and which he was desirous of shunning, for he only motioned him to be gone, and turned back into the aisle.

"I would you could see what is passing here!" exclaimed Giovanni, striking his breast with fervour, after having contemplated him for some time in silence.

"What matters it?" asked Cesario, his brow clouding; "what imports it to you or me, how we think of each other?—you are a Cigala, I, an Adimari, the last of the Adimari!—a crowd of lifeless bodies, that once bore those hostile names, lie here, 'tis true, mingled together; but for the sons of Paulo Cigala and Ludovico Adimari so to mingle, is impossible, either in life or death."

"Am I answerable for my birth?" inquired Giovanni, hazarding a step nearer.

"I am no casuist," returned Cesario, gloomily; and he fixed his eyes upon the spot where his father lay.

A long silence followed. Giovanni almost fancied he heard heavy drops falling upon the inanimate marble: the light was so indistinct that he could only see at that short distance the shadowy outline of Cesario's figure; but had he been nearer, he might indeed have heard, nay, he might have seen the big drops chasing one another down

the pale cheeks of the mourner, and falling like rain upon the tomb. But though he guessed from Cesario's silence that he wept, he was far from guessing that he himself had any share in such emotion.

In truth Cesario's proud heart was softened by the present scene; by his previous abandonment to the tenderest lamentations; by the thought that he was about to quit his country once more; and by the very forlornness of his own fortune.

At such a moment, how precious would a friend have been to him! how inestimable the relief of throwing himself upon any sympathising breast; and then suffering his grief to burst its flood-gates, and pour out in lamentation and praises of the object lost.

But that relief could not be; it was a Cigala that invited him to confidence and affection; it was the son of the man whose malice or avidity had caused the death of his father: no, it could never be. Did Giovanni speak with the tongue of an angel, he should never turn him from what he believed his duty—enmity to all their race.

Suddenly steeled against the weakness which unmanned him but a few moments before, Cesario gathered his disturbed garments round him with an air of severe dignity, and said—"I come not here, Signor, to be the gaze of any man; my business was with the dead.—But I should have asked permission to enter this place, I know I should:—by heavens, I could not ask it!—yet, I do *you* justice; and as a proof, I will ask of you the only favour Cesario Adimari ever asked of any man."

"Ask any thing—every thing!—I promise!"—exclaimed Giovanni, ardently pressing towards him.

Cesario turned his brimming eyes downward—
“ Preserve this piece of marble from insult or removal.”

“ So may I hope for mercy—so may I hope at length to win your ——”

“ Friendship,” he would have added; but, wresting from him the hand he had rashly taken, Cesario rushed from the chapel; and well knowing all the garden-paths, soon reached the lowest terrace; whence leaping into a boat that waited for him, he was half way to the vessel he was to sail in, ere Giovanni had recovered from his confused amazement.

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE months after this, Cesario Adimari returned to Genoa, one of a wretched remnant saved from shipwreck on the coast of Calabria.

During his eventful absence he had often recalled the countenance and conduct of the younger Cigala; and, in spite of himself, had done so with some regret for the hard necessity (as he falsely deemed it) which forbade him to indulge any sentiment for him less potent than averseness.

Previous to the visit he paid the burial-place of his father, he had gone amongst some of the oldest cottagers, and questioned them on the ruthless changes which, he took it for granted, were making in this favourite habitation.

He had heard then, with a mixture of disappointment and reluctant pleasure, that some improvements might be found on the estate, but no alterations had been made in the house or gardens. Many had been projected by their new lord, but every peasant could testify that Signor Giovanni had always an argument or a prayer in favour of the old order of things; and so they remained.

Not a shrub was uprooted, nor a fancy building pulled down, which signor Adimari had planted, or built, or frequented.

His seat under the huge cedar upon the upper terrace, stood there still: Signor Giovanni would not let it go by any other name. And the white

owl which had built in that cedar so many years, he protected even her, when he was told that Signor Adimari used to feed her.

Nay, Giovanni carried this respect for the dead into more important concerns. He distributed alms on the same days as had been appointed in the time of his predecessor; he procured for the servitors and labourers the same privileges granted by Adimari, and he observed the same festivals. In short, every thing looked as it did formerly; and nothing was missed by the neighbouring poor, but the gracious countenance of their ancient signor, and the charming spectacle of his son's filial fondness. Poor Giovanni had not such a father, so to love and honour.

With these details making their way in his heart, Cesario had gone to the tombs of his ancestors; and, with an additional motive for esteeming Giovanni Cigala, he had broken from the increasing influence of his presence; had carried its impression with him through a fatiguing but prosperous speculation; and was now returned with those recollections blunted, not effaced, by subsequent misfortune. The fruit of his toil, the foundation on which he hoped to build future respectability, together with the property his employers had risked, was destroyed. All had sunk in the richly-freighted ship with which he was returning to Genoa; and at this period he was poorer and more desperate than when he set forth.

Cesario landed in the gloom of a thick winter-fog, which had gathered after the ship cast anchor. He took his way along the Strada Nuova, towards the house of a kinsman in the Piazza

dell' Acqua Verde, where he had formerly found hospitality.

In the 16th century, even the principal cities of Italy were only lighted by tapers burning before the images of saints and virgins in different quarters, and by the lamps in the porticoes of palaces and public buildings.

Thus, while one part of a street was glaringly illuminated, others remained in total darkness; making them unpleasant and unsafe, tempting assassination by the immediate obscurity into which a murderer might rush, after having found his victim in the brightness of some enlightened colonnade.

Cesario was habitually finding his way through streets familiar to him from infancy, scarcely sensible of their greater darkness; when, in passing the church of the Annonciata, he saw the door open, and guessed by the just-kindled tapers within, that vespers were not yet begun.

The home of the destitute is the house of God: and whatever ceremonies are performed there, it is there the unhappy of every condition and every sect find comfort and refuge. Cesario turned into the church.

No one was there, besides the two or three servants of the chapels, whom he saw at a distance through the aisles, preparing the vessels and censors.

The tapers before the different shrines, not thoroughly lighted, threw quivering and fitful gleams round the immediate spots whereon they stood. The larger branches of lights on the altar, and in the dome, were not yet kindled; so that but a kind of twilight filled the church: that sort of slowly-clearing twilight which precedes the rising of the moon.

Imperfect as objects were, Cesario observed that a chapel to the left of the nave was hung with mourning and boughs of cypress.

He approached, and entered it.

A bier, raised a few feet from the ground, and surrounded by gigantic black tapers burning in silver candelabras, occupied the vacant space before the altar. In that age, it was customary at Genoa, as it still is at Florence, to expose the dead for several days before they are buried. Cesario drew nigh to look at the deceased.

It was a young man bound in grave-clothes, his golden hair encircled with a garland of narcissus: the bier he lay on was covered with the same pale flowers; and, at the head of it, half lost among large branches of myrtle, hung the armorial bearings of his family.

Cesario stooped to examine the face. Mighty God! he saw the features of Giovanni Cigala! He glanced to the shield above that motionless head: it was the twice-crowned eagle of the Cigali.

He staggered—he fell against the steps of the sanctuary. Stunned with the shock, at that moment Cesario felt that he had never been able to hate Giovanni.

Drawn thither, either by the exclamation that had escaped Cesario, or in the execution of his duties, one of the servitors entered the chapel. Seeing a person leaning against the rails of the altar, he stopped and said something: Cesario recovered himself.

“Whose body is that?” he asked in a voice full of dismay.

"The body of Signor Matteo Cigala," replied the man.

"Jesu be praised! I thought it had been Giovanni."

"The kinsmen were much alike," returned the servitor, settling some of the furniture of the altar.

"Then the Signor Giovanni is well?" asked Cesario, approaching the bier again with a steadier step, and contemplating the face he had so painfully mistaken.

"He was at mass here, yesterday," replied the man. "Poor gentleman! he looks but thin and pale since the old signor died."

"What! and is he also dead?" inquired Cesario, powerfully struck.

The servitor repeated his information, with the addition of the time and circumstances of the elder Cigala's death.

Cesario no longer heard what was said; his mind had rushed back to the time of his last return after long absence, when the destroying angel had passed over *his* house, and left it desolate. There was something striking in the resemblance of the two periods: 'tis true, it was only a confused resemblance; a similarity which disappeared on examination; but, at any rate, it was a something that connected both periods and both events; and it had the effect of awing Cesario's dominant passion into silence.

In another place, and told to him under the impression of other feelings, the news of Signor Cigala's death might have sent a flash of gloomy joy through his breast; it might have seemed to him a just sacrifice to his father's manes: now, he pondered on it without triumph; and as he thought of Giovanni thin and pale as the servitor descri-

bed, he muttered with a smothered sigh, "Perhaps he loved him!"

The vesper bell had begun to ring while this conversation proceeded: several persons were already come in, and taking their places.

Cesario hastily passed from the chapel of the Cigali into the body of the church; and, mixing there with the rest of the congregation, partook of that spiritual refreshment which all needed, but which none sought with more earnestness than he.

CHAPTER V.

IN the business of the succeeding day, Cesario dissipated the most painful of those recollections which this incident had revived. He had to see the merchants with whom he was engaged; to explain to them the circumstances of his shipwreck, and to produce proofs of his zeal and ability in the discharge of his ill-fated commission.

The case was clearly mere misfortune; blame fell on no one: the merchants were men of liberal feelings; and, having made up their minds to their own loss, they offered Cesario the chance of another adventure.

But Cesario was not formed for a life of plodding calculation: he had only his own necessities to supply; and he retained the prejudices of his birth, which, even in a mercantile city, made it disgraceful for nobility to take a personal share in commerce.

Could he obtain longer indulgence from his father's creditors, he determined to enter the navy of the republic: there fortune might be more favourable to him than in the sphere of commercial speculation: at all events, his poverty would then be that of a gentleman; and from his slender pay he might annually set one portion apart for the liquidation of his pecuniary engagements. But though Cesario found sympathy and kindness from many, his difficulties were not of a kind to be

quickly removed: the chief obstacle lay in his own character.

Abhorrent of obligation, because hitherto unused to it, he could not brook the idea of extending the chain, by paying his father's debts with money lent to him by a friend. To accept money as a donation, was a humiliation that never crossed his thoughts; nor to such a spirit would his warmest connexions have dared to offer it. It was galling enough for him to solicit *time* from the persons whose claims he acknowledged; it was a sufficient victory over his proud independence, to bend it before the necessity of claiming the hospitality of a distant kinsman, whose habitation, nevertheless, had been bestowed on him by the elder Adimari.

Happily, this kinsman was not a person by whom obligation is pressed with coarse freedom: he was a man in the autumn of life, married, but childless; not burdened with riches, though possessing enough for the decent elegancies of life. He was Syndic to the senate; and, after the official business of the day, was glad to find Cesario's interesting countenance, and varied discourse, added to the sober society of his elderly wife.

From the moment Cesario came to reside with him, when driven from his paternal roof, the Syndic had considered his house as his young kinsman's home: he never thought of telling him so, because he considered the thing impossible to be doubted: it was the natural course of relationship; he acted upon this worthy feeling; and Cesario, therefore, *did* feel at home; and believing his gratitude gratuitous, bestowed it with fuller measure.

The Syndic, when, consulted, saw no objection to his kinsman's choice of the naval service; he

might rise in it to honour and fortune; for his father's name was still remembered with terror by the enemies of Genoa, and with respect by its friends.

The return of Cesario Adimari, and his increased distresses, were not long unknown to Giovanni. He heard of his intended application for admission into the service; and still anxious to assist him, he went privately to the person who superintended the marine in the absence of the Prince of Melfi, and obtained his promise to place the noble adventurer in the situation most favourable to the development of his capacity.

Giovanni would fain have gone farther, and supplied every thing necessary for the ample equipment of the new sailor; but he remembered the fiery spirit he had to deal with, and, afraid of alarming its jealous delicacy, forbore to indulge his own amiable wishes.

For some indulgence, indeed, Giovanni's heart groaned. He loathed the cumbersome wealth of which he was now the sole possessor, since part of it was the spoil of another's inheritance. But how could he relieve himself from it? An hereditary estate regained was not his to restore; there were numerous expectants of the Cigala family to challenge the succession; besides which, there was yet a probability (and Giovanni cherished the hope) of the inheritance being hereafter claimed by his sister, or by her children.

Three years had elapsed since the disappearance of Amadea Cigala with the Chevalier de Fronsac; and as their father's anger would not allow any extensive inquiries to be made after her and her husband, Giovanni hoped that the

search he was now instituting would be successful.

Much as he censured the action by which she had forfeited her paternal roof, his gentle nature found much to excuse in the imprudent conduct of a child, who yields to the eloquence of a young man by whom she is adored, to avoid an union with one of an austere character and forbidding aspect.

When Giovanni embraced the profession of knighthood, his sister had just attained her tenth year, and four years afterwards she eloped with the Chevalier. Thus he knew her only as an innocent and lovely little girl, whose caresses used to touch, and playful spirits amuse him: but he had none of those extensive associations of mind and heart with her, which form the dearest bond of fraternal affection, and which render the void left by its object lost, a void never to be filled!

He therefore prosecuted his inquiries, rather for her sake than for his own.

In the very thick of these cares, he heard by an extraordinary chance, that one of Cesario Adimari's creditors (the only one, be it recorded for the honour of human nature, who had not shown the most generous forbearance) was determined to arrest his person for the payment of his father's funeral; believing that by this act he should force Cesario to obtain the sum from his friends.

Without stopping to consider the effect it might produce upon Cesario, Giovanni hastened to discharge this debt. It was no sooner done, than he recalled the proud aversion which Cesario had always shown him; and he, therefore, made the persons concerned, promise never to reveal the

name of him who had satisfied them. In the midst of various tumultuous plans for appeasing his rapacious creditor, and of gloomy forebodings, that by this means he should be deprived of liberty and honour, Cesario was surprised by the sudden withdrawal of that demand.

He went to the creditor; he heard that the debt was paid, but the man declined satisfying him further.

Instantly suspecting to whom he owed this cruel obligation, Cesario questioned the partners of the house again and again. He looked steadily in their faces, while he deliberately named several persons by whom it was possible this favour might have been thrust on him.

At the name of Signor Giovanni Cigala, he fancied their denials were fainter, and their looks less assured. His opinion was settled; his resolution taken; and he left them.

When he entered the Syndic's house, Cesario went straight to his own apartment; where, opening a small box containing the last letter and the hair of his father, he took out the only relic he preserved of that father, which had a value independent of its reference to him.

It was indeed a relic of great price: a diamond which the immortal Doria had wrested from the hand of a Turkish prince, which he had worn constantly on his finger till the invasion of Africa by Charles V.

At that disastrous period, in the memorable storm which scattered the Christian fleet, and wrecked its noblest vessels on the Moorish coast, the ship that carried the young hero, Gianettino Doria, was stranded on a point of land, and in imminent danger of being taken by the enemy.

The galley of his uncle the great Andrea, (who commanded the fleet,) was labouring against the same enraged elements; and though too remote to succour his nephew, was near enough to perceive his peril, and partake his despair.

Knowing it impossible to save their ship and preferring death to slavery, the crew of the stranded vessel cast themselves into the sea, hoping to reach such of the Imperial fleet, as yet rode out the storm.

Meanwhile the great Andrea stood upon the deck of his distant galley, watching the movements of his nephew with torturing anxiety.

Gianettino was the only one who did not perish at that awful moment: he was seen clinging to an oar which he had fortunately reached, struggling for life, yet still gallantly retaining the flag.

A boat from the admiral's ship, (manned with volunteers, determined to risk every danger in the attempt to rescue the nephew of their beloved chief,) though lunched with the utmost haste, was not in time to meet him: exhausted by the weight of the dripping banner, and the fatigue of contending with the sea, he let go his hold, and sank.

Signor Adimari, then a young and vigorous man, seeing the danger of his friend, plunged overboard from the boat; and buffeting the outrageous billows with the strength of enthusiastic resolution, reached the wave above which Gianettino's bright face was raised for an instant,—that would have been his last look of this world, had not Adimari grasped him by the hair. Holding his gallant prey with one hand, with the other he supported himself against the roaring current, until rescued by the boat; whence he was trans-

ferred with the young hero and the banner of the Republic to the vessel of the admiral.

It was on this occasion that the venerable patriot exclaimed, while clasping this beloved nephew in his arms,—“Heaven has permitted thee to be in such extremity, only to show the world that Andrea Doria *can* shed a tear.”

The ring Cesario now held in his hand, had been transferred at that moment from the finger of Andrea to that of Adimari. It was the pledge of their future friendship; it was the memorial of his father's intrepidity, and of Doria's gratitude; it was the sacred witness of an affection between youth and age in the persons of son and nephew, than which neither ancient nor modern history hath aught superior.

Yet this ring he must either part with, merely for its intrinsic value, (which was in truth prodigious,) and so let it pass into the common tide of costly ornaments; or he must sit down under the load of an obligation to a Cigala; or he must do violence to his proud nature, and ask of the Dorias an equivalent for the jewel, he should offer to render back to their family.

Each of these alternatives had its mortifications, yet of one he must make choice.

The two first he dismissed after a short consideration; the last he revolved several times.

According to every received notion, the Doria family certainly stood indebted to his father for a benefit which no pecuniary consideration could requite; any present, however princely, could only be considered a pledge of their eternal gratitude, yet, since the death of the great Andrea, the Adimari had never sought or needed their favour.

It is true, the Podestat of Corsica had been given to Signor Adimari by Andrea Doria's voluntary influence; but it had been transferred from him to Signor Cigala after Andrea's death; and Adimari, (hastily ascribing this mortification to lukewarmness in his friend's successor, Gianettino,) silently displeased, withdrew from those habits of intimacy which had been the consequence of former obligation.

By thus removing himself from the society of the Doria family, Signor Adimari occasionally faded from their thoughts. Gianettino, Prince of Melfi, now admiral of the republic, and father of a numerous family, was too little on shore to spare much time for the cultivation of particular friendships; and as Signor Adimari mixed no longer in the public business of the city, he met him too rarely for the renewal of a right understanding.

For some time previous, and subsequent to the death of his preserver, the admiral had been at sea; whence he returned not till Cesario was set forth on his unfortunate voyage to Syria.

Since then, the prince had made many affectionate inquiries after the son of his old friend; and those being reported to Cesario by the Syndic, induced him to resolve on making the sacrifice of this treasured trophy to Gianettino.

With a swelling heart and an unsteady hand, Cesario sat down to address him as follows:—

“ TO THE PRINCE OF MELFI.

“ Your Highness must have heard of my father's death, and of the hard decree which occasioned it: I will not enlarge upon the subject of

my greatest grief; it is enough that I am stripped of every thing except honour and self-respect.

"My father left many debts behind him, incurred by the suit at law, and by heavy losses at sea: I have done all in my power to cancel these debts; but my means fail; and I am reduced to the necessity of selling the only valuable I possess, to get rid of a pecuniary obligation which is peculiarly intolerable to me, having been forced on me by one of the Cigali.

"The valuable I allude to is the diamond which was given to my father in the year 1541, on the night of the 16th. I would not have it pass into common hands; I would not sell it to save my life; but the present necessity is urgent, and I offer it to the nephew of the great Doria for just so many ducats as will release me from the bondage of debt; after that my way is clear,—a life, or a death of glory.

"CESARIO ADIMARI."

Whoever has trod but a third of life's briary path, and has not looked on the cares and calamities which obstructed his way as merely accidents, must often have been led to remark, that during this trying pilgrimage we are generally assailed in our most vulnerable part: the thorns pierce where our flesh is tenderest; the sorrow strikes where our sensibility is most acute. Whatever be the passion which predominates over every other, and makes our hopes and fears and efforts all tend towards its gratification, it is from that quarter the severest disappointments await us.

Thus Cesario's cherished sin was pride; and successive humiliations were ordained to level

that inordinate pride with the dust. Sometimes it was to be mortified by indignities; sometimes it was to be vanquished by kindness; but till the discipline of events should finally subdue it, never was that intention of Providence undiscernible by a reflecting mind.

Cesario remained in a state of tumultuous agitation from the time of despatching his letter till the return of his messenger: now he approved, and now he condemned the step he had taken; alternately thought himself too humble, or too lofty; and finally groaned over the days of thoughtless boyhood, when he knew money only as a medium of bounty and pleasure.

His father's image came with bitterer anguish to his memory, because that sacred image was connected, not only with his years of enjoyment, but with those of independence.

The answering billet from Prince Doria found him thus agitated, and still alone; he read its contents so rapidly, that he might be said to have taken them in at a single glance:—

LETTER.

“You have laid me under as great an obligation, signor, as that which I received from your noble father twenty-three years ago: I would not, for half my illustrious uncle's fame, have had the ring you write of pass into any other families than those of Doria and Adimari. As I see what spirit you are of, (though I could wish its edge less keen,) I will not offend it by arguments which may hereafter find a fitter season; allow me at present to pray only, that you will estimate the jewel at whatever value you please, and suffer me

to consider it as a mere deposit for you, or your heirs, to claim at some future day.

"My treasurer, by whom I send this letter, will take charge of the ring, and give you an order upon the bank of St. George for whatever sum you may choose to receive.

"That affair settled, I shall claim the privilege of your late father's grateful friend, and hope in that character to be allowed the gratification of forwarding you in the military life it seems you are on the point of embracing

(Signed,) GIANETTINO DORIA,
Prince of Melfi."

Cesario read this letter several times, as if he could not sufficiently take in all its generous meaning; but it soothed a proud heart, rankling with former wounds, and it threw over his dark fortunes the first beam of light which had brightened them for many months.

Yet when he summoned the Prince's treasurer, after long delay, it was with difficulty he preserved that command over himself which is so necessary for dignity.

A countenance all movement and expression; speaking eyes, which involuntarily sought the looks of those he conversed with; and a cheek that alternately took the hue of all his emotions, were not features to be trusted when propriety demanded an appearance of tranquillity. He named hastily a sum just adequate for his honourable purposes; and consigning the ring to the treasurer, with a short billet for the Prince, took the order on the bank, and dismissed his visitant.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was then that Cesario's freed heart sprang back with the violence of a bow long bent; the passions of suffering pride, of self-pity, of struggling inclination and of prejudice, of gratitude and reviving hope, mingled their torrents down his cheeks; and in that solitary hour, all the pleasures, the pains, the hardships and the enjoyments, the possessions and the privations of his former life, were crowded by memory.

To the natives of colder regions, these sudden abandonments to every passion of the instant, may appear unmanly; but nature varies human character as infinitely as she does the modes of animal and vegetable existence; and amongst our southern neighbours, every feeling assumes such a character of vivacity, that it is no more susceptible of concealment than the lineaments of the face are capable of alteration. These franker people attach no shame to the display of a passion which is not in itself, or by its direction, criminal; they are ignorant of characters like that of the English, whose heart's workings are kept from sight with as much jealousy as a Turkish husband guards his Haram; where the profoundest sensibilities are habitually repressed, and a surface of ice spread over a soil of fire.

In addition to this character of country, Cesario was further privileged by the manner of the

age he lived in; it was an age of stormy revolution, perils and change knocked at the gates of all the Italian states; and in a country where every thing increased the spirit of party, and each individual attached himself to a favourite leader or kinsman, the vicissitudes, even of the humblest station, were singularly striking.

Thus, strong passions were kept in constant action; aversions and attachments were strengthened by injuries and obligations of more than ordinary proportions; and the human soul, disdain- ing mere pleasures for the game of life, demand- ed the agitation of powerful affections and the stake of happiness.

Thus, the times of which we speak were as fruitful in heroic actions as in great crimes: and if they chronicled the horrid act of one brother tearing out the eyes of another, they opposed to it the beautiful instance of a son expiring of grief at sight of his father's tomb.

Cesario Adimari had all that vigour of passion which makes character either formidable or admirable, as that passion is used; and he was now at that momentous period of life when the character receives its final direction towards good or evil: that even period between youth and man- hood, in which the soul takes a steady survey of its own prospects and powers, and strikes at once into the dark road of selfishness, or the bright track of heroism.

On the intimacies he should now cultivate, and the habits he should now form, much of his future fate must depend. He felt this: and while he rejoiced to re-enter the noble circle of the Doria family, he almost grieved to think that

Giovanni Cigala, whose gentleness attracted, and whose goodness would have attached him, was the only living being whom it would be impious for him to cherish in friendship.

Firmly persuaded that the more difficult it was for him to shun and to abhor this amiable enemy, the greater was the sacrifice to filial duty, he lost no time in ridding himself of unsought obligation. For this purpose he sought Giovanni at his house in the Strada Lomellino.

He was gone into the country.

"To Campo Marone or to Nervi?" "To Nervi." Even there Cesario had the resolution to seek him.

Giovanni was walking up and down a winter-walk, open to the sun and the prospects of the south, when he was told that young Signor Adimari waited him in the house. "Did I hear you rightly?" asked Giovanni, astonished. The servant repeated his information: then, quickly guessing the business of his haughty countryman, Giovanni hastened to find him.

Ten minutes' solitude in a room where the happiest part of his life had been chiefly spent, assisted Cesario to smother such of his peculiar feelings towards the generosity of Giovanni, as he now doubly deemed it his duty not to show; for these ten minutes of racking remembrance made a heavy addition to the resentment he bore the race of Cigala.

His eye and his step had more than their usual haughtiness when he advanced to meet Giovanni: "You guess my business, Signor Cigala," said Cesario; and he emphasized that name, as if he meant to fortify his resolution by its sound.

"Any business is welcome which gives me the satisfaction of seeing you," replied Giovanni, purposely evading the question.

Cesario fixed his eyes on him—fixed them somewhat severely:—"I must not expect you, signor, to confess, unquestioned, a transaction which you have taken such pains to conceal; but I do expect from you a direct answer to this question:—Is it to you I am indebted for the payment of ———?" and he named the debt.

Giovanni did not speak: only a deeper red coloured his cheek. That generous glow, that dignified silence, smote Cesario; and rapidly changing, not merely in voice, but in look, he added, "I thank you for your amiable intentions, signor: it is all I can ever bring myself to thank a Cigala for. Your silence wants no interpreter: again I thank you." He laid a heavy purse upon the table as he spoke, and took up his hat.

"Unkind!" exclaimed Giovanni, with unusual vehemence.

"Ungrateful! perhaps you mean?" said Cesario, darting on him an eye of fire. "But when favours are thus forced on us, by hands we abhor, what have we to do with gratitude? Be this the last time that my feelings are thus outraged:—Signor, it *must* be the last."

"I have mistaken your character," said Giovanni, drawing back with an air of chagrin and self-respect. "I fancied it accessible to all kindly emotions: but it must have been — no! it could not have been pride that looked so noble to me under the semblance of filial piety!"

The just indignation with which this speech began, and the sudden return to generous inference with which it ended, made Cesario blush: "What

is it you would wring from me?" he asked in a relenting tone.

"Some show of that common good-will with which man looks on man," replied Giovanni. "I could ill support this frightful outlawry from any one of my fellow-creatures, much less from you."

"And why less from me than from another?" asked Cesario, turning away his eyes.

"Do not these walls answer you?" said Giovanni, in a low voice.

"Yes, they do answer me!" exclaimed the kindling Cesario. "They speak to me with a hundred tongues!—that spot, whereon my father used to stand—those trees, which I see from this window, and which his hand planted—yonder dismal pile, where his sacred ashes rest without a monument,—all speak and bid me ——" Cesario stopped suddenly, struck with a recollection of the promise he had sought from Giovanni at their meeting in the chapel. Vanquished by that recollection, he sunk upon a seat, burying his face in his hands.

Giovanni guessed his thoughts, but forebore to give his own utterance.

After a long silence, Cesario rose. "Blame our fate, Cigala," he said, with penetrating pathos, "it is that which has made us enemies. I should have been your friend, your grateful friend, had you been the son of another man; but as it is, my father's shade would rise and curse me, were I to trust myself longer within the powerful influence of your character."

Again Cesario escaped from the eager grasp of Giovanni's hand, just as he had again excited the hope of future amity; and again Giovanni saw his kind exertions baffled, his benevolence spurned;

and was left to contemplate all that he possessed in the luxuriant scene around him, only as the abundant fuel of a never-ceasing remorse.

Cesario's next duty was to visit the Palazzo Doria, and acknowledge the friendship of its princely master: but agitated by the past scene, and unwilling to present himself in such a tremor of spirit, instead of proceeding through the city, he turned aside towards that quarter where the Albergo now stands; seeking to tranquillize himself among the solitary groves which then occupied the present site of that building.

His retirement was, however, soon invaded. Scarcely had he attained the level of the hill, when he heard the tinkling of falcons' bells, mingled with the agreeable tumult of animated conversation and the prancing of steeds: the next moment he espied a party returning from hawking.

Cavaliers and ladies, falconers and pages, were mixed together in pleasing confusion. The gay colours of their different habits, the feathers on the heads of the ladies' palfreys, and the fanciful hoods of the birds, made an amusing picture; and Cesario, in another mood, might have paused to look at it. He would now have struck into a side path, had not his attention been momentarily caught by an object, singular at that period—a little open car drawn by four Neapolitan horses.

Seen from a short distance, these elegant animals appeared hardly larger than greyhounds: they wore silver collars, through which passed reins of azure silk; and were guided by a young creature, whose slight form happily harmonised with the fantastic character of her carriage.

She was standing, less from skill than from exuberant spirits: as she passed, the wind, ruffling

her light garments, betrayed the angle of an Atlanta, and kindled the colours of Aurora upon her cheek. Half-laughing, half-fearful, she held the reins, contending against the rough blast and the spirited action of her horses.

In the act of passing Cesario, the wind blew off her thin scarf; he caught it; returned it to her, bowed, received a gracious glance from a pair of bright blue eyes, and went on.

A second afterwards, he turned round to observe whether so careless and skilless a driver proceeded safely. Her horses were still checked, and she was standing looking back after him: he lifted his hat again, but he staid not; his head and heart were full of other things; and leaving the sprightly cavalcade to their mirth, and the lady to her meditations, he proceeded on his circuitous way to the Palazzo Doria.

None but emotions of the most pleasurable sort awaited him there.

The prince received him cordially; entered with interest into his concerns, and frankly discussed the subject upon which the elder Adimari had withdrawn from his society.

From this discussion, it was manifest to Cesario, that his father had greatly overrated the prince's influence. From amiable unwillingness to dwell upon what pained him in human character, and having abstained from investigating the affair, lest what was then only suspicion, should be made certainty, Signor Adimari had lost the opportunity of discovering his own error.

It was evident, that Gianettino's interest had been exerted to the utmost; and that he in his turn, hurt at "having his good, evil thought of," had receded like his friend.

This explanation not only convinced Cesario of the Doria's sincerity, but further unveiled to him the indefatigable intrigues of the elder Cigala: he was therefore less disposed than ever to enter into a league of amity with his son; and less tenacious than heretofore, in accepting the friendship of Doria.

Frankness was natural to Cesario: there were now no resentments, nor pride to bar its way: he became easy and communicative; first giving Doria a summary of his past history; then explaining to him his views and wishes for the future.

With far more of the artless sailor in him, than of the discerning statesman, Prince Doria did not penetrate the recesses of Cesario's character; he saw him only such as he appeared at that moment; avowedly jealous of obligation, and bent upon laying the first stone of his own fortunes.

Indeed Cesario deprecated any further favour from this distinguished friend, than that of placing him in his ship, and advancing him in proportion to his deserts. Subsistence and honour were all he coveted; he therefore sought nothing beyond the admiral's protection from neglect or envy.

When Cesario sincerely protested, that common pleasures were indifferent to him; and that he disdained the mere trappings of wealth, however glittering, Doria smiled at such philosophic austerity in a man of twenty-four, while he praised his spirit for spurning favours from the Cigali.

A closer observer would have discovered in the vehement eloquence of Cesario, while describing his griefs, his resentments, and his scorn of life's minor enjoyments, that dangerous excess of sensibility which sooner or later must

find its object; and which was even now vibrating between a yearning towards Giovanni Cigala, and that pride which bid him shun, and that erroneous piety which bid him hate the man whose father had beggared his.

Cesario would not have been displeased, had Prince Doria combatted his resolution of avoiding Giovanni: but as the prince did not do so, he concluded that the resolution was a right one; and that if he should ever swerve from it, the weakness would disgrace him. In fact, the Genoese hero, hurried away by Cesario's impetuous oratory, mistook passion's torrent for the force of truth; simply because it swept his judgment along with it. He saw clearly, that Cesario would not accept the least assistance from Giovanni Cigala; therefore, to urge them into intimacy, would be doing needless violence to the former's filial principles.

The prince knew very little of the person in question: for since Giovanni's return from Malta, Doria was divided between public duties and the anxieties of a large family; some of whom vexed his heart, and embarrassed his finances.

The prince was consequently unable to estimate the moral advantage which his young friend might reap from such an intimacy; as little did he suspect that Cesario's inclination was at war with his principles, (at least with those powerful passions which he mistook for principles;) and that, almost unconsciously, he waited only the sanction of another, to break the bonds of his ardent nature, and let it spring forth to meet that of Giovanni with noble rivalry of confidence.

Unable to fathom the depths of that profound sensibility, of which he saw but the agitated sur-

face, Doria believed there would be neither utility nor good manners in attempting to argue Cesario out of resolutions, which, however overstrained, were honourable, and he concluded agreeable to his feelings: he therefore forbore to discuss the subject.

Having settled the mode and the period, in which Cesario's services would be required, Doria invited him to join his domestic circle; where, in a numerous family consisting of young men and women, all unbroken in health, hopes, and hilarity, Cesario's wintry humour warmed into a social glow.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM this auspicious day, his fortune appeared to return: the Palazzo Doria was ever open to him; and though its master had not much time to bestow on the concerns of any one unconnected with his own family, Cesario never found him cold to his communication, nor lukewarm in his exertions.

An expedition was fitting out in the ports of Genoa, of which Doria was to take the command; and having appointed Cesario to his own ship, he exhorted him to employ the intermediate time in studying the principles of a profession, which required science united with valour in its votaries.

At that age when the spirit of adventure begins to dawn in the youthful mind, Cesario, in common with other boys, delighted in reading voyages, and listening to his father's narratives of naval exploits: since then his own experience had given him some insight into navigation. Nature had bestowed on him the materials of military superiority; and as all of naval tactics then known, was principally the fruit of the great Doria's genius, his nephew's instructions were nearly all-sufficient.

The prospect of activity, and peril, and distinction, roused the soul of Cesario. To the bitterness of grief, with which he had mourned the loss of his father, succeeded the animating belief that his sacred shade witnessed his present exertions, and

would brighten in his future fame. He had shaken off the load of debt; he was free from any galling obligation, and though now but a child of fortune, he had conquered for himself respect from all with whom he mingled.

This change of circumstances, by restoring to him the conscious dignity of independence, completely changed his appearance. It was no longer necessary for him to flash a threatening spirit in the eyes of the world, and to show, by a frowning brow, that immediate vengeance would follow insult. He was still noble; he was again free (for debt is slavery;) and, with that consciousness, he became kindly, indulgent, and amiable.

Like all other expeditions, that of the republic was delayed from week to week: its object was co-operation with the troops and fleet of Spain, which were then slowly collecting for the purpose of regaining the rock and fortress of *el Penon de Velez*.

This fortress, situated close to the African coast, and once in the possession of a Christian power, at that time effectually bridled the insolence of the corsairs; but it was now in the hands of the Moors, and every Christian state became interested in its reduction.

An expedition against this place had the best chance of success, if undertaken when the prospect of intercepting the galleons in their return from the new world should have carried out the enemy's cruisers. It was therefore agreed, that, immediately on this event, the Spanish commanders should issue forth for Penon de Velez, while prince Doria with the Geonese galleys should follow, and destroy the pirates, or at least render their return to succour the fortress doubtful, if not impossible.

Upon tidings of the India ships, and the appearance of the pirates, depended the departure of the fleet: Cesario was consequently forced to wait in Genoa, till his burning desire of quitting it was nearly destroyed by new hopes and new inclinations.

Marco Doria, one of his noble friend's younger sons, had lately returned from travelling in foreign countries; and being of an amusing kindly character, had first pleased, and then almost attached Cesario.

There was a sort of good-humoured caprice about Marco, which served to give his society that piquancy, without which common pleasures had no relish for Cesario; and, as that caprice was never directed upon him, this liking was the more flattering.

In fact, Marco's caprices were rather those of humour than of heart; and were oftener affected than real. At first, they had been purely natural; but now, from indulgence, and from seeing their effect in procuring him the privileges of a *character*, he rather fostered than sought to weed them out.

By turns Cesario smiled at, and reprov'd, and smiled again on the fantastic moods which made Marco, in the course of a single day, alternately a cynic, a sybarite, a devotee, and a hero. His brave father, often heart-wrung by the shameful irregularities of an elder son, and the profuse expenditure of another, had no anger to waste upon venial follies; so that if Marco appeared in the morning with the look and the dress of a philosopher, and at night with the tinsel and talk of a coxcomb, he simply shook his head, muttered "Foolish boy!" and bade Cesario teach him to act and look like a man.

Dividing his time between professional studies and occasional recreation, Cesario passed from the grave abode of the syndic to the sprightlier Palazzo Doria; seldom frequenting other houses, therefore rarely thrown in the way of Giovanni Cigala.

The retired habits and peaceful pursuits of the latter tended to remove them from each other; but at times they met at mass, or at public festivities, or in the streets; and whenever they did so, Giovanni carried the idea of Cesario back with him to his solitary home; and Cesario was rendered thoughtful for the remainder of the day.

Giovanni sought him no longer; but the expression of countenance with which he returned the passing salute of Cesario, convinced the latter that he must attribute this change to delicacy, not to indifference; and that, as he had found friendship and the means of honourable subsistence from other than the generous son of his father's enemy, he need apprehend no further intrusion from the man who had sought him on purely benevolent principles.

There were moments when Cesario felt tempted to stop Giovanni as they met, and proffer that acquaintance which could no longer receive an interpretation wounding to jealous pride. But still one feeling interposed, one feeling was unappeased—the remembrance of his father, “done to death” by the elder Cigala.

At this recollection the kindly glow left his heart, and he would pass quickly by, with an averted head. Giovanni failed not to remark these repelling looks, and was at length unwillingly convinced, that he and Cesario Adimari were indeed not fated to knit the knot of amity. True to his

habitual confidence in the wisdom of Heaven, he reconciled himself under the disappointment, and turned his sympathy into another channel.

The task is not hard, when our imagination has been the source of the baffled affection: Giovanni lived to feel the difference between such an affection, when but a courted inclination, and when worked into the soul by time and trial—when become part of its being, and cruelly torn thence by ungrateful violence.

Hitherto he had seen only the interesting and agitating parts of Cesario's character: chance gave him an opportunity of observing how enchantingly that character was varied, and how capable it was of diffusing all the charms of mind over social intercourse.

He went by mere accident one evening to a conversazione. A numerous party was assembled when he entered; it was broken into detached sets; and in one of those he discovered Cesario. In the instant of making this discovery, Giovanni withdrew himself as much as possible from observation.

He then remarked, that the persons by whom Cesario was encircled were exactly those most distinguished by that eloquent *talent de société* which illuminates the dullest subject, and bestows nearly absolute power upon the possessor. These persons were evidently absorbed by the superior eloquence of Cesario.

As Giovanni continued steadily to watch his movements, he conceived not how the same man could look so different, yet leave no doubt of his identity. The darkness of despair, and the fierceness of irritated pride, were vanished from that singularly-beautiful face; all there was openness,

and hilarity, and brightness. Wherever Cesario's eyes rested, they rested with an expression at once sweet, inviting, and kindly: he smiled frequently; and he smiled like one who neither distrusts nor dreads any of the persons around him; like one who sees that he is admired, and listened to with pleasure, and whom that conviction only renders more inclined to like and admire in return.

The animation of his gestures, joined to the interesting variety of his countenance, but, above all, the deep attention of those about him, left Giovanni without a doubt that he was detailing some remarkable adventure, or enforcing some favourite opinion. What magic must there be in his eloquence, thus to rivet so many eyes and thoughts upon him alone; thus to charm even Envy itself into admiration! How did Giovanni wish that he, too, might have become a listener!—but, fearful of disturbing that happy flow of soul, and reluctant to overshadow that brilliant sunshine, he kept aloof for some time, and at last quitted the assembly.

If Giovanni afterwards recalled the scene of this evening, and thought on it with regret, that he must never hope to enjoy the intimacy, and share in the feelings of one so liberally endowed by nature, he consoled himself by believing that Cesario had, at least, regained his original capacity of happiness, and was entering a career which might lead to fortune.

Though Giovanni's character was deeply tinged with romance, it was not that blamable romance which detaches the mind from its legitimate objects of interest, and weds it to some hopeless or useless attachment: he saw Cesario no long-

er destitute and desolate; he turned, therefore, from contemplating his situation to active duties and dearer interests. In a very short time he became entirely engrossed by the wish of discovering his sister.

From the relatives of the Chevalier de Fronsac, to whom he wrote with a fraternal anxiety which opened their hearts in return, he learned, that, shortly after her marriage, she accompanied her husband to Naples, whither he was carried by an unsettled humour; that they had continued there some time, then passed into Sicily, whence, after another sojourn of a few months, they had embarked for Marseilles, with the purpose of returning to settle in France.

But ere they had gone a third of their voyage, the Chevalier, with his usual fickleness, landed at one of the Papal ports, intending to cross Italy into France. From that period (now more than two years,) no tidings had been heard either of him, his wife, or their domestics. So, whether they had re-embarked in some other vessel, and perished by shipwreck; whether they had been robbed and murdered by banditti, or were living, for some unaccountable reason, in voluntary privacy, the family of De Fronsac knew not.

The chateau of the Chevalier was now occupied by a cousin, the legal heir; and his mother was retired into a religious house.

From this account it seemed too probable that Madame de Fronsac and her husband had perished at sea: for it was unlikely that not one of their domestics should have escaped, if their fate had been to fall amongst robbers; still less likely, if they were dwelling in any other part of Europe; that not one should quit them, and return to his native country.

Giovanni sometimes feared it was a forlorn hope to seek further; yet he could not rest satisfied, until he went to Ostia, the port where the Sicilian ship had landed them, and where it seemed just possible that his personal inquiries might elicit some new light, and lead to the discovery of his sister's fate.

He had projects for his future life, which he would not realise till this important point should be cleared; at least till the death of his imprudent sister, and the extinction of her race, should amount to certainty.

Leaving his property under the care of a relation, he therefore quitted Genoa, hopeless of success, though resolute to attempt it.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE Giovanni was pursuing his journey among the Maritime Alps, calmly surveying the more important path of life which lay before him, and revolving whether he were to tread it singly, or encircled by domestic ties, Cesario Adimari was rapidly losing the gloomy retrospection of past sorrows in the hopes and fears of new attachments.

"I am going to the Palazzo Rosso," said Marco Doria, one morning entering Cesario's apartment at the Syndic's; "do accompany me, Adimari; I require some one to divide with me the toil of listening to a little coquette in the bud; for her arts are not full-blown yet; and I know you love me well enough, to be that self-devoted victim."

Cesario smiled at the affected languor with which his friend spoke. He reminded him, how often they had heard the Signora Brignoletti spoken of in terms of rapture; and requested to know what his objections could be against one so generally admired.

Marco was in a wrangling mood; he quarrelled with the lady's beauties and accomplishments; he proved, that every one of her graces and merits was neutralised by some opposite quality of mind or person.

True, she was gifted with the talent of chanting extempore verses; and when she opened her mouth, "music dwelt within that coral cave;" but then she was scarcely seventeen, and at that age shamefacedness was worth all the genius of a Sappho.

She talked well upon every subject; for if she knew nothing of them, she nevertheless uttered the most ingenious fancies, or the most amusing absurdities, without hesitation; yet, after all, was not a woman's virtue ignorance? her best grace, silence?

Then her person—it was indeed a glow of youth and health; but it was too glowing: she reminded a poetical observer of a peach rather than a rose; and that was high treason against the delicate character of female beauty.

She was said to have the very prettiest feet and ankles imaginable: but if beauty is but the harmonious adaptation of parts to the particular end for which they are destined, if it be simply utility, then Beatrice's pretty feet must be ugly, because they were too small to support her.

Cesario interrupted this solemn nonsense with a sudden burst of laughter: not a whit discouraged, Marco went on with the gravity of a Seneca, to rail at his cousin's singularly bright eyes and white teeth. He maintained that both were detestable.

"They injure my sight!" he said, "I hate all glaring objects; so I always avoid white teeth, snow, diamonds, and bright eyes. But come—since I *must* face these horrors to-day, by the saints you shall confront them with me."

Cesario yielded to his impelling arm, as he concluded this tirade, and they went forth together.

And what, in sober truth, was the woman thus described by the whimsical mood of her cousin?

With youth, laughing from the blue heaven of her eyes; a complexion, indeed, like the sunny side of a peach; and clustering hair, of ardent brown; Beatrice Brignoletti was charming in defiance of rule. Her springing steps were marked by a volatile grace, something between walking and dancing; in another person it might have been mistaken for affectation, but in her, it was the natural expression of that jocund spirit which looked forth from her eyes, her lips, her cheek, her flying tresses, nay, "at every act and motion of her body."

The same jocund spirit made her rash and fearless, and discourseful even in large societies; and more judicious men than Marco Doria might have agreed with him in asking for something more of timidity in an inexperienced girl. But at seventeen, with all her genius, Beatrice was as much of a child in her love of amusement, her eagerness in the pursuit of whatever tempted her whim or her heart, and her utter disregard of what other people thought of her conduct, as when she used to cry for a doll, or trample over a parterre in chase of a butterfly.

As amusing, as caressing, as endearing as a child, she was usually judged with the same indulgence; and as neither the saddest humour could resist the flash of her smile, nor the coldest heart her glance of brief sensibility, there were not many persons courageous enough to tell her, nor wise enough to tell themselves, that her exuberant gayety hovered on the verge of freedom.

An heiress, and an only child, Beatrice was left solely to the guardianship of a mother, who

had "thrown herself into devotion," as the French call it; and who, without power or perhaps inclination to shut out the heathenish world from the Palazzo Rosso, presided at her assemblies with a visage that would not have disgraced Medusa.

Although the Dorias called the pretty heiress cousin, their relationship was very distant; and had far less share in binding the families together, than their mutual desire of a nearer connexion.

The Marchesa Brignoletti wished her daughter to marry the heir of the Doria honours; and the young man himself left no assiduity untried which might win the heart of his mistress; but the heart is sometimes very provoking, and though that of Beatrice was certainly given to "the melting mood," it melted not before the many sighs of this admirer.

Report whispered, that Cynthio Doria was refused, because another Genoese, of nearly equal rank, was handsomer, and not so much in love, as to *make love* awkwardly: be that as it may, Cynthio was silenced for ever; his rumoured rival thrown aside; and the lady's favour engrossed by a young Sardinian, who had followed her from Turin, and seemed likely to carry off the prize.

All this, and much more of private annals did Marco Doria impart to his companion, as they took their way along the Strada Nuova, to the Palazzo Rosso.

It was one of those golden mornings known only to Italy; a refreshing breeze, blowing off the sea, tempered the hot sun: the air, the exercise, the quickening influence of animated conversation, had given to the fine person of Cesario its full lustre, and, as his friend presented him, he receiv-

ed one of Signora Beatrice's brightest eye-beams. There needed not her musical shriek of recognition to inform him that he saw in her the pretty charioteer whose scarf he had picked up several weeks ago. She seemed enchanted with the opportunity of thanking him for his gallantry; and said so much more upon the subject than such a trifling civility required, that Cesario could not help recalling one of Marco's exclamations about her—"How she will talk!" He smiled, bowed, complimented her in return; then, directing his attention, as he believed right, to the Marchesa, left Beatrice to his friend.

With that voluble vivacity which Marco Doria had exaggerated, Beatrice began to rally him on the doleful seriousness of his deportment, to contrast him with the sprightly Frenchmen and ardent Savoyards at the court of Turin; to beg the history of his travels, and to give him that of her own. Thence she flew off to a repetition of their amicable disputes and artless sports in childhood, which she coloured so magically by a pretty mixture of sentiment and gayety, that Cesario's attention was irresistibly attracted, while he wondered at the obstinately-indifferent mood of his companion.

"O you must come and worship my doves," exclaimed Beatrice, suddenly starting up, "if you wish to see just such feathers as Cupid is plumed with, or perhaps his arrows winged with; come with me to my aviary."

"I had rather make acquaintance with a sensible-looking owl," replied Marco, forcing a yawn.

"That ungracious speech, and that mirror beside you, are so tempting for a bad jest!" returned Beatrice; "but as *I* am no owl-fancier, prithee

remain where you are. Signor Adimari, you will come with me?"

There was no resisting the pretty plaintive tone of childish disappointment with which this was said; Cesario rose, and approached the door she was opening.

"Where are you going, Beatrice?" asked her mother, in a tone of displeasure.

"Into the air with the birds, mamma," replied the gay creature, vanishing as she spoke.

Cesario followed her out into an aerial garden, formed by an extensive platform, supported on a range of marble arcades: it was diversified by parterres of the choicest flowers and bowers of shrubs. There the pomegranate, wedded to the heliotrope and yellow rose, hung its blushing garlands through the openings of gilded trellices, and strewed the path with varied blossoms: at the extremity of the platform, shaded from the sun by rose-acacias, and sprinkled by the waters of a fountain from below, (the sparkling showers of which rose as high as this fantastic garden,) stood the aviary.

Beatrice ran to call out her doves, and as she placed them alternately in the hands of Cesario, descanting on their beauty, her own charms of complexion and animation could not pass unnoticed.

From the beauty of the birds, their conversation turned upon beauty in the human species: Beatrice avowed her admiration of it with indiscreet ardour; and having warmly praised a head of the war-angel, by Michael Angelo, at Turin, as her idea of perfect manly beauty, she met Cesario's eyes while hers were admiringly rivetted on his figure; and forgetting what it implied, she

uttered, in the confusion of that detection, something about his strong resemblance to this picture.

The words were no sooner escaped, than she blushed like vermilion; Cesario coloured too; neither of them spoke, till Beatrice, fairly overcome with shame, flew back into the room where her mother sat, leaving Cesario to recover from his embarrassment, and to follow her at his leisure.

The remainder of this visit was spent in more general conversation; and although the lively Beatrice ceased not to sport with the transient humour of Marco Doria, she never addressed nor answered Cesario without a visible blush; perhaps there was, insensibly, less of confusion and more of delight in this heightened colour; for Beatrice began to forget that she had any thing to be ashamed of, and thought only of admiring that sweet imperiousness of expression, which, though softened, was not subdued, in the fine countenance of Cesario, and that flexible grace which was developed by every movement of his exquisite figure.

The ensuing day carried Cesario into the same society. Signora Brignoletti had invited her cousin and his friend to take chocolate with her in the morning, a celebrated singer being engaged to give her a lesson, in her way to the court of Piedmont.

They were true to their appointment, for Marco Doria was in the mood of gallantry, and Cesario loved music to absolute passion.

Her mother was at mass; the Count Cagliari, Beatrice's Sardinian adorer, stood by her side, leaned over her chair, handed her the music-books, lifted her nosegay when it dropt, and retained part of it as he did so; in short assumed the air of

a man as sure of his station in a lady's heart, as vain of the privileges that position gave him.

Cesario did not much observe then, though he often recalled it afterwards, that at his first meaning glance from her to the Count, Beatrice suddenly altered her manner; she listened with a cold air to the familiar whisperings of Cagliari; and, removing from that part of the room in which he was, contrived so to immerse herself in the rest of the party, that he could never again fix himself at her side.

While her little circle were trifling away the time till the *Seraphina* should arrive; Beatrice flew up to Marco Doria with the smiling witchery of a Euphrosyne,—“So! you are out of your tub to-day,” she said, glancing archly over his suit of azure silk, delicately wrought with silver; “no longer Diogenes, what art thou, my entertaining cousin?”

“Your slave, fair Beatrice!—for I have not seen any thing so charming since ——” “Since your last look at your mirror,” was her arch interruption, and she turned her brilliant face towards Cesario: “And you, Signor Adimari, what humour are you in? or are you in any humour at all? have the charity to let me know before-hand, that I may not nip our acquaintance in the bud, by being either too grave or too gay, or too wise or too foolish, or too awful, or too familiar for your taste of the moment; I do assure you *my* humour is to please you both:”—and as she curtesied with inimitable grace, a pretty dropping of her eyelids gave but the more effect to the brilliant orbs from which they were as suddenly raised.

“It is not for you, Signora, to bend to any one's humour,” said Cesario gayly. “You triumph over all.”

"Santa Maria! here comes that persecuting man!"

"What! Count Cagliari!" repeated Doria. "I thought he was lord of the ascendant here!"

"He! I hate him! I never did more than tolerate him; and I have hated him ever since yesterday."

"Bravo! you and I are formed for each other I see, after all!" cried Marco. "Hated since yesterday!—why, even my weathercock fancies could not have shifted in less time; nor, I dare say, with less reason."

Beatrice was too earnestly eluding Count Cagliari, and too eagerly attending to Cesario, for a reply to this remark. After having successfully evaded her admirer, she said to the latter, "Can you imagine any thing so odious, as to be persecuted by a man one has taken a disgust to!"

"Yes! to be avoided by the person we love," was Cesario's playfully-reproving answer.

"Then you pity that presumptuous creature? You would be his advocate with me?" she said, with a mixture of softness and pique.

"I suspect there is no man who would consent to plead any other cause than his own to the Signora Brignoletti," replied Cesario.

His answer was a mere common-place of galantry demanded by the question; and he uttered it sportively; but no sooner was it said, than all the colours of morning painted the face of his fair companion; and indiscreetly exclaiming, "Oh! I must not jest with you; I see you are dangerous," she fled away as fast as she had done the day before.

"What a pretty, strange little creature!" said Cesario to himself, somewhat disturbed by her

second flight; and he repeated this remark more than once, as he accidentally caught her eye fixed on him, through the occasional openings of the different groups in the apartments.

That eye receded from his for a moment, when he made his way towards her some time afterwards, and joined Marco Doria who stood by her; but it was not long in recovering its usual lively excursiveness; and it sparkled with such extraordinary brightness, that Cesario could not forbear asking his friend, in a low voice, "Whether his near neighbourhood to so much light were good for his eyes?"

Beatrice claimed a share in their secret: it was immediately granted; and Marco Doria's volatile gallantry left nothing to Cesario but an expression of countenance, to which Signora Brignoletti's quick fancy gave its own meaning.

"'Twas in compliment to those bright eyes that I chose this watchet-coloured mantle," said Marco. "Their colour, an earthly dyer may imitate; but for their fire, I must take Prometheus's journey. Prithee reward me, sweet Beatrice, with a smile for this."

"If you had asked for a sigh, I might have wondered at your effrontery," she answered, giving the sweet reward he asked; "but a smile is such a poor every-day favour—a mere Algerine asper—the smallest coin in the heart's treasury; and thrown, like alms, to vagabonds, simply to get rid of them! There! you may have a score at once; I can afford millions."

"And is a sigh, then, the richest gift of this fair treasury of yours?" asked Cesario, feeling, for the first time, an emotion of tenderness in her company; "I have seen a blush that was

worth the Indies;" and his eyes said where and when.

"By the Virgin, she gives you both!" exclaimed Marco, as Beatrice did indeed sigh and blush from very pleasure; "but given thus, for nothing, they must be counterfeits; don't take them, Adimari; at any rate, don't attempt imposing them on me as lawful coin."

At that instant Count Cagliari advanced to take leave, piqued by the Signora's marked avoidance of him. To appear still sure of her favour, and yet to scorn it, he carelessly snatched her hand, kissed it with the air of one tired of playing the lover, and walked out of the room with a vacant stare of listlessness.

"You have not told us, my fair coz, by what name to call *this* favour!" observed Marco; "a kiss of that white hand is doubtless a medal struck only for some happy individual."

The die is destroyed then! there never will be another!" replied Beatrice, glowing with indignation; she paused, then added with imprudent frankness, "I see what the Count aimed at. He intended to make you and Signor Adimari believe that he is a favoured lover, therefore privileged to take this liberty; but it is no such thing: and I beg you both to come every evening to the Palazzo, just to see how I will mortify his presumption."

Both gentlemen bowed, and one of them laughed; it was certainly not Cesario.

The Seraphina never came; so the party broke up, and the different personages betook themselves to their separate homes.

As Marco Doria sauntered along with Cesario, he amused himself with ridiculing the ca-

prices and artifices of women. He offered to bet any sum, that the Signora Brignoletti was at this moment weeping over the success of her own stratagem: for he considered her conduct to Cagliari as mere wanton sport with his feelings; or else, but a passing fit of irritation.

Marco was so much used to timidity in some women, and finesse in others, where their hearts were concerned, that he never dreamt of finding the real meaning of Beatrice's conduct, in its literal interpretation: he therefore fancied her evident admiration of his friend a piece of childish acting; and set it down for certain, that she only tried to play him off against some neglect or offence from her real lover.

From respect for female sincerity, Cesario was not disposed to admit this; and from regard for female modesty, he was a little inclined to believe that the lady really felt that admiration of his person which Marco protested she displayed. He consequently combatted Marco's arguments, and the evidence of his own senses called her looks and expressions mere accidents; and neither convincing nor convinced, parted from his companion.

CHAPTER IX.

WHATEVER was the nature of the Signor Brignoletti's reveries, when Cesario was their object, it is certain that he thought of her only as a charming child; and as such, saw no danger in accompanying Marco Doria to the house of her mother.

It is true, Beatrice had talents which often elevated her above her own character. When she sang, she did it with the expression of vivid, unrestrained feeling: and when obeying an impulse (which her flatterers called inspiration,) she chanted or recited an extemporary poem, she was certainly inspired with something beyond the common-places of *Fine-Ladyism*. Still, this was only a wild shoot of genius; neither nourished nor improved by study, nor pruned by judgment: it was but a meteor light, brighter at its first burst than it would ever appear afterwards: flowers without root, worn but as youth's garland, and destined to wither with its brief day of enthusiasm.

Cesario saw nothing in this boasted wonder, beyond the promising talent of a clever girl.

As the Palazzo Rosso was open every evening, and after the first introduction no future invitation being necessary, the two young men went there every night. At the commencement of these visits, they usually stopped but a few mi-

nutes; then they staid a little longer; after that Cesario grew to oppose their departure so very early; and, at last, he fell into the habit of remaining there alone.

From scarcely noticing the little attention given by Beatrice to Count Cagliari's assiduities, and the eagerness with which she received attention from himself, Cesario insensibly began to feel, and to watch for, these proofs of peculiar interest. He gradually lost sight of every other thing in the conversations of the Marchesa, till his mind, habituating itself to one line of observation, and one expectation, became rivetted upon the object of its attention with the strength of passion.

It is humiliating to detect the weaknesses of human nature: but, perhaps, were every passion conceived for a very faulty or dissimilar object, traced to its source, we should find it in an awakened vanity. Cesario's might be attributed to that subtle cause.

One evening, as Marco Doria called on him as usual, in his way to the Palazzo Rosso, he affected a fit of what he called 'the God,' and insisted upon reciting some verses which he had just composed upon his friend himself.

Marco enacted his new character of bard so well, that it was indeed as impossible to stop him in his tuneful career, as it would have been to stop the most practised of his supposed brethren: with "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," he volubly delivered the following

SONNET.

Who now, with voice profaning Nature's hand,
Shall of *Ideal Beauty* idly boast?—

Thy form, Cesario, dims the faultless band
Of sculptured gods, enthroned on Grecia's coast.
Faultless are they, but with exhaustless grace
(Beyond or chisel's touch or fancy's glow.)
Thy limbs divine each charm of motion show,
Matching the bright perfection of thy face!
That lip, that eye, where Love and Mind contend
For mastery of power; that smile of light;
Those curls of jet, and brows sublime, that bend
Like thunders resting on some snow-clad height;
O! who on these shall gaze, nor rapt exclaim,
Here sculpture's idol falls before a mortal's frame!

Cesario laughed heartily at what he considered bombastic nonsense, when applied to one man by another; but he bestowed a very different appellation on it when Marco proclaimed it a production of Beatrice Brignoletti's and stolen by him from her writing-case.

The original manuscript shown by Marco, in support of what he advanced, was in vain presented to Cesario: the latter refused to share in such unmanly treason against the defenceless sex; and, though convinced by the delicate handwriting, and Marco's utter incapacity to string a rhyme, that it was really the work of Beatrice, he persisted in avowing his disbelief of its authenticity; and so the affair ended.

After this incident, Cesario was not long of estimating his power over the young heart he wished to reign in. Her sparkling eyes, and glowing cheeks, whenever he drew near, needed no interpreter: those eyes were never long absent from him: and one glance from his, would at any time make her repulse the Count Cagliari with marked rudeness; if she danced, if she sang, it was only at his request; if she gathered a flower, it was for him; if she took refresh-

ments, it was because he offered it. If Cesario hawked or hunted, she lent her best falcon, or pressed on him her favourite gennet.

That pernicious habit of indulgence in which Beatrice had been educated, being more powerful than modesty itself, she consciously betrayed this secret inclination, from a lurking expectation of gratification waiting upon such display.

Hers was ~~not~~ the love which is discovered by its own attempts at concealment; hers was not ~~the~~ love which would rather have perished with its victim in the grave, than have compassed a return at the expense of maidenly dignity; hers was not the love, which, born of moral and mental admiration, can live through years of hopeless attachment, nourished by contemplating the virtues of its object, and consoled by witnessing his happiness.

It was the love of an age just beyond that wherein a sweetmeat and a flower are the highest enjoyment; an age in which the senses and the imagination are sometimes mistaken for the heart and the judgment; an age, in short, of turbulent but rarely deep attachments.

If Cesario ever dwelt for an instant with an unpleasant sensation upon her careless conduct, it lasted but an instant. There were so many delightful and flattering reasons to be urged in her excuse: complete innocence, ignorant of the very sentiment it indulged and betrayed; truth, so transparent that even virgin bashfulness could not veil it; love so powerful, or love so generous, that either it could not be restrained by any considerations, or would not, from a noble disdain of unequal fortune.

To these sophistries were added the seductions of self-love; the wants of a heart formed for strong emotion; and the tumults created by the beauty of luxuriant and playful youth.

Marco Doria, meanwhile, rallied both parties on their evident mutual preference, and with such dexterous address, that it was impossible for either to show their knowledge of his meaning; yet, as impossible for them to learn by it the nature and extent of a sentiment which both felt, and neither ventured to express.

Just as Marco was in the mood, he treated love as a light or a profound sentiment; deified it with the spirit of a hero in romance, or sneered at it with the asperity of a cynic. But in none of his moods was he wise enough, or kind enough, to remind Cesario of the desperate inequality which existed between his fortunes and those of the inexperienced creature for whom he sighed.

Count Cagliari was formally dismissed and gone back to Turin; and an armour of frowns was beginning to invest the brow of the Marchesa, when the Genoese fleet received orders to sail.

A swarm of Turkish cruisers, after sweeping the Adriatic and the shores of the Mediterranean; were seen hovering round the adjacent islands: it was therefore expedient to disable or drive them back; that so powerful a reinforcement might not come in aid of the Barbary fleet, when the expedition against *Penon de Velez* should take place.

This expedition was indeed on the point of issuing from Spain, but the Genoese admiral aban-

doned his share in its success; only that he might render it sure, by destroying the ally of Morocco.

Marco Doria, who had been all this time making up his mind about his future pursuit in life; and who had alternately determined upon the land and the sea service, the line of politics, the church, and the court of the Emperor Charles, was now thoroughly convinced for the next fortnight, that there was nothing in this world worth a wise man's trouble; that honours were bubbles; riches toys, pleasures dreams; that, in short, there was nothing substantial but ease and indifference; and that, consequently, a country abode, with a garden, a few books, and a single domestic, were the *ultima Thule* of human happiness.

Marco's valour had been approved, more than once, as a volunteer upon sufficiently memorable occasions; therefore, without fear of being stigmatised with cowardice, he suddenly announced his intention of sitting down for life, as a philosophic solitary.

Before Cesario left Genoa, he saw this fantastic personage tranquilly installed in a small house, that once belonged to a falconer, on the banks of the Polciverra.

Thus, bereft of his usual companion, Cesario had to go through the dangerous scene of announcing his own departure to the Signora Brignoletti.

It was in the gardens of the Palazzo, where the Marchesa had given a moonlight supper in an open pavilion.

Part of the company were enjoying the beautiful night among groves of breathing rose and orange trees; some stood listening to the tinkling sound of fountains, or to strains of music issuing

from the house. The Marchesa sat with her daughter on the alabaster steps of the pavilion, seemingly attentive to the progress of a wreath of flowers which Beatrice was sportively twisting for her own hair, but in reality watching the steps of Cesario, and keeping him off by her threatening frown.

Cesario was alternately sauntering and leaning under the shade of an acacia, with two or three persons, of whose conversation his sense took no cognizance. His head was continually turned towards the pavilion, where the peculiar character of Beatrice's charms appeared heightened by their contrast with surrounding objects.

The pale moon-light, and the cold whiteness of the portico, were opposed to the glow of her complexion, and the speaking fire of her eyes: the tranquillity of the flowers and trees, (for no breeze disturbed them,) was contrasted by her rapid and animating movements. She seemed to Cesario the sole principle of life and motion in this lovely scene; and as much intoxicated by the contemplation of her beauty, as agitated by the thought of quitting her, he walked with a hurried and unequal pace, which the forbidding looks of the Marchesa kept still far from the pavilion.

Happily for Cesario's wishes, the unexpected ascent of some fire-works at a distance made every one start from their position, and run towards the Pine-mount whence it proceeded. In the rush and confusion, Beatrice escaped from her mother, and was soon near enough to Cesario for him to join her. "Ah, what a tiresome evening this has been!" she said, in reply to the eloquent glance of his eyes.

"One of torture to me!" replied Cesario, with ill-repressed emotion, "for I wished to tell you that we sail to-morrow; and I had a boon to ask."

"Then it really sails after all!" cried Beatrice, tears suffusing her bright eyes; "O why did you not do as Marco Doria has done!"

"What! renounce the hope of distinction, and shut myself up in a mountain-hovel?"

"A person might be much happier there than in such an odiously-fine place as this," was the reply of Beatrice.

"And could the Signora Brignoletti find happiness in such a lot?" asked Cesario, his heart quivering on his lips.

The Signora did not answer; but she refused not the hand he wildly clasped in both his. For the short instant during which he retained this willing hand, Cesario saw no other image than such a mountain-hut with Beatrice and felicity.

He was on the point of telling her so, (all lost to reason as he was,) when the steps of persons approaching made him check the tide of passion. First pausing, then gently drawing a ring from one of her passive fingers, he whispered in accents of smothered fire—"O let me cast myself at your feet in this spot to-morrow morning, before the first matin bell,—I sail at the second."

Beatrice faltered out the permission he sought: Cesario ardently kissed the hand, which he instantly released; and tore himself away.

Cesario saw nothing, felt nothing, remembered nothing but this ring, and the manner in which it had been rendered to him. He could not recall, how Beatrice had looked when he made the bold theft; for at that instant a mist covered his sight, and he lost every other thought in the

agony of transport with which he felt her soft finger yielding its treasure.

What needed he more, to tell him that he reigned absolute in her heart, and that she was ready to flee with him from wealth and grandeur to the mountain life he had described? What needed he more, to animate him on his way to peril and glory?

But when is that heart satisfied, where love rules like a tyrant? Cesario thirsted to hear the voice of Beatrice confirm the assurance of her eyes; he longed to cast himself at her feet, and exhale there his ardent soul in vows and thanks. Perhaps he dared to imagine her pressed to his sighing breast, and bedewed with farewell tears, too sacred for passion to profane!

Burdened with its own fulness, his heart did indeed languish for participation with hers; and, wishing the night annihilated, he reached the house of the Syndic, unconscious of his own movements.

There was no sleep for Cesario during the hours that intervened between this period and that in which he hurried out to keep his appointment in the Rosso gardens.

He had previously taken leave of the good Syndic: his equipage was on board; and he therefore had no more to do in Genoa than to see his enchantress.

As he approached the gate of St. Thomas, he was overtaken by the prince of Melfi, attended by some of his officers: "Well met, Adimari," cried the prince, taking his arm and impelling him forward, "you have just been summoned. The pirates are out—the wind serves.—Now, for your first throw, for death or glory!"

Part of the enemy's *galliot*s now followed in the triumphant train of the *Capitanata*; the small remainder were either sunk, or seeking shelter in the obscure ports of the adjacent islands. The action had been fiercely contested.

Animated by the deadliest feelings of revenge and animosity, each party had exerted the most determined and obstinate resolution. Death or victory seemed to have been the motto under which they fought; and deeds of valour were performed, which in themselves would have immortalized the arm that wrought them, but that all were heroes, all fighting as if the fate of the battle rested on each individual exertion.

Cesario, now foremost in the ranks of death, felt this soul-inspiring thought; and, emulative of his great leader's fame, sought by some mightier effort to become conspicuous in the dreadful conflict. In vain he set his life at nought to win this pre-eminence; each fearless deed was seconded; the glorious example of their chief had fired all ranks, and he saw that no common daring could lift him above his dauntless companions.

Fortune at this moment, as if in reward for his exertions, now smiled on them, and pointed to the long-wished and ardently-desired opportunity.

Their infidel adversary, (carrying the commander-in-chief's flag,) defeated, and nearly destroyed, after a most determined but unavailing resistance, was now attempting to clear herself from her opponent, and escape: Cesario, whose eagle eye had watched every turn of the fight, perceived her intention; and maddening with the anticipated joy of reaching that pinnacle of glory he had so nobly striven for, called on a few of his gallant

followers to support him, and threw himself into the enemy's vessel.

Amazement seized the Turks at this desperate act of valour; they were thrown into confusion; assistance poured in from Doria's vessel; and Cesario soon found himself in possession of the Turkish admiral's sword and ship.

This gallant action had been witnessed and duly appreciated; all ranks joined in bestowing the highest honours on the youthful warrior, and hailing him the hero of the fight.

On the deck of the captured vessel, and in the presence of enemies and compatriots, Prince Gianettino embraced his young lieutenant—"You have proved yourself worthy of your father," he said, and his eyes glistened. Cesario squeezed the hero's hand in eloquent silence; then, more respectfully putting it to his lips, returned such an answer as the occasion demanded.

After so convincing "a proof of his mettle," he had nearly as many enviers as admirers; but, awakened to a passion for renown, and a sense of duty, by success and eulogium, Cesario had no thoughts to bestow on jealous inferiority; he began to cherish hopes of a destiny as brilliant as the lover of Signora Brignoletti ought to aspire to; and to dream, for golden instants, of the only equivalent he would ever accept in the place of a patrimony cruelly withdrawn—lands bestowed hereafter by his country.

If these reveries were troubled at times, it was by the recollection of the appointment he had made, and broken, with Beatrice.

What must she have thought of him while awaiting him in vain? while walking through those dewy gardens, under the gray dawn, hear-

ing the momentary gun that marked each departing ship; and then beholding the white sails of the collected fleet hovering like a flight of sea-fowl on the horizon?

Could she have admitted a suspicion, that any thing but imperious honour had prevailed against his love?—no—it was impossible she could think otherwise: and again and again Cesario fastened his lips to that little circle of gold, where it seemed as if all his future hopes were contained.

Transports like these were the luxuries of his solitary moments; all his social hours were given to action and to enterprise.

Prince Doria had given him the command of a galley; and as the roving warfare of the pirates was best coped with by the same adventurous methods, Cesario's eagerness to distinguish himself rendered him more forward in the dangerous but necessary boldness of pursuit.

The San Lorenzo (the ship Cesario commanded) was giving chase to a single *galliot* near the rocks of Corsica, when the evening of a sultry day began to darken, and some heavy clouds of gloomy purple foretold a storm. The *galliot*, familiar with the coast, and formed to run in shallow water, ran safely in shore under the shelter of the rocks; while the heavier galley of Cesario, obliged to keep out to sea, remained exposed to the violence of the rising tempest.

Night thickened; the winds began to rage from every quarter of the heavens by turns; the hoarse roar of the breakers was heard, mixed with the shriller cries of sea-birds; the galley laboured and groaned among the splashing waves;—still Cesario was loath to relinquish his expected prey; the master at length bluntly told him, that unless he gave up the pursuit, every soul must inevitably perish.

It was now indeed impossible to pursue the pirate, who ran his lighter vessel ashore in a friendly creek, where the darkness and the situation favoured his concealment; the San Lorenzo therefore made for the island of Pianosa.

Well built, and ably manned, the Genoese galley rode out the storm during the night, and, by day-break, as she neared the island-rock, guns were heard on the subsiding wind.

By the quivering light of their successive flashes, Cesario and his companions found they proceeded from a vessel in distress; he returned her signals, and every exertion was made to reach her.

The unhappy merchantman (for such she was) had struck upon a low rock, close to the desert Pianosa, and her loosened planks were beginning to separate.

Boats, crowded with women, children, and mariners in the wildest despair, were seen on the mountainous waves, struggling to attain the friendly galley: those whom the boats could not receive, had cast themselves into the sea, catching at spars, oars, any thing, in short, slight enough to grasp, and strong enough to bear them up.

Impatient of delay, Cesario had already thrown himself with a few sailors into his own boat, and was making towards the wreck, for he had discovered on the remnant of the vessel some women running in distraction to and fro, and a single man, who by his gestures, appeared encouraging them to hope and exertion.

By this time the dawn was much advanced, and objects, though indistinct, gradually became more visible.

Cesario beheld with dismay the situation of the people,

The wind indeed had fallen, but the sullen silence of the clouds above, was broken by the deafening roar of the waves below; a prodigious swell was thundering forward, sweeping the helpless wreck along with it.

That fearful swell carried her at once over the rock where she had first struck; but, still rushing on with tremendous force, dashed her against the more formidable rocks of the inner coast.

Her only remaining mast fell, with a loud crash, and, as it fell, the solitary man upon the deck disappeared under it: a shock, a shriek—O what a shriek!—told Cesario that he came too late; the wretched vessel was now scattering her timbers over the face of the waters.

The women clung to its floating fragments with instinctive sense; but alas! their stunned companion lay senseless on the surface.

Cesario was on the point of leaping into the sea, and swimming through the raging elements to this devoted victim; but aware that in doing so he must perish without attaining the object desired, he exerted all his own skill and his men's courage, to impel their boat forward to their assistance.

As they proceeded they were menaced with instant destruction on every side; large masses of the wreck, impetuously hurried by the current against their slight boat, threatened to overturn it; rocks above and rocks below water surrounded them; but still manfully combating every obstacle, they passed safely through, and reached the given point.

The unfortunate man yet lay without motion on the water; the next instant he must have sunk:

but what will not humanity attempt and courage execute? Cesario called on his men to keep the boat steady, while he fearlessly plunged out of it into the boiling surf.

It was but a moment of alarm and strong emotion; the next instant he regained the boat, with the object of his solicitude in his arms.

The sailors had previously rescued the women; the other boats had gained the galley: not a soul had perished. Cesario hastily passed his hand over his eyes, to hide feelings which honoured his manhood: the joyful conviction of being the preserver of so many persons, rendered his late martial triumph cold and worthless in comparison; but this was not a time for indulging in reflections of any kind, for the unfortunate man whom he had saved still demanded his care.

He now took him once more in his arms, to observe whether life yet remained: as he did so, the pale head hung feebly backward, but the mild blue eyes unclosed.

Was it a dream, or did Cesario in reality support upon his breast the man he had avoided with so much passion? Was it memory or fancy, working in his mind, that told him he had just saved the life of Giovanni Cigala? and so repaid with overflowing measure all the proofs of kindness which had been thrust upon him by the only noble offspring of that detested race!

The tremulous day was yet uncertain; but he could not again mistake that face when united with the soul which stamped its individuality.

"Keep off!—he revives!" was his hurried exclamation. Willing to have that instant of strong emotion without witnesses, he motioned to the sailors and women to precede him into the galley,

which had now rowed up to them. During the transfer of these persons, he had time to collect his amazed thoughts. Giovanni's hand was in his: hitherto it had been motionless; but now a trembling pressure conveyed his generous gratitude. "Adimari!" he said, in low accents, "Heaven ordains us to be friends."

"O that some revelation from heaven would indeed tell me so!" exclaimed Cesario, transported out of himself by this extraordinary adventure, and involuntarily straining Giovanni to his breast.

"I owe my life to you," said Giovanni, "and I devote it to you henceforth. Yes, whether you will or no."

Overcome with a rapid retrospect of past times, at these words Cesario bowed his head upon the shoulder of Giovanni; with a deep sigh, he said, "In this hour of agitation I am not myself; I know not what I say;" and, folding Giovanni with his supporting arm, he called one of the seamen to assist in raising him into the galley.

Saved from death by the exertions of Cesario, and thrown upon his humanity for the remaining period of their cruise, Giovanni had powerful auxiliaries in these circumstances: nay, even the weak parts in the character of Cesario assisted him in the conquest he sought over his prejudices.

His proud spirit was appeased by the obligation he had already laid upon the son of Paulo Cigala: he now thought only of showing to him that an Adimari scorned all revenge save that of added services; that while these services were needed by one of the Cigali, he would render them profusely; but that necessity over, the obliger and

the obliged must return into their former constrained position.

Cesario had yet to learn his own heart: he had yet to learn, also the influence of an enthusiastic interest, steady yet not obtrusive; forbearing, yet dignified; extraordinary, but not extravagant. He had yet to learn, that even love itself sufficed not for all the wants of a soul like his, created to desire and to feel every animated sentiment; to aspire after, and, haply, to reach every heroic virtue.

The injury Giovanni had sustained by the fall of the mast, was aggravated by a fever, which confined him entirely to the rough couch of Cesario's cabin. Here, when not required amongst his people, Cesario came to assist in administering to his ailments; or to relieve the tedium of solitary inaction, by reading or conversation.

At these times, Giovanni forbore to speak either of his gratitude or his now-riveted resolution to win his friendship: but the expression of his mildly-penetrating eye spoke volumes; and Cesario, from avoiding its fixture, grew to endure its mute appeal; and, finally, to seek and to love the look which laid bare that pure and disinterested heart.

Giovanni, in his turn, became daily more interested in the character and fortunes of Cesario; the almost romantic attraction he had felt towards him while he was an object rather of his imagination than his knowledge, seemed now to be at once justifiable by reason, and demanded by gratitude.

In their desultory conversations, where feeling was seldom analyzed, but uniformly displayed, Cesario showed all the varieties of his character.

The nobleness of his sentiments, contrasted with the mediocrity of his destiny, was only the more affecting: and that war between ingenuous sympathy and exaggerated duty, which never failed appearing whenever his father's memory crossed these hours of intercourse, excited at once respect and regret in the bosom of Giovanni.

Once, indeed, unable to resist a peculiarly tender tide of recollections which the mention of his father's early career caused to flow, he spoke at large of that cherished parent; he described his gentle manners and gracious countenance; his bounteous and ever-open hand; his unblemished life and guileless heart, which seemed remnants of the golden age: he painted his love and reverence of that honoured parent, with all the eloquence of profound sensibility; and, as the moisture which clouded his own eyes was reflected by that of Giovanni's, now fixed on him with brotherly expression, he forgot his hated lineage, and said in broken accents, "Oh, you were worthy to have known him!"

Giovanni could with difficulty master the pleasurable emotion which struggled to have way: he raised himself from his couch, took and squeezed Cesario's hand. Cesario's heart took alarm at that sign of confidence: the expression of tenderness subsided from his countenance, while that of trouble and of self-reproach succeeded. He fixed his eyes earnestly upon Giovanni, as, profoundly sighing, he said, in an altered voice,—“Man cannot control destiny; and he must submit to it.” While he spoke, he dropped Giovanni's hand, and left him.

When they met again, it was on the ensuing day in the stern gallery, where Giovanni, for the first time, was allowed to breathe the free air.

A signal from the Admiral had just declared the objects of the expedition attained, and turned all the fleet homewards. The San Lorenzo was now coasting the shores of the Papal states; and ere a few days should elapse, her victorious flag would be flying in the port of Genoa.

Would that event at once dissolve the union of mind, if it were not to be called one of heart, between the preserver and the preserved? would the sight of places, where he had suffered real anguish and supposed wrong, revive the slumbering resentment and antipathy of Cesario? would he, indeed, have the cruel courage to tear himself from all intercourse with a man, who had sympathised with his worthiest feeling? would he inflict such a wound upon a trusting breast? When they met in the gallery, after the first interchange of good wishes, and the performance of some kind offices on the part of Cesario, Giovanni fell into a reverie, during which he asked himself these questions.

Cesario, meanwhile, was thinking of a far different subject.

As the galley glided through glassy waves, under a beautiful morning sky, he stood, not far from Giovanni, leaning on the railing of the balcony, completely abstracted from surrounding things. Giovanni's attention was insensibly attracted by the peculiar and varying expressions of his countenance. At times he saw his cheek kindle, and his eyes sparkle with sudden brilliancy; then the colour and the light would fade from both, and softness, even to languor, steal over his features.

Unconscious of the tremor and frequency of his sighs, Cesario continued to muse and to sigh;

and once, quite lost to every other idea, he carried Beatrice's ring to his lips, and held it there in a trance of fond remembrances.

This action, coupled with the look by which it was accompanied, fixed a floating suspicion in the mind of Giovanni. He had observed much in the conduct and conversation of Cesario, which warranted the belief of his being attached to some lady in Genoa; and now, while anxiously contemplating his agitated countenance, he grieved to think, that this affection, though returned by its object, might be thwarted by unkind relatives, or rendered abortive by mutual poverty.

"Had my imprudent sister been this chosen object!" he said to himself, indulging a momentary vision of generous improbabilities, "all might have been made up to him!"

Giovanni had touched the most painful chord of his own heart by this spontaneous reflection; and, drawn from the consideration of Cesario by hopes and fears about his sister, he withdrew his eyes, which unconsciously took the vacant fixture of deep thought, and pursued a train of troubled meditation.

A demand for orders, from some sailors, who had rowed round the stern, recalled Cesario to himself; and having given them the necessary commands, he turned from his own tumultuous thoughts to seek the conversation of Giovanni.

But for once he found Giovanni self-absorbed; never had Cesario seen him look so absolutely sad; and penetrated by that unusual expression, in proportion to his own expectation of coming happiness, he drew near and sat down by him.

"Cigala, something distressing employs your mind!" he said this in a tone of lively interest:

"I would I could charm it away, before we part." He made a short pause between the first sentence of this address, and the few concluding words, which he strove to say in a lighter manner.

"And are we to part, Adimari?" asked Giovanni, raising his full mild eye, and laying on him a hand chilled by painful surprise.

"We ought—we must,"—was Cesario's answer, hemming away a sigh, and averting his head.

"What! part to meet no more?" repeated Giovanni.

"No more on earth—at least not as we meet now," resumed Cesario with seriousness. "You were aware of my principles—prejudices, if you please—long ago—I hope you are not very much surprised to find that I still believe it my duty to abide by them?"

It is a strange inconsistency in human nature, that when we are obliged to say or do an unkind thing, and feel most pain from that necessity, we always try to hide our concern under an appearance of hardness or indifference. Something like remorse, in truth it was regret, tugged at Cesario's heart-strings: yet he maintained his air of chilling determination, and moved a few steps away, to conceal his inward struggle.

Giovanni looked after him with earnest observation: a long silence followed. At length he said, "I am surprised—and how grieved, I forbear to say. I wish you had not bestowed on me the useless obligation of life saved; for what is it to a man, standing alone in the world, bereft of kindred, outraged by love, and denied friendship?"

"You have loved then, Cigala?" exclaimed Cesario, turning on him a countenance all melting with kindly sympathy.

"I have," replied Giovanni, "and I remember enough of its pains, to wish you nothing but its joys. Go, Adimari; I read your feelings in your face;—would, I could read your destiny also!—if that were all prosperity, here would I quit my hold upon your heart; and let you loose to that happiness, which you will not even permit me to witness and rejoice in: but if it is to be otherwise; if you suspect, that you are destined to drink the bitter cup I have drunk of, then nothing shall make me leave you till I have wrung your promise of claiming my grateful sympathy in that day of desolation."

"That day will never come!" exclaimed Cesario, rapturously. "Witness this precious pledge of love, for which princes might contend in vain. A mountain-hut with me—yes, Beatrice; so spoke those flowing eyes, when——"

"I must not steal your confidence," interrupted Giovanni, seeing him hurried out of himself; and, as he spoke, he rose.

"Stay, Cigala—stay!" cried Cesario: while saying so, he pushed him gently back, and seeing him remain, took several turns up and down the gallery, in troubled silence.

If grief be hard to bear alone, happiness unshared is intolerable. Never had Cesario groaned so powerfully for the sympathies of friendship; and never, till now, had Giovanni's image presented itself to him in the light of one seeking compassion and sympathy.

With a sister, whose fate was involved in mystery; a youth, blighted by unrequited or unfortunate love, was not Giovanni Cigala fitted to excite, and to feel, that species of friendship which, tintured by the chivalrous spirit of their

age, had in it all the ardour without the infirmity of passion? Would not his gentler temper assist Cesario in moderating the impetuosity of his? Were the elder Adimari, in heaven, allowed to select a bosom confidant for his son on earth, would he not choose such a one as Giovanni? and were that sainted parent able to reveal his sentiments on this trying question, what would they be?

Cesario pressed his throbbing temples with his hand, as he paused upon these questions. Again he asked himself, what would his father's sentiments be? and the reply was,—affection for Giovanni's admirable and estimable qualities; sensibility to his attachment; grateful remembrance of all he had offered, and all he had done, to soothe the pain of wounds which he could not prevent!

By the elder Adimari's silent resentment at the supposed ingratitude of Prince Doria, had he not distinctly delivered it as his opinion, that a man is bound, by indissoluble ties, to him who has saved his life? Thus, then, Giovanni's persevering attachment took the stamp of a duty: and if it were virtue in him to persevere, it must be culpable or cruel in his preserver to resist.

"Am I absolved, then, from the sin of impiety, if I link my heart with Cigala?" asked Cesario, inwardly. "Is it enough that again and again I spurned his offered kindness, when I had no friend to console me, no heart to beat, like his, in generous sympathy with mine? Then I might have doubted the disinterestedness of my gratitude; but now, O, my father! may I not forget that he is the son of thy destroyer, and think of him but as one to whom I may lament thee?"

During this internal address, he stood with his face buried in his hands. Giovanni watched him from a short distance, with extreme anxiety. Suddenly Cesario approached: he stretched out his arms, his face beaming through tears. Giovanni precipitated himself upon his neck, and there, locked in a strong embrace, their hearts silently exchanged the vow of friendship.

If their delight in each other's society had hitherto been great, what was it now, when reserve on the one side, and apprehension on the other, gave way before the full tide of mutual confidence?

The story of Giovanni's past, and Cesario's present love, occupied many succeeding hours. Cesario was moved by the vivid picture Giovanni drew of his former sensibility to the most powerful of human passions; but more astonished, that, having once felt such a passion, he should live to look back on those days without anguish that they were over.

It could not arise from coldness of character, he thought; for with what enthusiasm did he speak of the chivalric profession into which he had then thrown himself; and with what romantic perseverance had he sought his friendship! Was it then the natural march of human feeling? Cesario shuddered at the chilling supposition: for love was now a source of such bliss to him, that he fancied even its torments preferable to its extinction.

The openness with which he expressed this astonishment might have tempted another man into justifying his own sensibility, by explaining the soberising effects of time, and of reason, earnestly called into action; but, unwilling to rend

the bright blossoms of youthful imagination, Giovanni forbore to detail the progress of his mind from grief to indignation, from indignation to scorn, and at last to indifference. He simply said, "From the moment of my profession, I devoted the powers of my mind, and the affections of my heart, to higher purposes: I devoted myself to a life of singleness and the cross. Is it wonderful, then, that my soul should reject every remembrance of a sentiment which its object had dishonoured in my eyes, and that I should consider the vow which bound me to refrain from woman's love, not as bondage, but as freedom? I know not what the destiny of my heart might have been, had my attachment been as truly returned as yours, and my mistress torn from me by death or duty: as it is, I have done with every inclination of the kind."

Cesario smiled—"You will love again, and find happiness."

"No: friendship will content me," replied Giovanni; and the satisfaction, as well as purity of heaven, shone in his serene eyes.

Cesario shook his head, without speaking; but his smile, and the incredulous action of his head, required no comment.

The conversation again reverted to Signora Brignoletti. Beatrice was personally unknown to Giovanni; he therefore took his idea of her from the portrait painted by her lover.

Coloured by that lover's vivid sensibility, her portrait was, indeed, charming: it was Beauty, without thought of power; Youth, in all its innocence, and ardour; Love, undisguised, because pure and generous: in short, it was all that would have given happiness in those blissful days, when

the affections and duties were man's only law-givers, and the tyranny of prejudices and the distinctions of society were unknown.

But, alas! those blissful times were past, and Giovanni saw in their stead a host of difficulties between his friend's wishes and their object.

Beatrice was very young; most likely, therefore, timid in spirit; long-continued opposition from her relatives might eventually harass her into giving up her own inclinations. Possibly she might have the instability of her age; and time, or a new object, cause her fancy to alter.

But of all the obstacles to Cesario's success which Giovanni imagined, none appeared to him so formidable, and so sure of checking his fond career, as Cesario's own principles. At present, intoxicated with the joy of beholding his fair mistress, and being permitted to tell her how absolute she reigned over his affections, Cesario dreamt not of a wish beyond, nor anticipated the period when headlong passion would demand its utmost gratification, and meditate seizing it at the expense of Beatrice's duty and his own honour.

Giovanni foresaw this period, and rightly believed that Cesario would then shrink with horror from the baseness of persuading a young woman to abandon her first duties, and act in open rebellion against her sole remaining parent. Nay, were even that parent's consent to be wrung from her by importunities or perseverance, how would Cesario's pride endure the humiliation of owing dignity and riches to his wife? How would his jealous reputation bear the probable misconception of public opinion?

Giovanni felt and reasoned thus for his friend; but, as yet, their bond of amity was too newly

knit to warrant him in urging a sacrifice of this inauspicious attachment: he could only resolve to watch its progress with an attentive eye, and to seize the first troubled feeling of Cesario, as a fortunate opportunity for enlarging upon those motives, which he ventured to hope, would be all-powerful with one so ingenuous and so just.

If Giovanni ever indulged a selfish joy, this was the period in which he was the most inclined to it: for, in attaining Cesario's friendship, he had acquired that, which for six years he had sought in vain—a source of deep, increasing interest, calculated to nourish that generous sympathy which might be said to constitute his very being, and which had languished hitherto for want of aliment.

Giovanni's soul did, in truth, realize the *beau idéal* of those enchanting minstrels of the "olden time," whose songs immortalize some fancied hero, capable of love without desire, and friendship excelling even that disinterestedness, in its capacity, of sacrificing the hopes of love to impregnable fidelity. Had the outward expression of this character been more marked, or fluently professed by him who bore it, those who studied it might have believed it the result of a strong aspiration after excellence, and consequent victory over human weakness; but so calmly and uniformly did it appear, on every occasion, in Giovanni, that it was impossible not to consider it as the involuntary habit of a soul following its own nature, without resistance or effort.

Although this tranquil constancy stamped a sacred character upon qualities which might otherwise have seemed romantic, Giovanni was less likely to enkindle enthusiasm in his admirers,

than to excite in them that still, profound satisfaction, with which we contemplate beatified natures.

Even that which now constituted his own especial gratification, in this new bond of amity, was more an animating hope of benefiting Cesario hereafter, than the prospect (delightful as it was) of solacing himself with his fraternal affection.

He foresaw the near approach of that crisis in Cesario's connexion with Signora Brignoletti, when either his assaulted principles would require the encouragement of friendship, to assist him in vanquishing strong temptation to act wrong, or his betrayed love demand sympathy and consolation.

"My heart shall support him in that trial," he said to himself; and Giovanni soothed his own prophetic sadness with this kindly thought.

It was so sweet to him, to witness every day the rapid increase of Cesario's confidence; and to observe the noble elements of a character, not yet reduced to that harmonious order, that frame of moral beauty, to which they seemed destined, that he could have chidden the favourable gales, now speeding them on their way home.

But Giovanni was incapable of selfishness, even thus ennobled; and he turned with pleasure to the certainty of his friend's honourable welcome from his country, after the acquisition of so much renown.

Cesario, on his part, was never weary of listening to the wide-reaching conversation of his friend. His own habits had been more active than studious; and though he knew the histories of past ages; he rather remembered than reflected on them.

Giovanni's remarks taught him that all the instruction of history lies in the important lessons it gives; not in its otherwise sterile list of facts. He taught him to carry every thing back to his own heart, and his own conduct; to estimate men's actions by their motives; and while observing the tissue of their crimes, and virtues, and inconsistencies, to remark, how surely they all tend, in the hand of Providence, to the great work of human improvement.

By directing his attention to this analysis of characters and circumstances, Giovanni shook many of Cesario's favourite and fostered prejudices: but he shook them with so gentle a touch, that Cesario's pride was not roused to defend them; and thus left to the operations of truth and tenderness, they were gradually giving way.

Giovanni beheld his growing influence with generous exultation: for he sought Cesario's happiness; and he wisely believed, that he who weeds out a fault, and plants a virtue in a friend, does far more for his comfort, even here, than he that bestows on him all the earthly objects of man's desire.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the victorious gallees were peacefully moored in the harbour of Genoa. Prince Doria procured for his young officer the public thanks of the seigniory.

These thanks were followed, in private, by the offer of a pecuniary reward in recompense of the Captain-Basha's vessel. At that moment, Cesario thought only of his father: he forgot his bonded fortune; he forgot even Beatrice; and, transported with filial feelings, could only say, "A monument for my father in the cathedral of San Siro; and this, and all my future services are over-paid!"

Some eyes were moist that looked on him, as he pronounced these words.

The request was immediately granted; and Cesario himself was empowered to superintend its execution. It was not the costly marble of which this memorial was afterwards formed, it was not the story of Gianettino Doria's deliverance, sculptured on its front; it was not the actual banner, then saved with the prince, and now floating over the pictured scene; it was not even the proud distinction of its being erected by the hands of his country, which wrought Cesario's joy almost to transport. It was the consciousness that he had earned this trophy with his blood;

and thus proved himself worthy the name of him to whom it was dedicated.

In this pious joy, Giovanni could now mingle his faithful spirit without dread of repulse. When the monument was placed in the church of San Siro, Cesario, in a paroxysm of re-awakened grief and exultation, ran to throw himself upon Giovanni's breast.

On that kindly breast, he feared not to give those tender feelings way; beneath that gracious eye, he suffered his tears to flow, cease, and gush again, in alternate gusts of recollected and present happiness, of regret and gratitude, of pain and pleasure.

Giovanni pressed him in a strong embrace, while silently witnessing these bursts of an over-wrought sensibility. "Alas, what materials of misery, perhaps, are here," he said inwardly; "yes:—of misery, in this brief world; but of double felicity in the world of spirits." And at that thought, the cloud hanging over Giovanni's heavenly countenance at once fled.

Cesario recovered from his stormy transports, only to run back to the church of San Siro; to feast his eyes again with the sight of his father's monument; to return once more to Giovanni; and to lose, in his paternal sympathy, all remembrance of his relationship to the destroyer of that honoured parent.

Hearts so knit, hearts so cemented; were they ever to be rent asunder?

O frail estate of man!

After the accomplishment of this sacred object, Cesario restored himself to Beatrice. He had sought her immediately on landing at Genoa; and had obtained, in that sudden and accidentally pri-

vate interview, a full confirmation of what the yielded ring had promised.

He taught her to consider this ring as the talisman by which his late achievement had been operated: as such, she heard with increased joy of the honours awarded him by the seigniory; and though she sometimes upbraided him, with sweet injustice, for devoting nearly all his hours to urge the completion of his father's memorial, her anger never outlasted the first kiss which he printed on her willing hand.

Cesario was now hurrying along a swift stream of transport, that, by its rapidity, left him not time to look steadily on the brilliant objects past which it was sweeping; nor to think of the frightful regions into which it might eventually bear him. He was sensible but to present felicity; and, far from the horrid images of guilt and self-reproach, dreamt not, that even the tide of happiness, when not watched in its flow, may glide at last into their gloomy confines.

The cold salutations of the Marchesa had no longer power to chill his hopes: he followed Beatrice like her shadow; and as she scarcely endeavoured to veil her partiality for one whom a brilliant action covered with glory, even the restraints and the distractions of large societies did but feebly shade the lustre of his enjoyments.

The mountain-hut was forgotten: Beatrice sparkled brightest in the brightest scenes: her gay caprices charmingly varied the settled forms of a life of *representation*; and what would elicit these in the calm of retirement?

Cesario began to covet honours and rewards for the sake of her, whose habits made riches, or at least distinction, necessary. He therefore pant-

ed impatiently for another opportunity of deserving and winning both.

Though loving with all the ardour of a first passion, he retained sufficient reasonableness to see the folly of seeking the Marchesa Brignolletti's consent to his union with her daughter. At present, the celebrity of his name was but just rising above the ruins of his father's fortune: the former was yet to be extended; the latter to be new made: then, and not till then, could he venture to express his wishes.

Cesario submitted to this necessity, but he abhorred the thought of shrouding his attachment by any artifice. Too honest, and too proud, to purchase the Marchesa's forbearance by the sacrifice of self-esteem, he left the secret of his heart free to shine out on his countenance and in his actions.

This principle, very early avowed to Beatrice, checked her from uttering a different one; and she therefore contented herself with smiling her sanction to the candour of her lover, while she cunningly rendered the light veil of her own heart a little less transparent.

Beatrice well knew that her mother's smothered suspicion of Cesario's attentions, before he went to sea, would now break out in peremptory commands, unless some adroit stratagems were used to lull her alarm.

She had not courage to confess her attachment; much less her determination to abide by it: besides, since she had wrested the avowal of his passion from him, she felt the very opposite of a desire to run into a desert with him.

Though she loved Cesario, she loved pleasure also; and half her heart's joy consisted in seeing

him slight every other beauty for her sake. There were many beauties, whose advances Cesario absolutely shunned. All this triumph would cease in the mountain-hut: it was therefore her policy to wait the turns of accident, and meanwhile parry her mother's suspicions.

To effect this, Beatrice affected entire confidence in her mother; rallied herself, with great spirit, upon her evident conquest of so exalted a personage as the ruined son of Francisco Adimari; sported with the details of his tender speeches and jealous looks; and, in fine, perfectly succeeded in making her mother believe, that she despised the lover, while she liked the love; and that a little vanity, and a little mischief, were her only stimulants.

Beatrice, in reality, was amused by the success of her scheme; and, hurrying over the question of its morality, she found in it as much food for mirth as shelter for inclination.

Cesario, unsuspecting of any underplot, saw things just as they seemed: and, perhaps, too happy for reflection upon his happiness, might never have observed the relaxed brow of the Marchesa, had not his friend Giovanni gently hinted at her future prohibition of his visits.

Then it was that Cesario first remarked the tranquillity with which she now saw his passion for her daughter; and catching fire at the thought, his hopes blazed forth at once into certainty.

Surely this quiescence was a tacit permission to win Beatrice by noble exploits! He was yet but entering the road of honour, it is true, and had fortune to retrieve: but the blood of kings and princes filled his veins, rendering it more

than worthy to mingle with that of the Brignolletti.

The Marchesa must know that his ancestors were sovereigns where he now possessed not a rood of land; holding the titles of Counts of Genoa for more than three centuries. She must know, that they claimed kindred with the illustrious Pepin, by whom their jurisdiction was bestowed; and that, although sunk to absolute poverty in their solitary representative, remembrance of his family was still coupled, in the minds of men, with ideas of magnificence and power.

Giovanni listened to the visionary transport of his friend with painful scepticism. The Marchesa was not likely to be thus actuated by the mere shadows of precious things, when their realities might be offered to her daughter by more fortunate rivals. Yet such romance was possible; or rather it was possible that an excess of maternal fondness might induce her to sacrifice her own wish of an equal alliance for her daughter, to that daughter's peculiar happiness.

Giovanni wished this might prove the case, but he ventured not to hope it; yet too tender for the severest office of friendship, he contented himself with turning the projects of Cesario's love towards the interests of his glory.

After signaling himself in the defence of his country and the protection of Christendom, should this cherished friend be disappointed of the lovely reward which now animated him, still there would remain for him the substantial possessions of an honourable reputation, revived fortunes, and the consciousness of high desert.

In Giovanni's estimation, these blessings, with friendship added, included all that life had of de-

sirable and noble; and while he contemplated the possibility of disappointment to his friend's passion, he believed that such a catastrophe would eventually lead that ardent soul, as it had impelled his own, to fix upon great and imperishable objects alone.

Beatrice was yet personally unknown to Giovanni; for the latter found much to occupy his time after his return home, and the former had little inclination to make the acquaintance of one whom she persisted in imagining disagreeable, because he had once been almost a monk, and was, even now, resolved not to marry.

In truth, Beatrice generally felt pretty accurately upon most subjects without the trouble of reasoning: and, though quite unreflecting upon her own conduct, seemed to know by intuition that her lover's friend would scrutinize and condemn what that dazzled lover admired.

Giovanni might detect her subtle game with the Marchesa; and if once he directed Cesario's eyes to the fact, she felt certain that her humiliation in her lover's opinion would be the immediate consequence.

Beatrice was yet too unpractised to have divined the baneful secret of making an excess of love her apology for every violation of dignity or morality: a secret, it is said, by which the loftiest manly character is bent to the most degrading connexions.

She knew that Cesario's censure would overwhelm her with shame; and she therefore studiously avoided the person whose discernment and austere principles threatened her little artifices with destruction.

Under these impressions, Beatrice evaded Giovanni's introduction; and she did this the more easily from his frequent absences.

He was desirous of providing for the shelter and refreshment of the humbler order of travelers among the wild mountains leading into Lombardy; and for this purpose he promoted and superintended the erection of several small buildings, where both rest and refreshment were to be furnished at his expense.

Another occupation, equally benevolent in its object, but visionary in its hopes, withdrew him yet more from society; stole him from his sleep, his food, his exercise, and rendering all things indifferent to him, excepting the company of Cesario.

This occupation was the study of the Genoese law; and the object he sought to gain was the reversal of that sentence by which he possessed the estate of Adimari.

Ere he embraced the profession of knighthood, Giovanni, in common with every other Genoese youth, had devoted much attention to legal studies; it was the regular course in educating persons destined from their birth to contend for the highest offices in the republic.

He now returned to these studies with a zest they had not before; fondly believing he should find some forgotten statute or precedent which might warrant him in agitating a new process, and finally restore to Cesario the home of his ancestors.

Surrounded by books and parchments, all speaking the same tasteless language, Giovanni was so often found by his friend, that the latter could not forbear rallying him on the sterile road his ambition had now chosen. Giovanni would only

smile, too happy in the consciousness of seeking Cesario's benefit, and not those civic honours of which he believed himself as yet unworthy; and for which, indeed, neither his habits nor inclinations fitted him.

His track, could he now have chosen it, would have been the one his father had withdrawn him from: it would have been that of arms, pursued in the name and for the interests of religion. But as it was, with particular duties to fulfil, and private friendship to gratify, he was content to consider the situation of an active citizen as that for which Providence had ordained him; and to go on in it content and cheerful.

Occupied as he was by his buildings and his application to law-books, Giovanni was too anxious to study the character of a woman on whom Cesario's peace depended, not to remark with considerable mortification that every arrangement for his visiting at the Palazzo Rosso was continually frustrated by her frivolous excuses.

Far from guessing the real reason—her awe of, and distaste to his character,—he concluded she must be of a jealous disposition; and that even friendship was in her eyes a treachery to love.

Sometimes this conjecture made him uneasy at the effect of her influence over the heart she would rule so exclusively; but the apprehension lasted not a moment: Cesario's speaking countenance, whatever else it expressed of sadness or of joy unconnected with Giovanni, was still expressive of grateful, spontaneous, fraternal affection.

Still, with Giovanni only, did he talk of his father and his boyish days: still, with him only, did he give voice to the day-dreams of a youthful soul, animated by the emulation of every thing

noble, every thing praiseworthy; animated too by love.

It is only when our hearts thus think aloud in the presence of another, that we have found a friend; that noble abandonment is the pledge of mutual faith.

Since their interchange of vows on the deck of the San Lorenzo, Cesario and Giovanni had opened to each other the inmost recesses of their souls; they had led each other back from the full stream of their present friendship to its hidden sources.

In their mutual confessions, each found more to esteem in the character of the other: Cesario reproached his own proud prejudices, which had urged him so often to repulse with bitterness the gentle nature that approached him so amiably: and Giovanni taxed himself with injustice because he had not divined what it cost Cesario to treat him with ferocity.

Thus each saw more to prize in his friend, and more to repent of in himself; consequently, the wish of repairing injustice gave fresh energy to the impulse of inclination.

It was no longer bitterness for Cesario to retread his father's steps on the terrace at the Marino, or to sit in the seat he used to love, under the old cedar; this beloved spot was indeed no longer his, but it was the property of one who grieved over its possession; who revered every memorial of the sacred dead; and who, while apologizing for his unwilling detention of a place so dear, by degrees convinced Cesario that justice attached it to the Cigala property.

Cesario ceased, therefore, to consider the subject with acrimony: it was only when he thought his father's life had fallen a sacrifice to this hard-

ly-enforced right, that he felt all his former passions rekindle.

At first, Giovanni pressed on him the occupation of this endeared villa: but Cesario could not forget that it was the son of Paulo Cigala who would thus lend him what had once been his own, and he refused it with impetuosity; the next instant he softened his refusal by a look that spoke volumes; and by the promise of using the Marino as if it were still his home.

Giovanni pardoned him this imperfection of friendship; and serenely waiting the effects of time and increased confidence, forbore to hint to him what he longed to urge—an equal participation in each other's fortunes.

Giovanni could not resign his kindred's right to the Marino; nor would he abandon it to the possession of any one less anxious than himself, to preserve it in its original beauty; but he abhorred the thought of appropriating the liberal returns of this estate to the purposes of his own establishment: he therefore devoted them exclusively to acts of charity.

Through the medium of the Redemption Friars, the rents of the Marino were employed in ransoming Christian slaves. Many a hopeless captive, who had long languished under the tyranny of Algerine masters, was thus released from toil and suffering; and restored to his home.

Cesario accidentally discovered this merciful destination of wealth which was once his own; and loving Giovanni the better for the discovery, he no longer allowed himself to regret the loss of a fortune which, instead of increasing the luxuries of one individual, bestowed blessings upon numbers.

Meanwhile, he continued to reside with the good Syndic and his wife; content to live with the utmost simplicity, and entering crowds only at the Palazzos Doria and Rosso.

His former associate, Marco Doria, had long since abandoned the falconer's cottage; and was again afloat upon the idle currents of vanity and dissipation. They met with the same cordiality as formerly, though their companionship was somewhat injured by Cesario's nobler tie with Giovanni, and yet more, by a new whim of the Iris-humoured Marco.

This absurd young man, as if in defiance of his own capricious character, had formally assumed the office of cicesbeo to a lady then newly married: by this act he bound himself to servitude without relaxation or without recompense; for in that early age it was neither libertinism which sought, nor infidelity that rewarded this irksome engagement. It was simply the shadow of what had once had form and substance in the days of chivalry.

During the period of the crusades, we read, that it was customary for each married wearer of the Cross, ere he embarked for the Holy Land, to leave his wife under the charge of some trusty friend, whose vigilant eye was to watch over the honour and affections of the lady; thus preserving for the absent warrior the treasure of domestic happiness. We may thence conclude that in process of time this chivalric institution softened into one less arduous; and the friend who would formerly have been called on to become responsible for the virtue of the lady intrusted to his care, was only required to watch over her outward demeanour in public or private circles; to animate

her innocent pleasures, and protect her from neglect or insult.

At what time this harmless, nay kindly appointment sunk into the odium it is now said to deserve, it is impossible to guess, and would be revolting to inquire: suffice it, the cicesbei were originally characters of the noblest class; afterwards, of the most amiable; now, alas, too frequently of the basest.

The person to whom Marco Doria had engaged himself was the Signora Calva, a woman of honour, but of more spirit than sense: well-inclined to enjoy all the privileges which her situation might give her over the time and attentions of an amusing young man, and to laugh at the unwillingness with which she foresaw he would very soon render them.

Being the favourite cousin and companion of Beatrice Brignoletti, her own natural vivacity was often heightened into mischief by her friend's wilder spirits: and Marco Doria's patience or constancy was thus put to many a severe test.

The very act of accepting Marco as her cicesbeo had been a scheme of mirth concerted between Signora Calva, her bridegroom, and Beatrice. They anticipated much entertainment from the zeal with which he would begin his new duties, and the loathing with which he would eventually meet their performance: their triumph was to consist in driving him to the desperate act of intreating for a release.

The affair had already reached its second stage of wearisomeness to Marco Doria, when Cesario returned from sea; but whether Marco had conceived a suspicion of collusion amongst the parties, and was excited to disappoint their good-

humoured malice, or whether he really considered adherence to this engagement as a point of honour, or whether he simply endeavoured to prove that he could persevere when he chose to do so, is doubtful; but it is certain that he did persevere.

In vain Signora Calva flew from town to country, from carnival to fair, from hawking to angling, from praying to dancing; in vain she varied her humour from gay to grave, from amiable to austere, from mild to vindictive: Marco Doria kept to his post; and, ever at her side, performed all the duties of a liege cicesbeo, with apparent satisfaction.

The allied powers were nearly wearied out by this unforeseen dissimulation; and were busily plotting some *ruse de guerre* by which to capture him at once, when one of their members, a passive one indeed, was suddenly detached from the confederacy.—Cesario went on service.

Advice was brought to Genoa, that a Barbary cruiser had made a descent upon the coast of Tuscany during the night, carried off several of the inhabitants, and was now proceeding with her prey towards the Straits of St. Bonifacio.

The horror of such events was never diminished by their frequency; for as every village, and solitary mansion, along the shores of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, had either suffered from the fear or the reality of such visitations, during the last twenty years; they shuddered, with more than pity, when they heard of those calamities befalling their neighbours.

What indeed could exceed the horror, of men being suddenly snatched from the bosoms of their families; or what is worse, of seeing their

wives, children, and parents, plunged into the same misery with themselves?

Neither sex, age, character, nor condition, was spared by these ocean robbers. The great and the mean, the rich and the poor, were alike torn without remorse from their enjoyments and their ties; and carried into captivity.

But a few years had elapsed, since their audacious enterprises were on the point of being crowned by the possession of the supreme pontiff himself; and as this terrible incident was fresh in every mind, it rendered the images of the pirates as impious as formidable.

No sooner did the rumour of their present descent reach Cesario, than, agitated by compassion for the poor Tuscans, excited by the hope of regaining them, and thus finding glory in the service of humanity, he ran to the prince of Melfi, and besought his interest with the Seigniori, for permission to follow the pirates.

His earnestness, his former gallant conduct, the urgency of the occasion, and the strenuous recommendation of the admiral, prevailed on the doge and his counsellors. A galliot was then lying in the harbour, just returned from a short cruise, the captain of which was disabled by illness. To the command of this vessel, Cesario was immediately appointed; and in less than four hours from the confirmation of the report, he was at sea.

The pressing nature of this enterprise only allowed him to take a written farewell of Beatrice, and to leave a parting message at Giovanni's door.

That valued friend was gone for a few days to his house beyond Pietra Lavaserra; little ima-

gining, that ere he should return, Cesario would be again seeking honour at the cannon's mouth, on the eventful ocean.

It had been Giovanni's determination to share all future perils with the man to whom he had consecrated his friendship; what then was his mortification, to learn by the arrival of a servant, that Cesario's vessel had been long out of sight ere the man left Genoa; and that the galley he chased, was commanded by the desperate pirate Delli Rais!

Cesario, with all his bravery and talent, was yet but imperfectly versed in the subtler part of a profession, where skilful manœuvre so often baffles the hardiest spirit. Delli Rais, educated by the formidable Dragut, was known to have imbibed, not only the daring character of his master, but his keener genius for stratagem. He knew, too, every inch of coast from the mouth of the Nile to the Pillars of Hercules.

With such an adversary, even Cesario's courage (and it was that of a lion) would be of no avail; unless assisted by the experience of practised seamen and officers. Giovanni rationally concluded, that the prince of Melfi had foreseen and provided for this; and he strove, therefore, to confine his concern solely to the regret of not sharing danger and honour with the friend he loved.

That regret was indeed deep and sincere; for his spirit panted for action; and his heart sunk at the prospect of a long chasm in their daily intercourse.

CHAPTER XII.

MUSING over these things, during his return from a charitable errand, Giovanni stopped to observe the effect of a moon-light upon the broken side of a ruined chapel, which started from an Ilex wood overhanging his path.

The silvery touches of that lovely light, beautifully contrasted with the deep verdure of the trees; and the fresh night air, just quivering their twinkling leaves, seemed, as it moaned round the deserted edifice, to utter the dirge of departed time.

Giovanni fixed his eyes upon the shattered remains of a cross, in the open area of the building: it was nearly overgrown with wild vine. That emblem, so sacred in his estimation, and so degraded, changed his thoughts; and ceasing to admire the prospect of mountain, wood, and dell, he thought only of restoring the temple of the Saviour to its original order.

Though the ruin was not on his domain, he was tolerably certain that no one would obstruct him in the execution of so pious a work; and delighting himself with the prospect of its completion, he was proceeding, with his sword, to cut away the foul weeds clasping the cross, when the shriek of a woman made him start forward, and look round for her that uttered it.

His astonishment was extreme, when he beheld a young creature in the dress of a novice, but without her veil, alone; and running towards him with the air of one distracted.

"O, save me! sir," she cried; "you are a knight—protect me—hide me!"

Misled by a badge of the order to which Giovanni formerly belonged, and which he still wore in pious memorial, the lady almost threw herself into his arms, striving to cover her face with his mantle; Giovanni flung it round her, and bore her into the chapel.

He then seated himself by her, upon a fragment of stone; and as the pale moonbeam fell upon her, whitening the panting neck and rounded cheek, from which terror had banished colour; as its tremulous light glittered on the tears in her eyes, he thought he had rarely seen any thing so lovely.

His own mild eyes, full of tender concern, and his usually composed complexion, heightened into lustre by surprise, were displayed to advantage by the same soft light. The novice evidently beheld them, and his superb figure, which the want of his mantle fully discovered, with wondering admiration; for she gazed at him in silence, unconscious that he addressed her.

"What am I to protect you from, madam?" he asked respectfully, removing his supporting arm when he saw her recovering.—"Where may I conduct you?—by your dress"—He glanced at her white garments and ebon crucifix.

The brightest and deepest blushes then overspread the youthful face of the novice; she turned away in some confusion, faintly repeating, in a voice between weeping and smiling, "This dress

is a disguise; I am not a religious—I have been mistaken for one, and am pursued by the brethren of San Eugenio. O sir, if they discover who I am——where, where will you hide me!”—

More perplexed, and amazed than before, Giovanni's looks expressed extreme disturbance. “I can conceal you here for a while, madam,” he said: “I have a sword, and will defend you, with my life, against every thing but the authority of the church.” And as he spoke, he advanced to the entrance of the chapel.

A mingled confusion of laughter, halloos, and expressions of alarm, was heard from that quarter of the wood whence the lady had issued; and Giovanni distinctly heard a boy's voice calling, “Signora, Signora! there is nothing to fear.”

The sound was speedily followed by the appearance of a motley group of men and women, in religious habits, whose laughing exclamations quickly brought the fictitious novice from her retreat.

A hurry of embraces, congratulations, reproaches, and interrogations, then followed, while Giovanni stood clasping his useless sword with the air of a man awaking from a dream. All he could collect from the scene, was that one party had attempted to impose upon the other, and that the last had outwitted the first.

“Do I leave you in the hands you wish, madam?” asked Giovanni, taking up his cloak which the lady had let fall, and preparing to depart.

“O you must not leave me, my protector,” she replied, ardently catching his arm: “I have not thanked you yet.—By what name must I address you?”

"Surely it is Signor Cigala!" said one of the company, coming forward, and discovering, under the cowl of a monk, the piquant countenance of Marco Doria.

"Cigala!—the friend of Cesario!" repeated the lady with animation.—"Ah Signor! then you must not go."

Giovanni looked at her while she spoke; and the moonlight now showed that lately-pale face, sparkling with colour and joy. He could not mistake that *rayonante* complexion which his friend had so often described: "The Signora Brignoletti!" he repeated, and respectfully kissed her extended hand.

Her spirits, the distant place in which they met, and the childish trick which had caused their meeting, convinced Giovanni that Beatrice was yet ignorant of her lover's departure from Genoa; and at this thought he fixed his eyes on her with a look of tender commiseration.

Beatrice was not very able in the knowledge of countenance, and she mistook that expression for one of pure admiration. "This is the man who foreswears the power of beauty;" she said to herself; and, from that instant, she forgot he was also the friend of her lover.

The Signora Calva's request, that Giovanni would return with them to his casino, was seconded with much cordiality by Marco Doria, and with more earnestness by Beatrice. Uneasily anxious to see her character closer, he yielded immediate consent; and the lively party proceeded down the mountain.

During their walk homewards, and it was not a short one, the mystery of their disguises was explained to him: he learned that a trick had

been devised between Signora Calva and Beatrice, by which they hoped to seduce Marco Doria from his duty to the former:—a pretty page belonging to the latter was dressed in the habit of a novice, and instructed in a tale of parental tyranny, likely to enlist Marco's knight-errantry on her side: the boy's effeminate beauty and well-taught flatteries, were expected to work upon his susceptibility, or vanity; and as this pretended novice's task was to get him to elope with her from the pursuit of her relations, &c. it was hoped that Marco would fall into the snare, and thus leave the field to the conquerors of his constancy. Beatrice, in the character of a sister-novice, could not refuse herself the imprudent amusement of witnessing Marco's delusion. The scheme was admirably planned, they thought; for Marco accompanied the Signora Calva and her husband to their country-house, unconscious that Beatrice was concealed in it; and that the tender billet he received the next day, appointing an interview that night, was written by her pen.

But unfortunately for the conspiring ladies, Signor Calva, with true *esprit de corps*, felt reluctant to cover one of his own majestic sex with shame and ridicule; so, counterplotting his wife and her friend, he concerted with Marco the merry revenge of allowing the two novices to repair, in all the pomp of their vestal veils, to the appointed spot, and then to rush on them in the character of monks.

The terror of public exposure and spiritual censure, fully revenged Marco; for the poor page actually fainted away at the sight of such a crowd of ecclesiastics, (as Signor Calva had strengthen-

ed his party by servants,) and Beatrice flew, in terror, she knew not whither.

Some reproaches, but more lively sallies, were mutually exchanged; after which, the tie between Marco and the family of Signor Calva was amicably dissolved, and the former left free to follow his own caprices.

Meanwhile many a courteous speech and Euphrosyne glance from Beatrice tried to soften the severity with which Giovanni felt inclined to consider her share in the transaction. He liked not the levity of a temper so eager for amusement; it seemed to him, that a heart occupied by one powerful sentiment, and that too clouded by apprehension, should have no room for childish mirth.

Ought any thing to delight, ought any thing to be sought with avidity unconnected with the object dearest in life? Giovanni remembered the days of love-with himself, and answered no.

It was not that he doubted the sincerity of Beatrice's attachment: he quarrelled only with its nature. 'Twas such as might content a common mind, because to such it would fully reply: but how was it to satisfy such a heart as Cesario's?

Where was that exclusive, concentrated ardour, that indifference to all, beyond duties and honourable affections? Where was that deep tenderness, almost amounting to melancholy; that existence but in the presence, or in the praise of its object, which should have kept Beatrice from leaving Genoa and Cesario, merely to indulge a girlish caprice? In short, where was that vital glow of perfect sympathy, which would preserve their attachment, after youth and beauty was gone?

Giovanni often looked at his fair companion, involuntarily looked at her, and sighed, as these

liked not the subject, sung with such enthusiasm by a woman.

Love, chaste, regulated love; devoted to one deserving object, is natural and honourable in that tender sex, which Providence has destined to bless the home of man: but it is as natural for woman to blush at the avowal of the sentiment, as to feel it; and she who can discourse on it with the least restraint, and the greatest energy, is precisely she with whom it is rarely but a gust of passion:—so true is it, that “love burns the brightest in the purest breast.”

Giovanni made no audible remark upon the song of the fair Improvisatrice, though all around him were clamorous in its praise: he sat silent, disturbed and meditative, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

Beatrice saw that she had agitated him; how, she guessed not:—very different were the feelings she vainly attributed to that spotless heart, from what really worked there.

After a long and uneasy reverie, Giovanni rose, and said good night to the company, leaving Beatrice still in ignorance of Cesario's absence. He departed, carrying with him a painful doubt of her substantial worth. “The woman that has not modesty,” he thought, “is destitute of virtue's strongest out-work.”

That she was charming, bewitching, infatuating, he acknowledged; but it *was* witchery, she unconsciously exerted; it *was* infatuation, she excited; it was something, which fled the glance of reason.

Levity of disposition, indiscretion of conduct, and instability of taste, appeared to him visible in all her words and actions. It was a character,

innocent perhaps, but not principled; one that might have been moulded to good, by judicious restraint, and consistent example in childhood; but which, left to the accidents of rank, and her own humour, by feeble-minded relatives, was fast verging towards evil.

Giovanni thought it was possible to save this almost-interesting young creature from the moral alteration that threatened her; and thus reconciled to the sudden departure of Cesario, he resolved to devote the period of his absence to the endeavour of rendering his mistress more worthy of him.

Very different was the state of Beatrice's mind, at the same period: all there was delighted confusion. A multitude of indistinct images, as bright as fleeting, appeared to her successively. Now it was Giovanni, subdued by her charms; struggling between love and friendship; while she nobly preserved her faith, and bestowed her hand on Cesario: then it was the same Giovanni, driven to distraction by her rigour; and, either roving among savage solitudes, a maniac for her sake, or dying in some distant cell, a martyr to that love which not even the gloom of a cloister could extinguish.

Then the picture changed; and for a moment she fancied Cesario forgotten; and herself at the bridal altar with the once-famed Knight of St. John, whom every female eye must admire, and every female heart covet!

Her heart beat quick at this imagination: and it was hard to say, whether its pulsation was more increased by pleasure or by self-condemnation. But, accustomed to discard every displeasing thought as it arose, Beatrice shifted the picture

and the feeling, hurrying from the uncertain future to the agreeable present.

Again and again she compared the exterior of the two friends; and, as she did so, wondered that she had considered Cesario's as the perfection of manly beauty.

It is true, his figure was agile and finely-turned; abounding in those *svelte* and light movements, which display grace and denote activity: it was such as we imagine in the messenger of the gods.

But Giovanni might have passed for one of the gods themselves. His were the sublime proportions, and sublimer grace of the matured Apollo: and if Cesario's countenance, interested by the incessant play of passions which appeared in its clouds and sunshine, expressing alternately the weakness, the struggles, and the hard-earned victories of humanity; Giovanni's, elevated by that divine expression of serenity and greatness which rose above every other; and proclaimed the immortal.

In short, Beatrice was struck by that singular mixture of the powerful and the peaceful, the mild and the commanding, which distinguished Giovanni from all his kind: and perhaps, the proud thought of troubling that superb calm of countenance and of character, was the source of an inclination, which, she afterwards believed, sprung solely from admiration of this noble superiority.

Much of vanity, more of roving imagination, and still more of habitual self-indulgence, had in less than three hours turned the current of her desires into a new channel; and perceiving nothing distinctly, because she would not look at any

thing steadily; she was now commencing a career of dishonourable inconstancy.

In his road to Genoa the ensuing day, Giovanni called at the house of Signor Calva, to thank him for his hospitality of the foregoing evening, and to acquaint Signora Brignoletti of Cesario's cruise.

As he passed an orange-grove in the garden, he saw her alone, collecting its scattered blossoms: she dropt her fragrant spoils through haste to meet him.

Solicitude to please one, whose dignity awed her, now tempered her excessive vivacity; and Giovanni, after a short dialogue, began to think her character less volatile than her manner.

He sat down by her, under one of the orange-trees, while asking her commands for Genoa.

"You may carry this flower from me to your friend, if you will," she said, blushing with pretty coquetry, and expecting him to look, at least, a desire of keeping it for himself.

But Giovanni, not liking her manner, gravely put it by with his hand, answering; that he believed his friend was now seeking a nobler reward on the ocean.

A start, an exclamation, almost a shriek from Beatrice, whose conscience smote her for the reveries of the past night, made Giovanni's air change from austerity to tenderness: he looked kindly on her while he explained the nature of Cesario's enterprise; and extolled, not merely his bravery but his humanity in this voluntary cruise.

Beatrice wept with the impetuosity of a child: at every pause in her gust of grief, enumerating the dangers that menaced Cesario, and condemning herself for this foolish visit to Signora Calva,

since it had prevented her from receiving his perhaps *last* farewell!

Giovanni comforted her by every argument in his power; agreeably surprised by her excess of feeling, and little aware of its transitory nature.

He strove, at the same time, to impress on her, as he always did on Cesario, that the blameless accomplishments of their wishes could only be effected by the acquirement of that fame, and those distinctions (if not fortune), which Cesario must find in the path of danger; or be deemed both insolent and mercenary, when he should sue for her hand.

"I fear," he said, "that you must discipline your mind to endure a long probation of anxiety and frequent separation."

"Oh, 'tis what he suffers!" she rashly exclaimed. "He loves me so much, that I should be ungrateful, insensible, not to weep as I am now doing!"

Giovanni averted his gentle eyes as she spoke; believing those broken sentences proceeded from maiden bashfulness, unwilling to confess its own tenderness; but, at a very distant period, he recalled it as a proof that her's was a love of gratitude, rather than of spontaneous preference; and in doing so, he made a second conclusion as erroneous as the first.

When Signor Calva and his wife, on joining Beatrice in the grove, heard that Giovanni was going to Genoa for only a single day, they pressed him with great earnestness to return to their casino, instead of to his own solitary house. Signor Calva boasted his hawks and his wolf-dogs; and promised his guest all the glory of a hazardous chase.

Giovanni considered for a moment; he was not usually inclined to sudden intimacies; but as it was an object with him to read Beatrice thoroughly, he thanked Signor Calva, and accepted the invitation.

That prompt acceptance was another blow to the image of Cesario in the heart of his unstable mistress; and her eyes sparkled with joy: those very eyes which, but a few moments before, had streamed with tears!

In truth, for the last night and day, and for some few that followed, Beatrice's inclinations were a sort of chaos, that would have puzzled the steadiest observer to have guessed in what order it would at last settle.

So many rapturous recollections and pangs of remorse, so much of lingering liking and fear of his despair, was attached to the idea of Cesario; and so much of novelty, and excited vanity, and ardour of pursuit, and personal admiration, belonged to that of Giovanni, that Beatrice herself was unable to decide what she felt, or what she desired, or what she meant to do.

This was the moment in which she ought to have flown from the seductions of opportunity; and refused to her rising vanity, or wandering inclination, the food of daily intercourse with their object; but, ever self-indulging, she staid at the casino: and, once from shore, the tide was free to carry her where it would.

CHAPTER XIII.

DURING Giovanni's residence of a fortnight in the same house with the Signora Brignoletti, he became more sensible to the witcheries as well as to the deficiencies of her character; and though, in their frequent conversations, his purely-benevolent manner, and his earnest admonitions showed him unwarped by any treacherous inclination, Beatrice found enough to flatter her hopes in the single circumstance of his remaining a guest at the casino.

To one so spoiled as Beatrice was, by every other person, there was something piquant in his reproofs of her idleness, or levity, or liberal display of talent; and having discovered that a look of penitence became her, she was never sparing of them, nor indeed of promises of amendment.

Giovanni allowed this ingenuous spirit to be very charming; but his better judgment saw its worthlessness, as reformation seldom followed confession.

Beatrice was not yet practised enough for the artifice of overruling her own faulty habits, and stifling her own favourite opinions till her point was gained: she could only look to the soul, with beautiful eyes all tears and brightness, and ask again, and again, in a voice tender as a child's, to

hear the catalogue of her errors, and wish she could be but half as wise and good as her mentor.

Sometimes she broke forth in grateful acknowledgments of Giovanni's kind austerity, lamenting that Cesario blindly indulged her follies; and then she always added, "but he loves me so much!"

Giovanni soon began to observe, that she never added to this phrase any expression implying an equal attachment on her side.

Never dreaming, however, that he was personally concerned in this, he yet felt certain that his friend's hopes were hollow, and that the bubble would sooner or later burst in his hand.

This imagination was a distressing one; for Cesario's passion was, alas, too real; and his despair would be extreme. But Giovanni consoled himself by believing that as succeeding events must unfold Beatrice's unsteady character, Cesario would, at last, be brought to consider the disappointment as a blessing.

Some business having recalled Giovanni to Genoa, he took leave of the agreeable Signor Calva with many testimonies of good-will; and, as Beatrice professed her intention of being in Genoa nearly as soon as himself, he promised to present himself at the Palazzo Rosso.

Having reached the city, he was mounting the steps of his own portico, when he felt himself caught in the arms of some person behind. He turned round, and met the beaming look of Cesario. With what joy did he return his cordial pressure!

"I have not been an hour on shore," exclaimed Cesario; "and am just come from reporting my success to the Signiory."

Success was, indeed, painted on Cesario's countenance: its animated glow scarcely required the rapid narrative he gave by snatches as he entered the house with Giovanni.

He had overtaken the Barbary vessel, boarded and captured her. The fight was fierce; and a Moorish sabre had nearly severed his left arm from his body; but a crowd of hapless women and children were praying to Heaven for his success and safety, and Heaven had heard.

With his prize in tow, Cesario steered for the Tuscan village which the pirates had plundered. What transport, to restore its captured inhabitants to their homes! What a moment to see wives throwing themselves into the arms of their husbands, children running to kiss the feet of their venerable parents, whom they had never expected to see more on this side the grave.

Cesario painted the scene, not by words, but by looks—by the profound emotion with which he uttered these few words: "We restored them all!" Giovanni had known the same satisfaction, and his memory completed the unfinished picture.

When his friend's feelings were a little quieter, he spoke of Beatrice. At that name the heart of Cesario blazed forth afresh. Eager questions, passionate apostrophes, expressions of alternate surprise and delight, broke in repeatedly upon Giovanni's account of his introduction to her; and, as Giovanni uniformly answered "Yes," to his thronging questions of, "Is she not lovely? is she not charming? is she not delightful? is she not all ingenuousness?" Cesario never observed that his friend did not follow up these affirmations by any approving observations of his own.

It was enough for his rapid feelings to know, that his friend and his mistress were acquainted: after that, he fancied all the rest.

Every thing now was bright in his onward path: he was rapidly winning honour and station in society: fortune must follow: Beatrice loved him; her mother ceased to frown on him; Giovanni was his friend; and his father's memory was honourably perpetuated by his country!

"A little while, and I shall possess all the happiness that is now but promised me!" he said, in a transport of hope and gratitude: "Oh! Giovanni, how I wish ——" he stopt. "You wish me a mistress as fair and as kind as your own! Is not that what you would have said?" asked his friend, smiling; "but my heart has not room for any thing besides my friend."

"Beware!" exclaimed Cesario; "Love will have his revenge some day."

"I won't defy him, but I do not fear him," was Giovanni's tranquil answer, as they shook hands after a long discourse, and parted in the porch of his vestibule.

Cesario chose the hour of matins, the next day, for his visit to the Palazzo Rosso. At that hour, he knew the Marchesa would be at her devotions.

The suddenness of his appearance, his ardour, his wound, his fresh laurels, nay, even the confusion of her own conscience, gave a more touching character to the Signora's reception than it would naturally have had.

When he talked of Giovanni, she listened with attention, and replied with animation: but when he would have covered her fair hands with kisses, something of self-condemnation, and rather more of altered sensibility gave her an air of modest re-

sistance, which Cesario had hitherto never allowed himself to miss, but which, once there, transported him to rapture.

He threw himself at her feet, pouring out a torrent of wishes and entreaties. It seemed to him, that he could no longer live without permission to declare to all the world that he lived but for her alone. Deluded by his frantic passion, he besought Beatrice to let him avow their attachment to the Marchesa, and beseech her to consent to their future union, whenever the fortune of the war, or the liberality of his country, should reward his enterprises with the means of honourable life.

Beatrice was too well acquainted with her mother's sentiments, and too uncertain of her own, to yield assent to this proposal: not that she now dreaded the consequence of a refusal for herself, but she feared, that in Cesario's banishment from the Palazzo Rosso, his friend would be included, and her yet half-formed projects upon Giovanni's affections be destroyed at once.

Art is the offspring of fear and conscious unworthiness. Beatrice, without foregone purpose, instantly assumed an appearance of sympathy with her lover's ardour, only to persuade him not to risk, by a rash disclosure, the chance of her mother's prohibition, and probable removal of her from his reach.

She did not, it is true, advance many good arguments against frankness of conduct; but she said so many playful things; she hovered round him so like a caressing breeze; she looked in such a glow of love and youth and earnestness, that Cesario yielded his integrity to the charm, and believed that he ought not to ask or wish for more.

After this meeting, he rarely went to the Palazzo Rosso unaccompanied by Giovanni, whose silent observations upon Beatrice were daily becoming less favourable to her.

Cesario was of a temper slow to imagine wrong from persons dear to him; and he, therefore, saw in Beatrice's anxiety to please Giovanni, merely the conduct of one inclined to love every thing beloved by the object of her prime affection.

• Rendered uncomfortable by her marked attentions to himself (which had a subtle something in them which distressed him, he knew not why,) Giovanni meanwhile seized an opportunity, which just then presented itself, of leaving Italy. This opportunity was afforded by a letter from the Chevalier de Fronsac's cousin, inviting Giovanni into Guienne, for the purpose of renewing their attempts of ascertaining the existence or death of their separate relatives.

Giovanni hoped some light might be struck out by personal communication; and he trusted that during his absence, if Beatrice's inconstancy were destined to pierce his friend's heart, it might find another hand than his to throw the dart with.

Revolving how to leave some hint of his doubts for Cesario to recal hereafter, when his own apprehensions might require support from those of another, he went with his friend to a supper at Signor Calva's, the night before he was to commence his journey to France.

Several other persons were added to the family party, among whom were the Marchesa Brignolletti and the Signora Beatrice.

Cards, conversation, and music filled up the time. Beatrice did not assist at these amusements; she was gay but by fits; and Cesario's ani-

mated attention to her alone, failed to drive away the cloud of thought or melancholy, which darkened her bright eyes.

He observed this with silent delight; for he flattered himself that it arose from her apprehension of his being ordered out to sea again, as a rumor in the morning had suggested.

After supper, the younger part of the company went to enjoy the cool night-air, in one of those artificial gardens with which the Genoese ornament the broad and flat roofs of their houses.

Flowering shrubs formed slight divisions between the different sets into which their little society now broke. Beatrice stood, leaning her blooming cheek against the dark umbrage of some cypress-trees, evidently absorbed by unpleasant thoughts, while she was unconsciously tearing into fragments the flowery band which confined her luxuriant hair.

Strong expression gives elevation to beauty; and for once, Cesario saw that face of almost infantine sportiveness assume the severer charm of painful thought.

After calling Giovanni's notice to her interesting figure, he drew near; whispering his own and his friend's admiration.

That whisper restored its wonted animation to the face of Beatrice: it was the first time she had been told that Giovanni did admire her beauty; and her pulse beat joyously at the idea. She listened to her lover's raptures, as if she fancied he spoke those of his friend also; and thus beguiling, and self-beguiled, she bent forward to his discourse with an air of such perfect satisfaction, that Giovanni, who now and then glanced at them

from a distance, knew not what to think of her Proteus-like manners.

Nearly persuaded that he *did* exact too much consistency from youth, he joined her and his friend. "Why have you not sung to-night?" he asked with an air of kind interest; "I can forgive your little caprices, when they do not rob us of a pleasure."

Beatrice gave him one of her most brilliant smiles; not the less brilliant, because the eyes she darted round at him sparkled through tears. "I was out of spirits—thinking all sorts of dismal fancies." She replied in her most penetrating tone.

"I will not chide you for that," returned Giovanni, playfully. "I have lectured you often on a very opposite tendency."

At that moment Cesario obeyed the call of the Signora Calva; and Beatrice was left by the side of Giovanni:—he was about to leave her, when she said precipitately, "So you go to-morrow! I have been thinking of it all this evening. Ah, Signor Cigala, what shall I do without my monitor?"

The touching accent in which this was said, and the agitated air by which it was accompanied, made Giovanni start; his pulse beat not so temperately as before; but withdrawing his eyes from her glow of beauty, he replied calmly, "I suspect, there are no better monitors than our own reflections, if we will but attend to them."

"No—no!" repeated Beatrice, earnestly; "every thing right I have yet to learn. You have shown me the impropriety of many things I do, which I never dreamt were wrong; and which no one else has had the precious sincerity to tell me

were so.—O, if I could be always near you, I should never act foolishly.—How long shall you stay away?—Oh, do not stay long.”—She spoke with the innocent passionateness of a child, and she looked like an angel.

Giovanni had to remind himself that she was neither a child nor an angel; and that as an engaged woman, having decorums and delicacies to observe, she was strangely indiscreet. Yet this anxiety for his return might indeed arise from a wish to become more reasonable; and as the friend of Cesario, she might, with perfect artlessness, believe herself privileged to speak to him with lively regard. He glanced anxiously on her, as he replied,

“I shall stay just long enough, I suppose, to allow Adimari time to undo all my work. When he will tell you, that even your greatest faults are charms in his eyes, there can be no hope that my monkish admonitions will be either regarded or remembered.”

Beatrice started, and trembled with the agitation of sudden hope. To her distempered fancy, those serious words seemed the dictates of jealous love. She forgot all reserve in that fancy; and solely intent upon the object of undeceiving him, if he could doubt her preference for him, she rashly exclaimed,

“I am tired of admiration that I know I don’t deserve; and I shall think of nothing but your admonitions.”

Giovanni’s deep disorder made her instantly sensible of her indiscretion, and his sentiments of it; and she blushed till her very temples throbbed visibly.

Unable to raise her eyes, from which tears now

burst, she added, "You will never see me gay and thoughtless again.—I have mistaken gratitude, for I know not what!—I have entangled myself in a net of trouble and folly; and, I must abide the consequence—misery!"

Giovanni, in extreme confusion, muttered something about always wishing her happiness and the consciousness of deserving it; and hastily left her side.

He went, purposely, into the middle of a little circle, where Signor Calva was singing to his wife's lute; and appearing to listen, he stood, in reality, thinking over his strange conversation with Beatrice.

In her last speech, it is true, she had not mentioned Cesario, but the impression on Giovanni's mind, was that she alluded to him. "This net of trouble and folly;" what could it mean, beside her engagement with him? "This misery that was to be the consequence;" what was it, unless the bitterness of marrying a man, she either ceased to love, or had encouraged formerly from mingled gratitude and childish levity?

Giovanni had not a spark of vanity, but he was not mentally blind; and, unless he had been so, it would have been impossible for him to have put together her words, and looks, and tones of voice, without observing, that they made up a most startling whole of flattery to himself.

Whether coquetry, or liking, was the source of this subtle wooing, it was equally pernicious to him, and injurious to Cesario; and he believed it his duty to speak more explicitly of her now to his friend, than he had intended to do while fluctuating between suspicion of her fickleness and reliance upon her candour.

Giovanni was to quit Genoa the next day; that night, therefore, was his only opportunity: he must imbitter its sacred farewell by urging doubts that must shock, perhaps irritate Cesario: that night, he must begin to put Cesario's friendship to the test by opposing it to his love: that night, he must leave a sting in the heart dearest to him, either by troubling Cesario's affection for himself, or his devotedness to Beatrice!

The necessity was imperious; and Giovanni, with a firm though grieved spirit, determined upon the act.

He now joined the party of gentlemen who, with customary gallantry, preceded the Marchesa's carriage, with their torch-bearers, to the Palazzo Rosso; then separating from them, Giovanni accompanied Cesario home.

On reaching the Syndic's, they sat down together in the single but large window of Cesario's apartment; there they conversed with "unlocked breasts."

The window was open; but it looked only upon an extensive orchard, where every thing was so still, that even the ripe fig was heard as it fell from the loaded boughs upon the soft turf below: they were therefore fearless of listeners.

They talked of Giovanni's intended journey; and, of course, of its purpose. Giovanni lamented his sister's uncertain fate, and early imprudence, with unusual vehemence; striving, while he described the distress a clandestine marriage had caused in his family, to guard Cesario against the temptation of producing equal confusion in that of the Marchesa.

"And if you are made certain that your sister is no more; or, if none of your endeavours can discover her absolute fate;—what will you do?"

"Return hither, and live a solitary life; but as happy a one, as freedom and friendship can make it."

"Good Heaven! and you determine not to marry?" exclaimed Cesario.

"I make no such determination:" replied his friend, smiling; "but I have no wish to marry; and I think it is an event very unlikely to happen."

"You think you shall not find a woman capable of making you happy?" asked Cesario.

"I do indeed."

"O, that I could find you another Beatrice!"

Giovanni only smiled, and shook his head.

Cesario considered him with surprise. "What! would not such love, and such beauty, as hers, content you?"

"I am, in truth, not so soon satisfied as you are," said Giovanni, with apprehensive kindness.

Again Cesario was a moment silent with surprise. "What is it that does not satisfy you in Beatrice? her affection for me? or her character?"

"Her character, principally."

"Good Heaven!" again repeated Cesario; "this is extraordinary! and what are your objections to her?"

"Am I to speak truth and reason to a lover, and of the woman he loves?" asked Giovanni indulgently. "No, no, my dear Cesario, I doubt you would not suffer it."

"By our friendship, I demand it!" exclaimed Cesario, warming into earnestness and a little indignation. "What can you object to in Beatrice?"

"Dare I tell you?—her incessant waste of time: the more pernicious fault, because she commits it so amiably, and so charmingly, that she might

soon seduce the man that loved her into similar habits."

Cesario could not easily comprehend the nature of this accusation; and he urged a more distinct explanation of it.

Giovanni then gently, but firmly, showed him how entirely the days of Beatrice were wasted in mere amusements, without reference to a single object, either beneficial to herself, or to others. Cesario reluctantly confessed this, but added, "she is so young."—"Well, then, I would not marry one so very young," replied Giovanni, somewhat playfully.

Cesario pressed him further; and Giovanni was obliged to confess, that the unceasing brilliancy of Beatrice's spirits frightened him: he could never convince himself that such a constant glow of hilarity could be united with depth of feeling.—Then her caprice in dress, and favourites, and pleasures, made him fear, she might not be very steady in more serious things.

In short, it was instability of character which appeared to him the secret of all her fascination and all her faults.

Cesario's rising resentment was quelled by his friend's liberal confession of Beatrice's witchery; he therefore answered his different objections with less heat than Giovanni had prepared himself to expect.

Cesario admitted her agreeable caprice in trifles, her thoughtless squandering of time, her buoyant resistance against every sorrow; but he attributed these to a different source from that on which Giovanni charged them.

In her lover's opinion, her caprices were, singly, pretty affectations assumed to amuse others;

her waste of time, the effect of innocence and inexperience, which had only to learn the severer duties of life, to practise them with earnestness: her cloudless gayety, the wish of diffusing happiness, joined to that vernal spirit of hope, which is woman's best attribute.

"It may be so, my dear Cesario," said Giovanni, stifling a sigh; "and I should rejoice to read my recantation to you;—when she is your wife."

"And will *that* answer all these doubts?" asked Cesario, thrilling at the idea.

"Certainly," returned his friend; "time will then have proved her constancy; and, with her constancy, proved her depth of feeling; and, where there is deep feeling in an innocent breast, there is a principle that will redeem lost time, and repair error."

Cesario embraced him: "There spoke my kind Giovanni again; I scarcely knew his voice, when it uttered such harsh sentiments."

Cesario's eyes were moistened with tenderness; Giovanni's were full of concern, and even greater tenderness.

"A friend's hardest office is sometimes that of speaking truth:" he said, grasping Cesario's agitated hand; "and you may believe I perform it unwillingly. But ought not one friend to warn another of a probable danger; ought he not to show him, how to avoid misery, and secure peace? I am suspicious of Beatrice's steadiness; you are not; and if she were to fail you, and the unforeseen shock deprive you of reason, what would become of me, when I should remember that my warning might, at least, have prepared——"

"Kill me not now with this horrid image!" interrupted Cesario, starting from him, yet not in anger. "O Giovanni, one miserable event has mixed poison with this noble heart's stream; which else had flowed all pure and healthy. You have been deceived; and you suspect all the sex! Is this just—is this reasonable?"

Giovanni could have said, he did not suspect all the sex; that there were some he valued highly; and one, (his hapless sister,) whom he could still love most fondly; but he forbore to press further upon the feelings of Cesario; and, suffocating a sigh, he replied, "I may be wrong; I hope, and wish I may. Yet let me entreat you, for the dignity of your nature, for the sake of your future security in an indissoluble engagement, do a little violence to this honourable romance of love; and imagine the *possibility* of Beatrice being less than perfect. Study her closer; watch her conduct to others; see if she always satisfies you. Reflect upon the many emotions in which you may find that she does not sympathize with any of your strong sensibilities, unconnected with herself: then go back to your own heart, and ask it, if such a companion, in weal and wo, in youth and age, for time and for eternity, would leave it nothing to desire."

Giovanni stopped. Cesario did not reply: his heart was full; and his eyes were on the point of overflowing. He saw the spire of San Siro at a distance; and that object reminded him with what profound emotion he had led Beatrice to his father's monument there; and what a chill struck to his soul, when he saw her cheek tearless.

He was silent a long, long time: how many racking ideas were then torturing him! At length

throwing himself into a seat, he exclaimed in a voice of tender reproach, "Giovanni, what friendship is this?" and he concealed his face.

"Judge what friendship," cried Giovanni in as penetrating a tone, "when it gives me strength to risk even the loss of that affection I had such a conflict to gain!"

Both were again silent; and perhaps both shed tears. Cesario first roused himself; and took Giovanni's hand: he pressed it affectionately. "You were born to subdue me—and I yield willingly to our stars. But urge not your power too far, my Giovanni; force me not to see, what I would rather *not* see—what I should never have looked at, had you not directed my eyes that way. 'Tis true, Beatrice wants general sensibility; but how lively and fervent is her attachment to me! Well, then, she *can* feel strongly. Perhaps that sensibility, hitherto unexercised, will strengthen and extend its sphere with new habits of reflection. She that can love disinterestedly, is surely capable of other generous affections?"

"Say steadily, my Cesario," said Giovanni.

"And has she not been steady?" inquired the astonished lover. "Five months since, this precious ring pledged her heart to mine; that heart, sought by all the brave and noble throughout Italy."

"I will not pursue this painful subject," said Giovanni, purposely avoiding a direct answer to his friend's question. "If I have already grieved you deeply by my over-anxious friendship, place that offence among 'the godly sins;' doubt my judgment, suspect my prejudice, blame my intemperate zeal; do any thing but think me wilfully unkind."

"But what would you wish Beatrice to do, that she does *not* do, to testify her purpose to be mine," inquired the restless Cesario. "You know that I would scorn to enter the Brignoletti family by a clandestine path. I never urge her, therefore, and she cannot *offer*, to abandon her home for me. In two years, her mother's legal power over her expires; she may then give her hand and fortune, to whom she will. If I have not conquered something like fortune before that period, she will bestow herself upon a poor fellow, worth nothing better than laurels; and will let him show the world, by a life of Roman simplicity in his own person, that her wealth did not tempt him. Can she hasten that period? Does she encourage other lovers? Did she not, from our first acquaintance, evince the most marked aversion to Count Cagliari? You cannot therefore think her a coquette?"

"I do not," replied Giovanni gently. "I believe her sincere; but I think her uncertain: and I have fancied her inclination for you less animated than you described it formerly." Cesario was on the point of vehemently rebutting this assertion, when some disagreeable recollections crossed him. He remembered, that she had seldom found opportunities of conversing with him alone of late; and that once or twice, when he had gathered a bouquet for her, she had carelessly left it on a garden-seat, or suffered it to fall from her breast unheeded. There was a time, when she had preserved even the fragment of a flower, simply touched by him! He turned pale, and cast down his eyes.

Giovanni read the disturbance of his mind in his countenance; and assured, that his distress-

ng task was fulfilled, sought to end the conversation. But Cesario either did not hear, or would not answer what he said on less interesting things; he remained looking gloomily on the ground, evidently revolving some newly conceived thought. Abruptly raising his head, he said in a determined voice—

“I *will* be satisfied, and you shall be convinced. I will absent myself from the Palazzo Rosso; and from every place, where there is a chance of meeting her; you shall see, that her love will break through common forms to learn the cause of this. Oh yes! her fond heart will rather afflict itself with the idea of some accident having befallen me, than suspect me of change.”

The gloom of Cesario's countenance melted away as he spoke, and Giovanni saw that reason was indeed no match for passion. “If time and trial *should* prove her all I wish her to prove,” he said, “will you pardon me for raising these painful doubts? but, Cesario, could you see into my heart ——”

“I should see all that earth has of goodness, kindness, and unheard of friendship!” interrupted Cesario, opening his arms to him, with his generous soul in his eyes.

Giovanni pressed him strongly against his breast, for a moment, with a brother's emotion; then releasing him, with a sigh, that would not be repressed, bade him farewell.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT were the meditations and occupations of Giovanni during his journey?

Far from entertaining a feeling in unison with those of the light-minded Beatrice, he was solely intent upon the best interests of his friend.

This journey had a two-fold object; one was to visit the family of De Fronsac; the other to serve Cesario.

Some years back, the late Signor Adimari had advanced a large sum of money to a young adventurer, called Lanza, who was going to try his fortune in the newly discovered countries beyond the Atlantic.

Several vicissitudes had prevented this person from repaying the important loan, while he was abroad: but on returning to Europe, (his own moderate fortune augmented by the unexpected legacy of a rich partner's property,) during his voyage homeward he had spoken openly of his debt, and expressed his intention of gratefully repaying it.

Lanza unfortunately died on his passage, and his wealth went into the hands of a distant relation. But as Signor Michaeli, his heir, was a man of respectable character, though no bond had ever been taken by the elder Adimari, it was possible that Michaeli might be induced to discharge the debt.

Accident having thrown Giovanni into the society of a gentleman who had come passenger in the same vessel with Lanza, he learned these circumstances, together with the name and residence of Signor Michaeli; and it immediately struck him, that this gentleman's testimony, with that of one or two others (not difficult to find out,) would oblige Michaeli to admit that such a sum of money was due to the heir of Signor Adimari, and consequently lead him to do an act of justice. The law, indeed, could not extort it, but honour and generosity have their own code.

Signor Michaeli was now at the head of a mercantile concern at Marseilles: thither Giovanni meant to seek him, concealing the circumstance from his friend, lest he should either excite expectations which might not be realized, or be stayed by his scrupulous delicacy.

An invitation from the marquis de Blanchefort, happily arriving at that period, afforded Giovauni a pretext for a journey into France; yet hopeless of hearing any thing new of his sister, he first directed his steps to Marseilles.

On reaching that city, Giovanni found, in Signor Michaeli, a man of habitual caution and extreme prudence; and, for a while, the minuteness of the latter's investigation, his numerous doubts, his cool balancing between what was likely, and what merely possible, made him abandon all hope of success; but the event proved that Signor Michaeli scrutinized but to attain conviction; and that, once satisfied of his kinsman's obligation to Signor Adimari, he was ready to repay the whole charge. "My relative's affairs are not settled," he said: "I know not yet the extent of those claims upon his property which legal

forms can compel us to satisfy: they of course would come in first; but as soon as I am able to balance the debts and the property, Signor Cigala shall hear from me. I do not doubt, however, that there will be enough and to spare. Your friend, in that case, may depend upon principal and interest." Giovanni disclaimed the latter in his friend's name. "It is his right," returned Michaeli calmly, "no gift: 'tis in the course of business; and there can be no obligation in the affair."

Michaeli then took down the names of the persons to whom his kinsman had spoken of his intention to repay Signor Adimari; and expressing an expectation of finding some memorandum of the business amongst the papers of the deceased, he bade his visiter good morning.

Animated by this prospect of recovering what was now of such importance to Cesario, Giovanni "went on his way rejoicing;" for he no longer dreaded, as formerly, repulse for every kindness; and though he hoped no satisfaction to himself from his visit to Sauveterre, he felt that, in making it, he should have completed his duty to his imprudent sister.

Something like melancholy, however, did await him at Sauveterre. The Marquis de Blancheport (his brother-in-law's successor) had found out a person who was at Ostia in the year 1564, and who perfectly remembered being casually on board a vessel in the harbour, when a French gentleman of the name of De Fronsac was settling with the captain for a passage to Venice for himself and family.

This person knew that the vessel foundered at sea, shortly afterwards; so that it was now almost

certain that De Fronsac and his hapless wife had perished in her.

Giovanni did not hear this dismal confirmation of his worst imaginations without sorrow; indeed, he paid a heavy tribute of tears, in secret, to the memory of this unfortunate sister.

There is something more than commonly sad in death, when it comes unexpectedly, and arrests the young on the very threshold of life! When Madame De Fronsac perished by this most miserable of deaths, she could hardly have reached her sixteenth year. So young, so beautiful, so amiable as she promised to be, Giovanni could have mourned long and deeply, had he not drawn arguments for resignation from the details of her husband's character, as communicated to him by the Marquis de Blanchefort.

Handsome, engaging, skilled in painting and music, and highly susceptible of the charms of beauty, De Fronsac was unhappily but too much adapted to dazzle the imagination, if not win the affections of an inexperienced girl: but though free from turbulent passions or degrading views, he was not of a character to increase domestic happiness.

A restless disposition, which made incessant change of place necessary to his very existence, disjointed the comforts of every individual connected with him, and by degrees wearied out their regard.

Thus, in despite of his relations' remonstrances and friends' admonitions, he persisted to waste life in travelling, without purpose or benefit, insensible to the claims of a numerous tenantry, and carrying into responsible manhood the habits of unimportant youth.

During one of his wandering excursions in the neighbourhood of Monaco, he saw the Signora Cigala at a convent, of which an aunt of his was superior. He had never been in the custom of foreseeing consequences; or, in fact, of caring for them. He found she was going to marry, against her will, a person notoriously disagreeable; and he knew that if she married any other, her father would disclaim her: but inclination was uncontrollable with De Fronsac; and he played so ably upon the two passions of hope and fear, in the artless breast of fourteen, that he persuaded her to elope with him.

The imprudent couple received the nuptial benediction from a mercenary priest, not over curious as to the propriety of their union; after which De Fronsac hastened, with a lover's pride, to display his fair bride to his mother and kindred.

"I saw your sister at that time," said the Marquis de Blanchefort (as walking in the garden he gave Giovanni this relation;) "and I have never forgotten her—I shall never forget her! Not one of these flowers about us is half so lovely! she was so delicate, so fair, so young!—the first tender bloom of childhood was still on her cheek. How little did I think that beautiful form was destined to feed——"

De Blanchefort stopped, and apologized for his indiscretion, when he saw the sudden paleness of Giovanni: the latter bowed his head, smiled kindly, but spoke not: a shudder passed over him—a momentary struggle was visible in all his features—it was but momentary—he recovered himself; and the Marquis then spoke of other things.

After this conversation, when Giovanni could think of his sister's fate with steadiness, he scarcely wished her again in life: for, tied to a man of De Fronsac's unsettled temper, she must either have grown into unhappiness with him, by vainly endeavouring to exalt his existence into usefulness, or her own character must have sunk to the same worthless habits of self-indulgence which distinguished his.

Thus, Giovanni still adhered to his original conviction, that *all is for the best*; and that if we wish to think so, we shall find that truth made manifest, even in this world.

The subject on which the Marquis de Blancheport wished for advice was about a change of property which he wished to make, but would not do, before he had asked the opinion of Madame de Fronsac's brother. It was possible that Madame de Fronsac had borne a child (her pregnancy having been mentioned in one of the Chevalier's letters:) it was barely possible, therefore, that this child might not have been the companion of their voyage, and might, at a future day, appear to claim his estates. The Marquis, therefore, would not, without the sanction of that child's maternal uncle, stir a step in the business proposed.

Giovanni speedily quieted his respectable scruples, promising to take all responsibility upon himself. After this he paid a visit to the old Madame de Fronsac, now dedicated to heaven in a convent of Ursulines; and, having thus completed his business in France, he turned his face once more towards Italy.

CHAPTER XV.

A few days subsequent to this departure from Sauveterre, having secured himself a night's shelter in an abbey on the confines of the province, Giovanni rambled out alone, to enjoy the stillness and freshness of evening.

Where increase of population has since converted the wilds of nature into meadows and cornfields; there spread then, deep forests and lonely morasses; and the towns which now glitter on the verdant shores of the Aveyron were then but scattered and distant hamlets.

It was the season of the vintage, and as Giovanni took his contemplative way occasionally through more frequented paths than those of the tangled woods, he met parties of country people returning home to the neighbouring village. Their hats, garlanded with vine-branches, and their baskets teeming with the grapes themselves, gave a sort of Arcadian grace to their figures.

Giovanni loitered at times to return a courteous answer to their frank offers of fruit; and to admire the sparkling looks and animated movements of the girls, as they went on, coquetting and carolling with their sweethearts.

The setting-sun played on many a crimson cheek, which its hot ray embrowned with richer beauty; and many a bright dark eye, as it passed, darted a roguish glance at the handsome stranger.

The joyous groups, now advancing towards him, now disappearing among the shaded cross-roads, gave life and interest to the charms of inanimate nature.

Birds warbling their hymn of gladness from each surrounding copse, (where every leaf sparkled with rain-drops just scattered from a passing cloud;) the delightful smell of mingled fruits and blossoms and wild flowers, rising like the earth's incense to her Creator; the sight of that beauteous earth, and those splendid heavens, were to Giovanni's heart so many calls to prayer and praise; and with devotional rapture he stood in that august temple, silently worshipping the *one Great Cause*.

His secret transport over, with feelings softened, not changed, he turned from the public path, and, striking down a wooded declivity, entered a savage dell darkened by old chesnut-trees, and echoing to the rush of a river.

The brilliancy of sun-set brightening even this dismal solitude gave a charm to that deep mass of umbrage by which it was almost choked up; and, illuminating the river for an instant, as it appeared through a chasm in its steep banks, discovered the cause of that sullen dim, which sounded in the ear of inspiration, like the accents of its troubled deity.

Giovanni made his way leisurely through the rank bushes to the margin of the water; and, as he emerged, came suddenly upon a man sitting there alone.

The man stirred not, for he heard not: his head was supported by both hands, resting on his knees, and his eyes were fixed upon the swift tide. Gi-

ovanni paused to observe whether he was in distress, or might be dangerous.

He saw a figure scarcely human, scarcely proportioned; a countenance livid, yet swollen; features, where disease, and deformity, and weariness of life were mixed with expressions of the most affecting and the most revolting kind.

In the pale, deep-sunken eye was thirst of vengeance, hatred, and fierce impatience, mixed with grief, and tenderness, and the sad consciousness of powerless will. Now and then the poor wretch muttered to himself, accompanying his mutterings by some violent gesture of the hands or head; but still he moved not away; and Giovanni fancied that amidst low threatenings and curses, he could distinguish lamentation and prayer.

He drew near him. His steps brushing the long damp grass, made the man start. At sight of one beside him, he rose, and would have fled; but Giovanni gently seized his coarse garment, and bade him stay.

"You *touch* me!—what!—I *may* be touched then!" exclaimed the maniac, or miserable, with a laugh which froze Giovanni's blood, and made him loose his hold.

Thus released, the man broke from him; and running fast, but feebly, gained a broken ascent at a short distance: the next moment he vanished, as it were, into the ground.

Giovanni stood to shake off the superstitious seizure of an instant; then, ashamed of his folly, hastened after the human spectre.

The spot where it seemed to vanish was only one of those natural grottoes which are often found in the sides of hills, and are as often turned into habitations by shepherds and night-wanderers:

some wild cherry-bushes masked, without securing the wide entrance. Stooping under its rocky porch, Giovanni found himself in a mere mountain hollow, containing no better useful furniture than a bed of heath, and no other inhabitant than the creature he had followed.

At the extremity, however, the chalky side of the hollow was scooped into a sort of altar, on which stood a wooden crucifix rudely carved: a circle of some prickly briar surmounted it.

This faithful imitation of the crown of thorns, and the feelings it indicated, redeemed, in Giovanni's estimation, the gaudy heap of coloured glass and spars and peacock feathers which furnished a garniture for this humble shrine: he saw in the latter only that childish love of glitter which is common to all ignorant persons; while in the former he read the sentiment of a devout spirit. The presence of the sacred symbol guaranteed his personal safety; and at the same time reminded him that even the miserable object by his side, was his brother in faith. Silently crossing himself, he approached the forester.

"What do you want here?" asked the latter, in a sullen tone, averting eyes inflamed with weeping.

"A shelter—rest for a while, if you will give them me," returned Giovanni, hoping to detain the miserable, by this demand on his hospitality.

"Take them, then," answered the man, going out of the grotto. He then seated himself at a distance, in his former attitude of stern wretchedness.

Giovanni again followed. Without approaching too close, and, regarding him kindly, he said;

"Something affects you, my poor friend; may a stranger offer you help?"

The man neither stirred nor answered. Giovanni repeated his questions in a soothing voice, adding some expressions still more soothing. The solitary then raised his head, looked wildly, piteously, as if discrediting the sense that would have persuaded him he heard the voice of benevolence: then exclaiming, "Auguste!" burst into a terrifying passion of tears.

Giovanni now saw grief in its stormiest character; for it was grief, evidently combined with rage and impotent desire of vengeance. The unhappy man dashed himself against the ground, tearing up the grass as he lay there, struggling between cries and imprecations.

"Alas, poor fellow!" said Giovanni, drawing close to him, as he saw his violence exhausting him; "you are, doubtless, in extreme sorrow; and it seems that you have no one to comfort you: where is your home?—let me lead you to it."

"That is my home," replied the solitary, pointing to the mountain-hollow.

"And what are you, then?"

"A Cahet." The man pronounced that ignominious name with a mixture of shame and defiance.

Giovanni was far beyond the character of the times he lived in; and he shrunk not from a term which stigmatized the unhappy wretch before him as one of an accursed and avoided race.

"What, then?" he said; "you are a man—all men are brethren: you seem a christian—christians are more than brethren. Come, then; tell me your distresses freely, and let me see if I can relieve you."

O spark of the divine essence, soul of man! prime source of grace and beauty! how didst thou triumph at this moment over all that disease has of squalid, and deformity, of revolting! The Cahet's livid and gloomy face shone with light; tears (no longer withering tears) poured in abundance down his cheeks: he ran, he sprang, he cast himself at the feet of Giovanni; he siezed his garments, rather devouring than kissing them, as he cried in broken accents, "O, do I indeed hear words of kindness again!"

Giovanni raised him; and, regarding him with an expression of the most benevolent pity, he said, "Let us re-enter your cave. No one will disturb us there—and you shall tell me what I can do to help you."

"No one can help me now! — Auguste is dead!" exclaimed the Cahet, and fresh tears rained from his hollow eyes.

"Then you shall talk to me of this Auguste," replied Giovanni, gently urging him forward; if you have no one else to lament him with, I will grieve with you."

Again the Cahet grasped the hem of Giovanni's cloak, and glued his lips to it.

They entered the mountain-hollow together. When they had severally seated themselves, Giovanni considered the poor object before him with greater attention and with the liveliest interest.

In him he saw, for the first time, one of that mysterious race whom some unknown calamity has scattered throughout France, and degraded from their rank and rights of men: a race which were numerous in the first and middle ages: but

of which only a miserable remnant now remains to perpetuate the injustice of former centuries.

This proscribed race, known under various opprobrious titles in different provinces, have been alternatively supposed the descendants of the conquered Alans, of the Saracens, of the Visigoths: nay, some writers have tried to find the origin of their disgrace in hereditary leprosy.

In that chaos of nations and events which renders the history of the first ages but a wilderness of imaginations, nothing satisfactory can be discovered respecting their origin. We see only the frightful facts of their being sold and transferred as slaves with the land on which they dwelt; of intermixture with them being considered an act of iniquity; of their banishment from the rights of sepulture and sacrament; of their being allowed only the exercise of those employments which would keep them aloof from towns, and other society than their own.

Marked with disease, (perhaps the consequence of scanty food, hopeless toil, and continued intermixture with their own cast,) this unhappy race form, even now, as distinct a people, but, thank God, a far less numerous people, than the gipseys.

But bound to the soil on which they are born; not free, like them, to rove at will; they are doomed to endure the same injuries from the same oppressors, in age as in youth; and thus they acquire habits of unresisting endurance.

Objects of horror and aversion to every other class of men, even two centuries back, they could not question the justice of their fate; because they were then as ignorant of its cause in remote antiquity, as they were who oppressed them: still they felt its weight, groaned, and submitted.

Giovanni had often pondered over the possible source of this furious antipathy, which still remained in all its strength, when every trace of what might explain (for nothing could justify it), was swept from record and tradition. Rejecting every other opinion, he believed, with some acute writers, that in the heresy of the Arian Visigoths lay the solution of the difficulty. Once tainted with that abhorred schism, the whole race would be pronounced excommunicate, and shunned accordingly.

This hypothesis certainly wanted completeness; as it did not account for the gradual change which must afterwards have taken place in their creed; the Cahets professing pure Catholicism: — and how was that change to have been effected, seeing they were denied not only intermixture by marriage with more orthodox Christians, but refused admittance into their society?

Giovanni, however, passed lightly over the objection; willing to gild a wretched and despised race, with the long-set glories of the warlike Goths.

He now contemplated, as he thought, one of their descendants in the person of a timid slave; and, marvelling at those great reverses of fortune, which distinguish nations as much as individuals, he drew from his pallid companion the little history of his life.

It was a life of uniform dreariness; with much in it to corrode the sufferer's heart, but little to mark a narrative.

Rodolphe was the last individual of the only Cahet family which had for many years remained on the estate of D'Armond; he had lived, therefore, in peculiar and joyless solitude from

childhood to manhood. Dwelling alone, shunned by every other human being, he followed his monotonous task of wood-cutting during the summer; and in winter shut himself up from the wolves and the snows in a mountain-hovel.

On Saints-days he stole into some neighbouring church at a side-entrance set apart for his unhappy cast; and there, while he listened to the awful service, feared to join his prayer or his praise, with any of the crowd that shuddered if his garments did but touch them in passing.

He now described his return from those pious exercises with a pathetic force which pierced Giovanni's heart. The mysterious horror with which he considered himself; the trembling awe with which he regarded all that multitude of persons so different from him in appearance and in destiny; and that continued sensation of misery, which he painted as having supplied in him the place of thought;—all these were so many affecting proofs, how easy it is to crush the human spirit under a load of injustice and superstition.

Education had not taught Rodolphe to reflect; nature, however, made him feel.—He questioned not the justice of whatever laws condemned him, in common with other Cahets, to ignominy and wretchedness; but submitting to his fate, as to necessity, he never knew complaint, till he had enjoyed and lost comfort.

An accidental circumstance had first caused a glimmering light to shine on his mental gloom.

While cutting wood in the dell one autumnal day, a boy six years old, who had strayed from his foster-mother's cottage, came to play there. Pleased with the child's beauty and gayety, the poor Cahet suspended his labour to watch him

sporting among the rushes. While ~~thambering~~ after a butterfly, the boy fell into the river that ran below—Rodolphe jumped in after him, seized, and saved him.

Having borne him in his arms to the hamlet from which he had strayed, though Auguste's nurse received him as if from the hands of a demon, Rodolphe afterwards haunted the spot every morning and evening, till he saw the little prattler again. Gratitude on the one side, and on the other the love of that we have served, were too powerful for restraint: Rodolphe could imitate every bird in the forest; and he gathered berries and blossoms, and laid them where Auguste found them. Thus administering to the gentle child's pleasures, his image could not be coupled in his mind with ideas of dread and disgust.

When, at last, the furious prejudices of the villagers drove Rodolphe from their door, Auguste learned to steal away alone to the wood-cutter's cave, and then his pretty arts beguiled the moments, and "made a sun-shine in that shady place."

This intercourse continued without intermission for two years, during which time, the child became the man's instructor; and having taught him to feel, he soon taught him to think. Rodolphe well remembered the change that was wrought in him.

"Before I knew Auguste," he said, "I used to sit here alone, day after day—dark winter-days, long winter-nights—doing nothing but feeding my fire with fallen wood. Once I used to think about my family that were dead—but that was just after they died: years passed, and I for-

got to think, and then I used to feel as if I lived in my grave. Something thick, and dark, and heavy, was always before my eyes—or in my breast—or here in my head—I don't know where it was—what it was—for I thought of no one that had ever lived; nor of any thing that had ever been.—O, those were horrid days!”

The pallid face of the Cahet took a more deadly hue as he spoke. After a suffocating pause he resumed:

“Auguste changed all that. From the moment I had him first in my arms, I felt that every thing was altered: for even then, he put his soft, red cheek against mine;—he breathed gently on my lips, because they were livid blue, and he thought I must be cold—and he promised to love me dearly all his life—he did not know I was a Cahet! Ah well! he knew it afterwards; but he loved me still; and no one could keep him from me. He would come to me in the woods, and sing me pretty songs, and tell me pretty tales, and stick flowers in my hair, and stroke my rough hands with his delicate ones. O Auguste! Auguste! never wilt thou nestle in my breast again! never shall I feel thy sweet breathing more! never! never!”

The Cahet now sobbed aloud; and his voice, quite subdued by grief, was no longer audible.

“You lament a child thus?” repeated Giovanni, his own eyes dim with oppressive sympathy. The Cahet bowed his head in expressive silence, at length resuming, he said,—

“Auguste *was* a little child, when first we met; but he grew so tall, and so sensible, in two years! He could read, and make letters upon vellum, like a book; and he taught me to read; he used

to steal his books out, and help me to read them: so after that, I never felt dark and heavy in the cave; for I could sit by my fire and repeat them word for word; and think over all my pretty Auguste had said or done.—O how I was happy! and he taught me that word—I had never heard it, till he said it to me.”

“Nor ever felt it!” said Giovanni, inwardly sighing at the thought.

“But a Cahet is not born to be happy,” resumed Rodolphe: “Auguste fell sick, and I did not know it. I watched for him in the woods, by the river, in all the pathways; I ventured to go near his nurse’s house; still I saw him not. At last she told me that he was taken home to his father’s in the town, and that he was dying. Did I not run there? Did I not beg them, on my knees, to let me see him only once again? If they would have told him—if they would have brought me but a message from him! At last they told me he was dead; they drove me away with stones and frightful words; they cursed me for loving Auguste; they said his death was a judgment, because he had loved me; they told me his innocent soul would suffer for my sake, and they mocked my agony.”

A ghastly smile gleamed over the features of the Cahet, and his lips moved wildly for a while, though not articulately. At length he smote his breast, and with a thrilling cry exclaimed,

“O! if this arm had power!—if I might ease the dreadful pain that’s gnawing here! The pangs of thirst, of hunger, of dreary loneliness, are not half so strong. Might I be revenged!”

Rodolphe trembled with the hideous passions that now engrossed him: rage and hatred glared in his fixed eye; he shook his clenched hand, as if threatening some unseen object, while a horrid groan convulsed his bosom.

At first Giovanni soothed him; then proceeded to explain the sinfulness of revenge, and the loveliness of returning evil with good.

He reminded Rodolphe that those persons who were most cruel to him, were related to the object he loved so dearly, therefore should be considered sacred on that account; that perhaps their injurious treatment was rather the effect of a grief more ungovernable than his own, and that aggravated by superstition, rather than the result of deliberate cruelty.

He then urged him to reflect that, according to the religion they both professed, he would more surely and worthily manifest his fondness for Auguste, by joining in the customary prayers for his soul, than by committing acts of violence upon his kindred.

As he enforced this, Giovanni laid aside his hat and cloak, inviting Rodolphe to assist him in repeating the offices for the dead.

Kneeling down before the cross on the rude and almost grotesque altar, he recited in a solemn voice, the service to which he invited the Cahet. The unfortunate then sunk in silence beside him: by degrees his countenance lost its wildness, his movements their convulsive quickness, and his fast streaming tears announced the melting of his heart.

Never did Giovanni pray more fervently. In the august chapel of the Knights of St. John, surrounded by a multitude of kindred spirits, and by

all the pomp and circumstance of ceremonial worship, he had felt his soul transported with holy rapture: in the church of the Annonciata, during the masses that were said over his father's body, he had felt that soul awe-struck, and anxious and earnest in his addresses to the Judge of men and angels; but never had he felt in such immediate communion with his Creator as now, when lifting up his heart and voice to him, in a lonely desert, by the side of a forlorn and sorrowful slave.

Their devotions ended, Giovanni and Rodolphe arose: the latter was still bathed in tears, increasing tears; but they distilled in kindly showers, as if they relieved his heart of all that weighed upon its better purposes.

Frequently he caught Giovanni's hand, kissed it, and held it against his heaving side; while Giovanni, with the gracious look of a heavenly messenger, continued to fortify him in patient submission, and to describe that ineffable bliss which must be the portion of a soul unspotted by the world.

His arguments had less effect than his description of Auguste's beatitude: so little power has reason over sensibility, strongly roused; and so necessary is it to combat one passion by another.

In conformity with the precepts of their religion, Giovanni taught him, that there yet remained a means by which he could testify his love to the innocent child, now no more; and in teaching him this, he opened to him the source of enjoyment, and he animated him into action.

Even that innocent soul would not, he said, be deemed free from the imputed guilt of our first father; and for it, therefore, the mass might be

performer; and the secret prayer offered, with blessed effect.

Thus soothed, thus led to stem his own faulty impulses for the sake of the soul he lamented, Rodolphe, for the first time in his life, made an effort which had self-control for its object. Oh, sorrow, what a teacher art thou!

Giovanni marked, and commended his struggles; and, promising to see him ere he departed the next day, bade him a kindly farewell.

As he slowly took his way homewards to the convent where he was to sleep, the past scene engrossed all his faculties; nothing outward, indeed, pressed upon his attention: for, as if respecting his meditations, nature had veiled herself in a mist; and, as he passed along, the meadows and valleys, covered with its white billows, presented no object to call forth admiration.

Giovanni recollected the gay groups he had met in those paths, not three hours before; and, contrasting them with the wretched wood-cutter, he sighed over their disproportionate destinies.

Connected with that poor wretch's image, the happiness of these people appeared monstrous; it seemed the hilarity of heartless selfishness: for were not these the villagers who drove the Cahet from their doors, and would have excluded him, if possible, from their churches?

"But why do I condemn them?" he asked; "the blame falls on their instructors:" and he fixed his eyes on that quarter where the towers of the abbey rose, like an aerial edifice, above the floating mists.

Giovanni felt the religious enthusiasm of his times without their prejudices, and his heart

ached while remembering all that he had heard and read of priestly anathema against this unfortunate race.

Who in this province but himself, would have entered a Cahet's hut, pressed his hand, dried his tears, comforted, prayed with him?

As he asked himself this question, he thanked Heaven that he had been born in a country where none of these wretched beings existed, and where the blind habit of hatred to them, had not deafened even superior minds to the pleadings of humanity and reason!

He saw in a Cahet, one of the same species with himself; one whom he was led by natural instinct to pity; and whom he was bound to succour by the vows he had taken when dedicating himself to the service of Heaven and of mankind.

Obliged by the rules of his order to attend the sick, and wash the feet of the poor, Giovanni felt no degradation, when he knelt with the half-savage wood-cutter before his rude altar; and, habituated to consider himself still bound to assist all his distressed fellow-creatures, he was not sensible to any self-applause, when resolving not to quit Guienne till he should ameliorate or wholly change this forlorn one's lot.

In this frame of mind, he reached the abbey; sought and obtained information of the Count d'Armand, on whose estate Rodolphe was born.

The next day, Giovanni went to wait on him.

Whether his arguments, his persuasions, his gold, or his winning manner, had most weight with a spendthrift courtier, I leave courtiers to determine; suffice it, that when he took the river-path, he carried with him the exulting power of bestowing freedom.

The day was advanced, and the poor Cahet was gone to his allotted task in the forest. Giovanni found him there, repeating the ineffectual blows of his hatchet at long intervals, with an arm nearly enfeebled.

He had been wandering, at day-break, ~~round~~ the house that contained the corpse of Auguste; and had collected there some withered flowers as they were thrown from the windows of the mournful chamber. He did not err when he fondly fancied they had strewn the body of his youthful friend.

During the progress of his labour, these dismal flowers were only taken from his breast, to press with his lips, and water with tears. He displayed them to Giovanni, telling him their history.

Giovanni took them in his hand, considered them with respect and tenderness, said some soothing words; and thus lightened the grief of Rodolphe by appearing to share it.

In the desolation of this poor outcast, and in the stormy excess of his sorrow, there seemed a resemblance with the situation and feelings of Cesario Adimari; such, at least, as they were, when Giovanni first saw him in the Palazzo Publico.

The comparison did but strengthen his interest in the person before him. And believing he saw in his violence of feeling, one of those strong characters, on whom nature bestows an extraordinary capacity for happiness and virtue, he flattered himself with the hope of hereafter building him up in both, by judicious instruction.

His mild sympathy had already soothed his companion into details of his little favourite's sportiveness and affection; when the deep toll of

a bell was heard over the wood-tops: at that sound, the Cahet started up, uttered a piercing cry, and fell upon the ground, like one deprived of sense.

Giovanni divined the cause of this new agony. Doubtless, that bell announced the interment of Auguste. Some pitying drops fell from his cheek upon the livid face of Rodolphe, as he raised him from the ground: The unhappy man opened his eyes, (for anguish alone had closed them,) and fixed them with an expression of gratitude upon the gracious countenance of Giovanni; then he groaned, and, closing them again, threw himself back on the earth.

Giovanni would not urge the exhausted spirit beyond its strength: he suffered Rodolphe to remain stretched in dumb despair, while the bell continued to toll; and the funeral procession, (seen only in their mind's eye,) was proceeding from the town to the church of the Benedictines.

As he contemplated the convulsed figure of the Cahet, and listened to his half-breathed groans, he marvelled at the mysterious power which enables man to enslave, not merely the body, but the mind of his fellow-men.

What had been this poor Cahet's strongest desire? To follow those precious remains to their last rest; to hear the solemn rites performed for that almost sinless soul; to watch, and weep, by that newly-tenanted grave. Yet here he lay groaning at a distance; withheld from joining the sad procession,—and by what withheld? Life was a blank to him; death, the gate of Heaven: he was a slave. Human malice could not sink him lower, nor afflict him more.—What then restrained him?

Even that inexplicable *something*, to which we give the name of a *broken spirit*; but for which no name is adequate; no name is sufficiently expressive of the shapeless horrors, the wild exaggeration of the oppressor's power and the sufferer's weakness, which constitute its very essence.

Giovanni thought he had never, till now, fathomed the utmost depths of human misery and human degradation; and, yearning to restore this unoffending creature to man's birthright of freedom, comfort, and knowledge, he waited anxiously for the moment, in which he could make him sensible, that the paths to these, were all open to him. "I will die!" were the first articulate sounds the Cahet uttered, as he suddenly started from the ground, rolling round his blood-shot eyes with a look of frenzy—"They have buried him now,—and what should I live for?"

"Live for the stranger that has sorrowed with you!" said Giovanni, in a tone of gentle reproach, laying his hand upon Rodolphe's arm.

"For you? I would die for you!" exclaimed the poor forester, falling at his feet with a softened countenance; "but you are going far away; and I—am, like these trees;—fixed—fixed—fixed."

"You may go whither you will," replied Giovanni: "you are no longer a slave."

It was long ere he could make Rodolphe comprehend the change that had taken place in his fate: the magnitude of it stupified him.

But when his labouring mind at length took in, not the full extent of the blessing gained for him, but only the extent of his personal freedom, his gratitude and joy amounted to delirium. He

passed, in a moment, from a paroxysm of despair to one of rapture: even the recollection of Augustine was suspended in his mind.

To live and die near his benefactor, near the only one of his species, save a little child, that had ever cast on him a look of kindness; the ideal happiness was almost beyond his power to bear: and, sobbing like an infant, he would have worshipped him who blessed him thus, had not Giovanni's gentle rebuke taught him where to direct his thanksgivings.

When the replies to his wandering questions informed Rodolphe that he would accompany his benefactor into other countries, amongst mixed multitudes, his joy faded: he cast his eyes upon the clear mirror of the river, and, shuddering at "the imperfect fashion of man" there reflected, compared it, by a speaking glance, with the rare perfection of Giovanni's proportions.

He did not speak, but that piteous look needed no interpreter.

Giovanni understood it: he hastened to say, that in the country where he wished to remove him, the very name of his proscribed race was known only to the learned or the traveller; that, consequently, he would mix on equal terms with persons of his own condition: that his livid complexion and feeble limbs would change into health and vigour by wholesome food and considerate care, and that he would have, besides, in Giovanni, a friend able and willing to protect him against insult.

The simple Cahet listened as to an oracle, his wishes giving force to each benevolent argument.

Ere Giovanni quitted him, he had promised to be in waiting on the by-road to Italy, by day-break the next morning.

Giovanni concluded that he would visit the grave of Auguste during the night, and he wished not to impose any restraint on a sorrow so legitimate.

Yet he could have gone and wept with him; so truly did he lament the early death of a child, whose uncommon energy and sensibility augured such a noble maturity.

Even in that event, however, he saw the gracious hand of Providence; which, depriving Rodolphe of so feeble an assistance, had caused him to excite the compassion of one competent to change his wretchedness to comfort.

Rodolphe passed that night in the church-yard of the Benedictines. His lamentations no mortal ear heard; his agony, no mortal eye witnessed: for who had loved the beauteous clay that rested there, like the unhappy Cahet?—to whom was Auguste any thing, save to him?

He returned no more to his cave.—An osier-basket held all his property: this consisted of a few miserable garments; the spars which had decorated his shrine; a rosary; and a mutilated missal; all the gifts of Auguste. In his breast, he hoarded the flowers he had found under the window of that dear child, and the sod he had taken from his grave.

With these treasures—for they were such to him—he met Giovanni in a by-path beyond the town; and, joining his small suite, quitted France, with him, for ever.

CHAPTER XVI.

GIOVANNI had no sooner left Genoa than Cesario hastened to begin his meditated experiment upon Beatrice's affection. Not that he wanted proof of it, for himself: the alarm his friend's suspicion had conjured up, was already vanished. He had reflected, again and again, upon all his past intercourse with Beatrice, till imagination and memory combined, presented him with such overwhelming testimonies of almost public preference from her; that, whatever trifles testified differently, were cast from the scale.

Reflection has usually a very different effect upon the delusions of love than upon those of other passions: it increases, rather than diminishes them. But when we love, is it our reason, or our imagination, that decides?

By a most violent effort over himself, he refrained from her society a whole day; then wrote her a few confused lines to say he was going a short journey, and could not see her ere he went. In this note, he gave no account of whither he went, or why he was going; nor did he fix the period of his return. The instant it was despatched, he threw himself upon his horse, and went where chance impelled him.

After a week spent in aimless, cheerless wandering, he returned pale with bodily fatigue, and worn with anxiety. Now, believing he would find Beatrice too enraptured at his return, to chide

his silence and his stay; now, fearing that her just resentment would already have extinguished her attachment, he hastened, with the utmost agitation, to the Syndic's.

On questioning his servant, he found that neither message nor letter waited him from the Signora Brignoletti. She had duly received the billet he had written, and that had satisfied her! She had not been distressed then, by the mysteriousness of his departure, nor by his silence during his absence!

Cesario felt his heart die within him, at this information. With difficulty he reached his apartment, where he threw himself into a seat in a state of stupefaction.

He had believed himself prepared for some show of resentment from Beatrice; he had expected some petulant message, or letter; some rebuke through the Signora Calva: but for this petrifying indifference, he was not prepared; and it threw all his faculties into disorder.

He held a letter from Giovanni long in his hand, unopened: then he opened, and read it—but he might as well have looked on vacancy; his mind took no cognizance of its contents.

Hour after hour passed, without giving order to his thoughts. Fluctuating between resentment and misery, sometimes he resolved to seek Beatrice, and reproach her; then, thrilling with momentary anger, he determined, rather to lose his senses, than let her know the extent of a love she repaid so inadequately.

Fortunately for him, the good Syndic and his wife were absent from their home: his disturbance, therefore, had no witness.

He was still sitting in his solitary apartment, dubious what to do, and execrating his own folly, when his servant hurried into the room, announcing Signor Calva. The Signor checked himself, till the servant had retired; then glancing over Cesario's harassed and haggard looks, exclaimed, with great perturbation,

"What has really happened?—Has the Signora Beatrice guessed?" "What of Beatrice?" interrupted Cesario, joy flushing his face at the mere sound of a name so beloved.

Signor Calva hastened to explain.—How did that explanation heal and revive the bleeding heart of the lover!

Beatrice, he said, had been that night of the Signora Calva's party to the opera: when a story was circulated, which wanted only the names of Cesario and Giovanni to render mortal to her.

It was said, that two travellers, with a single attendant, had been attacked in the woods near Noli, by banditti: that one of them had fallen: and that his friend, and servant, in trying to rescue his body, were desperately wounded.

The wounded persons had been afterwards found by some military, who conveyed them to the adjacent town, where their wounds were dressed. The servant, however, expired under the surgeon's hands: but the other having recovered, had announced himself and his murdered companion as natives of Genoa.

The circumstance of their being attended only by one servant, was explained thus: the surviving gentleman had but just joined his friend, on a matter of temporary business: and that discussed, he was about to return home again when they were surprised by the robbers.

The age, the figures, the circumstances of these travellers, (for Giovanni was to go from Noli to Marseilles by sea,) all pointed to Giovanni and Cesario: and the sudden departure of the latter, with his silence since, made the supposition certain in the mind of Beatrice.

She had fallen into the most terrifying fits, upon hearing this frightful relation: and was then at the house of Signora Calva, raving alternately of her lover and of his friend.

The only rational words she had spoken since the affair, was an entreaty that Signor Calva would hasten to Cesario's residence, and Giovanni's, and learn what had been heard of them there.

"How, beyond my hopes, was it, to find yourself!" exclaimed the Signor, as he hurried along the streets with the impatient, the agonized, yet the overjoyed lover.

Cesario rushed into the room, whence issued the sound of Beatrice's agitated voice—he threw himself at her feet, as she lay sobbing on the bosom of the Signora Calva.

"Cesario!" she shrieked out, "Cesario!" starting up as she spoke, "but where—where is your friend?"

"My own Beatrice!" burst rapturously from the lover's lips, as he fondly fancied her interest in Giovanni but a sympathy with all *his* powerful affections. "Our Giovanni is safe—is well.—This letter from him."—

Beatrice extended her hand with a look of wild joy, to snatch the letter he offered, but ere she could do so, she fainted on his neck.

Signor Calva, who was observing the scene, started—eyed her unbreathing figure for a moment or two in silent displeasure: then, with a significant “hum!” abruptly quitted the room.

Whatever was the suspicion which had darted through his mind, it touched not that of Cesario: for, to him, every thing appeared bliss-confirming: and as he pressed the pale face of Beatrice against his, while the Signora Calva sought to revive her by essences, and assiduities, he forgot to aid those assiduities, but remained fondly, blissfully gazing on her.

At length her quivering eyelids, and a few short breathings, announced returning life: the Signora gently withdrew her hand from the head of Beatrice, and smiling kindly on Cesario, left them together.

All Beatrice’s first inquiries and exclamations were incoherent: they were uttered with such rapidity and wildness: with such a mixture of transport, and terror: with so many tears, so many embraces: in such a distraction of spirit, in short, that Cesario might as well have pretended to describe the figures of so many lightning-flashes, as have remembered what she said and did during the first moments of explanation.

The letter he showed her from Giovanni, was dated from a very different place than the scene of assassination; and being of a later date than that assigned to this horrid affair, completely disproved its connexion with him.

Her expressions of joy after reading it, was so earnest and so delightful to Cesario, that he scarcely knew how to persevere in what had always been his intention: namely, to tell her the

reason of ~~the~~ experiment he had made upon a heart, his devoted one had never doubted.

Sincerity was, however, the code of Cesario's life: and hesitating but an instant, he frankly confessed the trial he had made of her affection, (which accident only had rendered so painful,) and the scepticism of Giovanni, which it was intended to vanquish. Fortunately for Beatrice, Cesario had cast down his humbled eye, while making this confession: so that her blush—and how deep was that blush! escaped his notice.

She knew not whether to admit this account of Giovanni's observations on her decreasing attachment to his friend as a proof of her dangerous influence over himself: or simply as a proof of his unswerving fidelity to his friend: but, at all events, her policy now was to hide from Cesario the emotion it caused in her.

She did not reply for some time: at length, with a smile of thrilling sweetness, she said, "*I can be angry with you Cesario, but not indifferent. I was angry at your abrupt, unexplained absence; and I would not bend to inquire the reason of it: but when I heard that horrid story—when I fancied—*" She stopt, blushed: and hiding her conscious face, in very confusion pressed his hand to her heart.

The rapture which followed from Cesario need not be described: he believed himself in possession of the whole heart of her he loved, believed also, that he had discovered in that heart all the sensibility it once seemed to want; and she fluttered between the hope of attaching a new lover, and the necessity of blinding an old one.

From that night, Cesario spoke of his friend to her with complete confidence. He lamented

with her, Giovanni's early disappointment, and its supposed effect, of rendering him too doubtful of female stability; and he exulted with her over his triumph, and Giovanni's recantation.

Meanwhile, Beatrice felt much, and reflected little. How often did she turn away with the weariness of satiety from the vivid looks and manners of Cesario; asking herself how she could ever have found a charm in aught but the heavenly calm of his friend's countenance.

That magnificence of stature and proportion which distinguished Giovanni's appearance from that of all other men, seemed to her the only character of figure worthy the name of manly beauty; and that soft, but resolute sway which he exercised over himself and others, appeared to her the only mental attribute before which her spirit could now willingly bend.

Cesario's lighter graces of person, and lustre of expression, ceased to charm her eyes: his sensibility, his eloquence, his exhaustless fertility of fancy, all ceased to interest her heart: because—she had ceased to love him!

She was, besides, growing weary of all the persons and pleasures by which she was courted: and that, because every pleasure was attainable to her, and every associate subservient. Her fickleness wanted novelty: her active spirit, difficulty. She was continually imagining the glory, and gratification, of subduing Giovanni's prejudices against her sex: and of seeing him at her feet: sometimes she even fancied, that to win his love, she could change her nature, and become all he admired.

Vain fancy! Beatrice knew not her own heart: she knew not that she loved Giovanni as she had

loved Cesario; as a child desires a toy; covets it—fights for it,—struggles the harder the stouter it is withheld,—gains it, sees another, drops the first, and goes over the same contest for the second.

On the night of Giovanni's departure, she had wept till morning; precisely as she had done, when Cesario broke his appointment in the Rosso gardens: but the next day, she began to imagine all that he would do and say when he returned; and, hoping every thing she wished, because all things hitherto had bent to her will, she became again accessible to pleasure, and diffusive of gayety.

More enchanted than ever with his fair mistress, Cesario yielded up his soul to happiness: again his sky was cloudless, and his path through Elysium. His last gallant enterprise had not only obtained the public thanks of the Seigniory, but procured him a more flattering testimony.

In gratitude for the service rendered to so many of his subjects, the Grand Duke of Tuscany conferred on him the order of the Star; accompanying a brilliant collar of the Order, with a letter written in his own hand.

This distinction was not without its fruit: it conferred honour; and it directed the eyes of his compatriots to the young hero, whose blood was thus liberally poured out from a principle of general philanthropy.

How freely would he let it flow, they thought, whenever called on, to shed it for them!

Thus, the bright sun of honour was shining over his head; and he wanted only Fortune's golden shower, to ripen his harvest of expected happiness.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT this crisis, Giovanni returned.

Having bespoken, for Rodolphe, the compassion and care of the excellent woman to whom his household cares were delegated, Giovanni hastened to the Piazza dell' Acqua Verde. He found Cesario on the point of going out, to keep an appointment with Beatrice.

With what joy, what affection did they embrace!—So ardent was the welcome of Cesario, that Giovanni could with difficulty refrain from imparting to him the narrative of his visit to Marseilles. Some reasonable fear, however, of possible disappointment, checked this useless overflow: and, contenting himself with detailing the other incidents of his journey, he enjoyed his friend's sympathy, without risking his friend's future mortification.

Having given several sincere sighs to the probable fate of Madame de Fronsac, and to the history of the Cahet, Cesario hastened to convince Giovanni, that he had been unjust in estimating the character of Beatrice.

The strength of his argument lay in her extreme emotion when she believed that Giovanni had fallen under the hands of the banditti. He described her agonies then, and her joy afterwards; he painted her subsequent interest in him, with all the ardour of unsuspecting sincerity.

He forgot not to say, that almost the first words

she uttered, when restored to her senses, had been, "but where is your friend?"

Cesario saw, but remarked not, the sudden colour which spread over Giovanni's face, at the last sentence; yet he remembered it in after times, and drew from it a fatal inference.

What, then, are those subtle operations of the mind, which can thus go on, unobserved, even by ourselves? yet which memory can recal afterwards, when neither forgone observation, nor subsequent reflection, has assisted in stamping an image of that act!

Giovanni would not have been sorry had Cesaria suspected the veering inclination of Beatrice, from her conduct, and his disturbance; for to be suspected himself, of any passion for her, never entered his imagination: but he shrunk from the coarse, and perhaps unjustifiable task, of telling her lover, that he found her inconstant heart had now strayed to him.

In this humour, he consented, not unwillingly, to accompany his friend to San Pier d'Arena.

This beautiful fauxbourg was then the evening resort of all the youth and beauty of Genoa.

Carriages of any kind were uncommon; but the few there were, regularly appeared there with the elders of families; the young still preferring the gayer fashion of riding, or the freer one of walking.

As Giovanni, leaning on the arm of Cesario, advanced along the path, where this lively promenade commences, he directed his friend's attention to the strong contrast exhibited by the animated multitude at a distance, and the scene near at hand.

Where they stood, all was stillness, and fringed with rural beauty: the sea was so calm,

that but for its soft, laving sound against the shore, it might have been imagined a moveless plane of crystal.

The verdant acclivities, rising from Sestri, to Campo Marone, were covered with the countless colours of evening; while the loveliest of the stars, palpitating at intervals through those iris-tinctured clouds, rather excited tenderness than awakened to pleasure.

Giovanni paused; and directing his eye to the whirling chariots, and horses beyond, he said, "How ingenious we are in destroying the beauties, and delights of nature! This tranquil scene owes half its charm to its tranquillity; yet, that mad crowd hurry into it, marring the charm they profess is their attraction!"

Cesario was about to vindicate the motive, at least, of each individual; when, from a throng at a short distance, one fair rider darted towards them like a bright meteor.—By the carnation and white feathers on the head of her tasselled and tinkling palfrey, Giovanni knew it to be the Signora Beatrice. Cesario's beating breast recognized only her smiling self.

"Ah, my friend!" she exclaimed, with a tone eloquent of joy, and a look yet more eloquent, extending a hand to Giovanni.

In Cesario's unsuspecting ear, never had her voice sounded sweeter; for he believed her admiration of Giovanni's character, the best proof of her own excellence. He ran to quiet the spirited little horse, which her fluttered grasp had no longer strength to rein in; but Giovanni forbore offering his assistance; and having shaken hands with her, remained a few paces off, return-

ing her agitated and repeated exclamations of delight, with a countenance almost austere.

Cesario averted his face for a moment, to salute her advancing companions; Beatrice seized that opportunity, of directing a look to Giovanni, only too expressive of her mortification at his determined coldness: his modest eye fell under the unbridled glance. But his resolution was taken; and resolving to weary out her fancy by obstinate dulness, and extreme reserve, he only uttered a few words of friendly satisfaction, at seeing her look so well.

Turning to Marco Doria, who was in the party, he repeated the remark he had made to Cesario, upon the folly of people coming for retirement, to mobs; and seeking pure air, in a cloud of dust.

"But who comes hither, either for air or retirement?" asked Marco, who was at that moment the champion of society. "The women come to kill; and we, to fall their victims. In short, the plain truth is, that all walk here, either to meet an old love, or to find a new one. Come, confess! Does not some bright-eyed beauty attract you!"

Giovanni shook his head, and smiled rather contemptuously: Marco re-iterated his charge. Giovanni recollected himself; and resuming that tranquil air, which was more withering to Beatrice's hopes, than the haughtiest scorn, said gayly:

"Spare your artillery, my good Signor; 'tis wasting it on one bullet-proof. I have had my day of folly long ago. And though I do not value some of my friends the less for being at this moment under the influence of the tyrant passion; I may wish their serene evening of reasonable affections, were already come, like mine."

"Oh, infidel!" exclaimed Cesario sportively, and glancing at Beatrice. What was his astonishment to see her cheeks covered with tears! With difficulty did he retain the bridle of his palfrey, while he pressed close to her; hurrying out some expressions of amazement, and inquiry, and alarm.

Beatrice's vexation was beyond her power to control. "Your friend insults me!" she exclaimed sobbing, wildly wrapping her head in the Mezzaro, which had hitherto blown round her shoulders!

"My friend!—Giovanni!—" repeated Cesario, with a vacant gaze, recollecting Giovanni's words, and unable to comprehend what insult had been couched in them.

The rest of the little party exclaimed loudly at the Signora's absurdity: Giovanni alone was silent. His heart was swelling with indignation, almost disgust: while he scarcely knew which most to wonder at, Beatrice's determined abandonment to her feelings, or Cesario's blind faith in her truth.

Each of the company repeated Giovanni's offending answer: at the same time coupling it with a lively rebuke of the Signora's touchy humour: and thus obliging her to recollect that the occult meaning was known only to herself: the insult none, if she were not conscious of meriting rebuke.

Forced, therefore, to rally herself, she coloured, tried to laugh, explained, defended, and finally confessing her own foolish misapprehension, and more foolish irritability, suffered Cesario to put her hand into that of his friend.

"'Tis well," he said, as he prest them together, "that such a cloud of dust covers yonder multitude: we should not else have escaped ridicule,"

and he ~~turned~~ aside, to recover his own composure.

Peace apparently restored, Beatrice declared herself weary of the promenade, and proposed returning home. Marco Doria volunteered riding back, to inform the Marchesa, that her daughter had left the drive; and, as the Marchesa's heavy coach never went at a livelier pace than a state-hearse, he whispered Cesario, he might have time for at least a folio of fond nonsense, ere the old lady should appear to interrupt it.

Signor Calva and the ladies now walked their horses to keep pace with their friends on foot; and the former, sporting with some ungraceful fashion of his wife's dress, threw a little gayety into the conversation. All otherwise would have been sombre; for the spoiled Beatrice could not conquer her chagrin at the repelling air of Giovanni; and he would not, upon principle, attempt to varnish her unamiable mood.

Cesario, troubled, confounded, unknowing what to think, yet sure there was some latent cause for the strangeness of Beatrice, was lost in distracting fears and forebodings.

Alas, unhappy Cesario! he conjectured nothing like the truth: he simply began to believe, that Giovanni unjustly disliked this object of his fondest admiration; that she saw it, felt it, and resented it: that days of distress and dissention were approaching; days, in which his heart would be rent alternately by his friend and his mistress.

At first this imagination plunged him into such deep sadness, that he neither heard nor answered what was addressed to him; but, gradually, better thoughts dawned: his elastic character rose above the sudden pressure; and, cherishing the belief of

reconciling these two precious persons, by making their respective excellences more intimately known to each other, he recovered his spirits.

Instead of proceeding to the usual entrance of the Palazzo Rosso, Beatrice suddenly alighted from her horse at one of the garden-gates, and, giving her page orders to quit her; said, "Farewell" to her party.

Every one returned her adieu, except Cesario; but he, whispering his resolution of attending her through those extensive gardens at so late an hour (for it was night,) shook hands with Giovanni, and followed her.

Beatrice was no longer in a condition to control herself: the dignified firmness of Giovanni's manner, as they proceeded homewards, had dispossessed her of the little self-command she had ever to boast; and, released from other observers, she gave way, before Cesario, to all the violence of her feelings.

"No!" she cried, in a voice of desperation, bursting into a passion of tears, and repulsing the hand Cesario held out to her—"no! I never can—never will be your's! Your friend hates me—ungrateful, unfeeling Giovanni!"

"Hates you!—Giovanni!—You will not be mine!—Beatrice!"—Cesario stood like one before whom some strange apparition is passing.

Beatrice recollected herself: but still she wept—wept more profusely. "What happiness should we have, if I were to know that the dearest friend of my husband disliked me—misinterpreted me—perhaps would infuse his doubts into him at last!"

"O heaven!" exclaimed Cesario: "shall I ever be forced to choose between my friend and Bea-

trice!"—and he shuddered as he flung his arms round her.

Beatrice leaned on his shoulder, and wept bitterly. "Why does he dislike me so?" she asked, in a more softened tone. "What have I done to deserve such savage treatment?"

"Be composed, my best-beloved!" said Cesario, gently placing her on a seat by one of the fountains: "this excess of sensibility leads you astray. Would I had never confessed to you Giovanni's erroneous notions of your sex!—but did I not tell you, too, that he promises to recant all his heresies one day in your favour?"

"When?—when? what day?" exclaimed Beatrice.

Cesario pressed her agitated breast against his, while he fondly whispered a few words of the tenderest import. Beatrice struggled herself out of his embrace: "That day!—talk not of it, Cesario!" Her voice was hurried and broken. "Your friend hates me: and—and—you cannot think that I would disunite——"

"Why will you torment yourself, my Beatrice, by these fantastic griefs?" interrupted her lover. "You judge Giovanni as we do other men, and so misjudge him. You forget that he was once oath-bound to repress even the slightest sentiment of regard or admiration for your charming sex: you forget that the eye of his spirit is not often withdrawn from the *one perfect being*; and that, after contemplating such brightness, the brightest here are dark to his exalted sense. Thus, where your happy Cesario sees nothing but light, and life, and joy (fervently kissing her hand between each rapturous expression,) he discovers a

solitary something, which nature permits there, to show that Beatrice is not yet all angel."

He stopt, and, soothed by his fond flatteries, she "imparadised his soul" by one of her most bewitching smiles, and he resumed.

"Giovanni is visionary enough to demand heaven on earth; and he seeks to bring it here by trying to make you faultless: he therefore stifles every expression of admiration, and speaks to you only as a monitor. Believe me, it costs him much to conceal the deep interest you excite in him under the severe exterior of reproof. He has told me how dangerously charming he thinks your brief penitence and gay defiance."

"Charming!" repeated Beatrice, delight dancing in her eyes: "if you could convince me that Giovanni, that your friend did not despise me!—ah! he will never do any thing but despise me!"

Cesario hastened to repeat to her numberless admiring and kind expressions of Giovanni's relating to herself, tending to prove that she was an object of extreme interest to him.

While he repeated these, he coloured them (unconsciously) more highly than the originals from which they were drawn; and he increased their value by forgetting to state when they were said—in the earliest period of Giovanni's acquaintance, ere he knew her thoroughly.

Beatrice fell into a deep reverie, and gave way to a thousand cheating fancies.

The paramount idea in this day-dream was, that Giovanni's coldness arose from restrained passion, and that he wrestled against her and himself from romantic fidelity to his friend.

With such an ally in his bosom, she thought, would she not prevail at last? She could scarcely

doubt it. ~~Snatched~~ Snatched away by the joy of this belief, her stimulated passions left conscience and delicacy far behind; and, resolving to seize their prize, reckless of Cesario's peace and Giovanni's honour, she gayly started from her thoughtful posture.

Looking with all the graciousness of an elated heart upon the anxious countenance of Cesario, she said—"Well, then, make us friends again: let Signor Cigala come as usual: come oftener to the Palazzo Rosso; tell him that I am ready to sacrifice all my levities, all my wishes, to please the friend of Cesario."

Her eye sunk with her voice, as she uttered the last sentence; but again the credulous Cesario was thrown into transport by that two-fold charm of tenderness and generosity which this speech contained.

Though he had argued against Beatrice's convictions in their past conversations, he had secretly and sadly confessed to himself that she was right, and that Giovanni's demeanor, at their meeting, had astonished even him by its coldness.

After the account he had given his friend of her anguish at his supposed murder, how stubborn must be that friend's prejudice against her character, if he could withstand such a proof of her ingenuous interest in the man so beloved by her Cesario. Cesario hoped, however, that her present generosity, in not only forgiving such ingratitude, but in offering to guide her conduct by Giovanni's admonitions, must conquer his esteem, and wrest the acknowledgment of it from his lips.

"I will bring him to you to-morrow," he said, as they parted at the garden-portico of the Palazzo, under the bright light of the moon. "I

will make you friends again; and after that, O my Beatrice, may we three have but one heart!"

Beatrice, could not bear the tender, touching, trusting tone with which this was said. She turned away her face abruptly from the moonlight which shone full on her false, false eyes, as they were on the point of seeking Cesario's, and, half repenting, half exulting, alternately wishing she could be true, and hoping Giovanni would be false, she just returned the pressure of her cheated lover's hand, and quitted him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CESARIO flew to the Strada Lomellini. He found Giovanni sitting tranquilly in his study, discoursing with Rodolphe, by the light of that pure planet from which Beatrice had just shrunk.

Cesario's impatience of any hindrance to the conversation he most desired, gave way before the interest excited by humanity. He was not skilled in languages, but he could utter a few sentences in imperfect French; and the expressive kindness of his looks made even these unnecessary. He approached, and took the Cahet's hand. Rodolphe suffered his hand to remain in his for a moment in vacant surprise, while his eyes wandered from Cesario's beaming face to the gentler light of his master's: but by degress those eyes suffused, and having put Cesario's hand to his lips, he ran to Giovanni, took, and wrung, and kissed his with passionate gratitude; then hurried out of their presence.

After a few moments given to the sensibility of Rodolphe, Cesario ingenuously repeated to Giovanni all that had just passed between himself and Beatrice. As frankly did he avow his own surprise at his friend's chilling return to her animated welcome of him.

Giovanni listened in profound silence; for he was meditating how to reply. At length, with a bearing countenance, he said rather sportively,—

"It is too late to begin quarrelling with my nature, Cesario; you and I have have pledged ourselves to each other; and you must endure my frost as I do your fire.—However, is it not a little unreasonable in you to expect that I shall throw myself into ecstacies at the sight of your mistress! I welcomed her, as any other sober-minded man would do the affianced wife of his friend; and what more would you, or ought she to wish?"—"No Giovanni," replied Cesario, gravely, "yours is not a nature of frost; and I feel that you *did* return the affecting joy of Beatrice with amazing insensibility. There is still some lurking disapprobation of her in your heart. What is it?—our friendship gives me a right to repeat, what is it?"

Giovanni was awhile silent. "To be sincere with you," he said at last, "will offend or pain you—yet so pressed—the Signora ought not to press me—however, no matter!—I confess then, there is something still, which dissatisfies me with her. Yet I do protest to you most solemnly, that there is nothing I desire so much to be assured of, as her friendship; that if I find she really feels that sentiment for me, and will follow some advice I mean to give her, she will make me the happiest of men; for she will then insure to me both my friend and his happiness.—Take me to see her to-morrow, and be satisfied that I will ask her pardon for all my harshnesses with as much sincerity as she will promise me amendment."

"The expression in your eyes belies your words.—What impossible perfection is it that you want?" exclaimed Cesario, bewildered and amazed. "I understand you less than I do Beatrice. In the name of Heaven, what is it you require?"

—In our conversation before you went for France your chief quarrel with Beatrice was her supposed deficiency in sensibility; and now you seem almost angry with her for evincing so much. Giovanni, is not this unreasonable?"

"Apparently so," replied Giovanni, "but have patience. To-morrow I will ask from her a proof of friendship for me, of attachment to you, of respect for herself; and if she refuses, you ought to renounce her."

"Renounce her!" repeated Cesario, and he stood motionless with astonishment.

"If she give this proof," resumed Giovanni, "I shall hate myself; and if she forgive me afterwards, I will confess her scarcely less than angel—for in that case I must be incomprehensible to her."

"You distract me!" exclaimed Cesario; "let us discuss this no further. I see what it is you mean: you suspect Beatrice of artifice; you think her sensibility on your account assumed."

Giovanni averted his head; and a sigh of compassion for his friend's blindness half escaped him.

"You do not answer me," repeated Cesario, with a kindling countenance; "here let us part, then, for to-day. When matins are over, be ready for me to-morrow, and I will take you to Beatrice. She will be alone; let all be explained then—let her distinctly hear what are the accusations you have to bring against her, and what the trial of truth to which you mean to bring her. Let me learn, in short, whether I am henceforth to commit half my happiness into the hands of a friend, or into those of a madman."—Cesario looked sternly as he pronounced the last ungra-

cious word: and refusing the hand Giovanni offered, abruptly departed.

Giovanni looked after him a moment with sorrow, apprehension, and pity in his heart; murmured a few indulgent words, and turned to benevolent occupation for comfort.

The friends met the next day, with constraint on one side, and seriousness on the other. Cesario was justly displeased at the strange rigidity of his friend; and Giovanni was perplexed how to convince Cesario of that of which he was too well convinced, though a fact of which he could bring no tangible proof, namely, Beatrice's views upon himself.

In silence they walked along the Strada Nuova; in silence they entered the glittering palace of the Brignoletti. A page conducted them to Beatrice: she was sitting in an absolute temple of flowers, "herself the fairest flower."

All those extravagant hopes which she had so suddenly and rashly conceived the day before, were now glowing on her cheek; she was sparkling with brightness and bloom.

She started from her seat on the friends' approach, and, extending a hand to each, exclaimed, "—We meet friends, Signor Giovanni? O if you could read my heart, and see how sincerely I covet your regard!"—As she said this, who that looked upon that frank and fearless brow, could have imagined there was ought beneath it she should have wished concealed?

Giovanni almost doubted the past evidence of his senses; but, fortifying himself anew against her prime witchcraft,—that air of ingenuous youth,—he approached her.

Taking her hand, and resting his eyes on her for a few moments with earnest observation, he said,—

“Signora, will you allow me to deal frankly with you?—will you pardon me hereafter, if it is proved that I have mistaken your intentions?—and will you, in that case, obtain for me Cesario’s pardon?”

“Speak on, sir!” replied Beatrice, the colour heightening on her cheeks.

“You know, Signora,” he resumed, “that from the first days of our acquaintance, I had the boldness to notice those little blemishes, which you share with more than half your sex. I had often the pleasure of seeing you make some efforts at uprooting them:—surely that boldness was the best proof of my real regard for you, and for my friend?—you pardoned it.”

“I did,” faltered Beatrice, turning suddenly pale; and shrinking with indistinct dread.

“So far, then, there was no coldness nor resentment between us,” resumed Giovanni. “I felt a brother’s interest in you; but at length I saw, or fancied I saw, (dare I own it?) a decline in your professed affection for Cesario:—I had even the temerity to imagine that you were trifling with his peace; that you never meant to fulfil your engagement with him.”

He was interrupted by an exclamation of indignation from Cesario. Beatrice stretched out her hand, and caught the arm of the latter; for she had no longer courage to dare the remainder of this explanation. “Take me away,” she cried averting her eyes from Giovanni’s speaking look; “I can endure no more.”

"Stay, Signora! In Heaven's name, I implore you, stay!" exclaimed Giovanni, turning with earnest expression from her quivering features to the inflaming countenance of his friend—"This is the crisis of my friendship with Cesario, and I have but a few more words to say."

"If I have wronged you, it is in your power to convince me, by at once doing what I believe it to be your duty to do; that is, avow your attachment to your mother."

"To my mother!" exclaimed Beatrice, alarm and the pangs of disappointment struggling in her voice—"how should I ever be able to bear her anger?—No, no.—Do not ask so hard a proof of me!"—and her humid eye-glance spoke volumes to his.

"I should think systematic deception a harder task," said Giovanni. He uttered that full-fraught sentence steadily, yet with compassionate apprehensiveness.

Beatrice felt the shaft strike; and she burst into ungovernable tears.

Cesario caught her hand in his. "Giovanni! on your life proceed no further!" he cried; "I will bear no more." There was a threatening cloud on his brow, which restored to it all its early haughtiness. Giovanni felt the recollection of former days press upon him, as he looked at his friend; and he looked but the more tenderly for that recollection. He did not speak.

"What inhuman proof of attachment to me do you require of the fond heart on which I repose with perfect confidence?" asked Cesario, after mastering the first blaze of anger. "You have more than once urged this upon me; and have I not uniformly assured you, that I was certain the

avoid of our engagement would not only overwhelm Beatrice with her mother's wrath, but prove my sentence of banishment from the Palazzo Rosso? It is in the Marchesa's power to enclose her daughter in a cloister; to debar her from friends, liberty, every thing, in short, but life, till the day of her minority expires? What madness, then, to ask the consent we know she never would give; and to make for her a plea for separating us at once?"

"Yet, grant it should prove so, my Cesario," replied Giovanni mildly. "You would then have the consciousness of acting rightly; and two years sacrificed to integrity would make you both more worthy of happiness. I grant, the Marchesa is of a severe temper; ambitious, prejudiced: but you stand high in public expectation. You are of noble blood! Why should not the Signora try her mother with these arguments? Why should she, whose influence is unbounded over the Marchesa in all other things, just shrink from exerting that influence on the point most connected with her own peace and good name?—Amiable Beatrice!" he said, turning to her and gently taking her hand, "believe me, I am *solely* actuated by the desire of seeing you and Cesario united in *hearts*, as well as fates. Waving my own satisfaction in a happy result, I do strenuously urge you to take the step proposed, as the one most likely to insure your future comfort. Honestly proclaim your engagement with a man, whose brows wear the noblest crown of honour and of victory! Have the courage to dare the chance of being severed a while, that you may pledge your faith to each other hereafter without a blush! Rescue yourself from the gross imputation you

now labour under, of sporting with the love you never mean to reward! Recover your self-respect as a daughter, and attach to yourself, for life a friend, who will devote his whole existence to repair his present harshness."

His benevolent eyes were suffused by his earnestness. Beatrice raised her's; and fixed them, for the first time since his entrance, steadily upon him. How seducing, how dangerous were the tears that floated those beautiful eyes! How doubly dangerous their penetrating expression!

"*You ask me to do this, Giovanni!*" she said, after a long pause. "*You ask me—well then—I promise.*"

She had no sooner uttered that momentous promise, than her eyelids closed, and she sank into the extended arms of the transported Cesario.

Giovanni gazed on her for a moment in a trance of feelings long unknown to him: it was the infirmity but of a moment: he started at his own weakness; and, resolutely extinguishing whatever unhallowed fire pity had kindled, he turned towards Cesario.

"I have overwrought her tender nature," he said. (Alas, why was Beatrice then sensible to the pathos of his voice?) "And now, Cesario, I confess it is tender—heroic, I believe! When she revives, pray her to forgive me. Tell her, I depend on her promise for the sake of your happiness and her own; tell her, she and Cesario will be united henceforth in my heart, and in my prayers."

Giovanni was powerfully affected; too powerfully for restraint: and Cesario, troubled, bewildered, amazed, knew not whether the emotion

with which his breast was heaving, were grief or gladness.

He felt the delicate frame of Beatrice trembling in his arms: and he asked himself why all this was done; and by what authority Giovanni had made her consent to enter upon a line of conduct from which she foreboded such disastrous consequences?

In this stupor of thought, he offered no resistance to his friend's departure; but remained, after Giovanni was gone, still supporting Beatrice.

Giovanni returned home in great disturbance of mind. He shut himself into a distant apartment, where no one might invade him, and abandoned himself to reflection.

What had he done?—forced a young inexperienced girl to promise the fulfilment of a solemn engagement, from which her heart revolted! Was he sure that Cesario's happiness would be secured by it? Was he sure that her feeble character could support, throughout life, the high tone just given to it by the enthusiasm of self-sacrifice?

What would become of him, if her culpable vacillation towards him should re-appear after she had become the wife of his friend! Would it be possible for him to continue in that intimate union with Cesario, while apprehensive of awaking in *his* mind the suspicion; or in *her's* the reality, of a guilty passion?

How had this unexpected self-devotion of Beatrice destroyed his views?

Giovanni had calculated, with seeming reason, upon her petulant refusal to give the pledge he demanded; he had imagined her heart full of childish, wilful passion; nor dreamt of the temporary elevation to which even passion could raise

itself, when his pure character was its object, and his admiration its aim.

Every look, every word, hitherto, had testified Beatrice's strong and involuntary sentiment for him: perhaps Cesario had never, indeed, won more than her lively gratitude; if so, she was to be pitied, while blamed; and Giovanni felt, that he must be more or less than man, did not his heart melt at her intended self-sacrifice.

That mixture of extreme weakness, and extreme strength in the character of Beatrice, which her present conduct displayed, was of itself calculated to awaken compassion and tenderness. Giovanni's better reason was bewildered by it for a brief instant; but not his principles: they faltered not. His heart, still loyal to his friend, and impregnable in virtue, throbbed not with one lawless pulse.

After the first confusion of surprise and pity was over, he began to think with more distinctness. Whatever distress might follow the promise into which he had drawn Beatrice, he believed he had no cause to condemn his share in the transaction. Her indiscreet conduct towards himself, rendered it his duty either to extort from her an avowal of her altered sentiments for Cesario, or to re-awaken in her a sense of shame and of honour; at least, that indiscretion made it his duty to protest, as plainly as delicacy would permit, against the effect of her charms upon his integrity.

This duty he had performed: his intention was unimpeachable; the event might be unfortunate; but for the intention only was he responsible.

The longer Giovanni reflected upon the past scene at the Palazzo Rosso, the more he became

convinced that the enthusiasm of Beatrice would not have continuance. At any rate, he was certain that her self-command could not proceed beyond the mere act of asking the Marchesa's consent to her union with Cesario: she would find it too difficult a task to conceal that disgust and aversion to him which must arise in such an indulged heart as her's, the moment she should consider herself his victim. These feelings would force themselves on notice; and the ultimate consequence must be—explanation, and separation.

But how would fare his friendship with Cesario during this stormy time? Giovanni dreaded to answer the question.

The only personal sacrifice he could make, in return for the one which the infatuated Beatrice was now certainly intending, was some portion of that full-flowing confidence with Cesario, without which friendship withers and dies. Perhaps this was the bitterest sacrifice fate could exact from a man to whom friendship was every thing; but honour and honesty forbade him to give a determinate meaning to those expressions from Beatrice, which his mind had too faithfully shaped into their original image; and unless he did so, a cloud must always cover his motives in the transaction.

After the strictest scrutiny of himself, Giovanni was satisfied that he had acted right; and that conviction fortified him against any consequence.

Towards evening, Cesario appeared. He came to acknowledge, and to ask forgiveness, for his angry impetuosity in the morning; to confess his conviction of his friend's disinterested anxiety for his reputation and happiness, as well as for

that of Beatrice; and to avow his own belief, after cooler consideration, that they were imperiously called on by duty to act as he advised.

This was generous affection, with overflowing measure! It partook of that trusting credulity which kept Cesario so blind to Beatrice's dereliction: for Giovanni felt, that until Beatrice's imprudences of speech should be known to Cesario, the latter must always have rational ground for considering his friend's determined interference with their private plans, an absolute persecution.

But Giovanni knew his own motives were pure, though obliged to lie concealed; and he was content, therefore, to owe Cesario's return of confidence to partial blindness, since he dare not demand his scrutiny.

Giovanni had now to listen and to sympathize with Cesario's fervent views: that sanguine spirit was again all hope and fond anticipation. The Marchesa's consent to his immediate marriage with her daughter, no longer seemed improbable; and his ardent imagination soon pictured future honours, plucked from the steep of danger, ennobling and justifying the Signora's choice.

It was a hard task for Giovanni to partake any part of his friend's transport; for as yet he knew not what to believe, or what to wish about Beatrice. If she were to abide by her sudden heroism, from the moment she became Cesario's wife, his friend was bound, by every feeling sacred in man, to forget, himself, and to make her forget, if possible, that she had ever given *him* cause to suspect her heart had strayed from its first ties.

The possibility of this consummation rendered discretion now, an absolute duty on his part; yet,

even while he felt this, there was a misgiving *something* in *his* breast, which almost smothered every attempt at participation with his friend.

When they met again the next morning, Cesario brought a billet he had just received from Beatrice; it was evidently written in great agitation, and contained these lines:—

“ Every thing combines to distress me, Cesario. I sent to the Signora Calva after you left me yesterday, that I might intreat her to charge herself with the dreaded disclosure to my mother. I learnt to my surprise and mortification, that she is gone into the country for an indefinite time. How I wept when they told me this! I dreaded such a scene with my mother! A convent, and separation from all I love, for nineteen dreary months! Yet I determined to risk every thing to make *you* happy, and force your friend to esteem me. All that, however, is over; I was called to my mother before day-break this morning, and found her so very ill, that I am told her life depends upon a breath. Can I speak to her of myself, of you, of any one at such a time? Tell your friend, however, that when I may do so without endangering her life, I am too anxious to show him that I am *not* the weak and worthless thing he thinks me, to delay the proof a single moment.—

Farewell. ———”

After Giovanni had read this letter, Cesario told him, that he had already called at the Palazzo Rosso, where he heard that the Marchesa was even worse than her daughter had described; her complaint was inward inflammation. Gio-

vanni reddened at this information, ashamed of his first feeling, which had been ~~about~~ of the fact.

He then proceeded to say what might be expected on such an occasion; every thing ~~that~~ could tend to soften Cesario's concern for the ~~present~~ distress of Beatrice, by representing its probable effect upon the happiness of their future lives. The Marchesa's death would at once emancipate her daughter from control, and at the same time spare her the pain of avowing an engagement, made so culpably without her mother's sanction.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHILE the Marchesa continued in danger, her daughter could not with propriety admit the visits of gentlemen. The friends were therefore banished from the Palazzo Rosso for some time. To Cesario it was indeed banishment; but to Giovanni it was relief and repose.

He employed himself as usual, actively and benevolently; dividing his days between Genoa and the Marino; and giving to the instruction of Rodolphe every moment which he could spare from prior claims.

His confessor, a man of probity and talent, undertook to teach Rodolphe the Italian tongue; and to enlighten his mind upon spiritual concerns. Giovanni himself was the Cahet's instructor in the every-day occurrences of life; and to him it was actual happiness to watch the progress of such a mind. At first, Giovanni was disappointed in the pleasure he had expected to find in the Cahet, at the sight of public spectacles, and works of art. Rodolphe only testified a sort of dull wonder, which quickly ceased, and appeared to leave no traces. But in after-times, as the faculty of observation was roused in him by some conception of the powers required to produce what he saw, he expressed more and more astonishment; showed interest; looked, examined; understood, admired.

The perfectly ignorant may wonder, but they cannot admire; to feel the full value of a disco-

very in science, or a production of art, we must understand the difficulties which have been conquered; know the deficiencies which have been supplied, and the advantages gained.

Thus, Rodolphe's curiosity and pleasure increased, in proportion to his greater acquaintance with the objects calculated to arouse them; and, mixing with the multitudes of a great city upon equal terms, the mere absence of insult from them, was to him absolute kindness: all their countenances beamed with benevolence in his unpractised eyes.

Such feelings brightened his own face; its livid hue, was now fast disappearing; while his once famished frame began gradually to assume the fulness and firmness of health.

He attached himself to Giovanni with devotion nearly amounting to idolatry; and, so happy was he made by this indulgence of his affectionate nature, that it was only now and then the remembrance of Auguste came over him in all its bitterness, and drowned him in tears.

Yet the less acute remembrance of that interesting child was stationary in his mind: mixing with its transports of present joy and gratitude, just sufficient sadness, to soften and to elevate them.

"Do you suppose Rodolphe often thinks now of his poor little friend?" asked Cesario, one day, of Giovanni.

"I can give you a proof that he does; and I like him the better for it," returned Giovanni; "I never take him out, and he never returns from any place, without having seen some face which reminds him of Auguste: there is not a church in Genoa, where he does not find some

picture of a youthful Jesus or St. John, which he says resembles what Auguste was. These pictures are rarely like one another; so the heart must be very full of an object, when that object so possesses the eye."

Cesario admitted the truth of this remark; for he had as often felt or fancied resemblances to his lamented father in heads expressive of benignity and mildness. At the end of a fortnight, the Marchesa Brignoletti was pronounced convalescent, and her daughter eagerly prepared to receive the congratulatory visits of her acquaintance.

When Cesario and Giovanni presented themselves, they found her in a circle with Signor Calva, imprudently reproaching him for having absented himself and his wife from Genoa, at a time when their friendly offices would have been most welcome.

The Signor well knew, that by these friendly offices, Beatrice meant the opportunity their house afforded her of seeing the persons there, whom she could not then receive at her mother's; and he smiled equivocally as he whispered, on seeing Cesario enter—"It is quite time to put an end to this business, my cousin; I have made up my mind:—you must either get the Marchesa's consent, or no more meetings with us. The Signora and I, thought we were doing good, when we consented to befriend your attachment to *you* brave fellow; but I believe now we had better never have interfered: it will break off, and—you'll survive it."

He bowed himself out of the room as he concluded, leaving Beatrice covered with confusion, and trembling with vexation.

What was she to do? She thought her former confidants evidently suspected the change in her sentiments; they might impart their suspicions to Cesario; he would then blaze out into madness; he would make their engagement and her inconstancy public: he would prove her duplicity to her mother; Giovanni would despise her for all this, and willingly give the promise, which the other would exact, of shunning her forever; or if, indeed, Giovanni avowed sympathy with her wishes, the death of one or both rivals, might be the consequence.

These thoughts flashed through her mind, as the friends made their way to her. At first she could hardly speak to them for agitation. Cesario attributed this unusual emotion to filial feelings; and Giovanni, to a heart softened by her mother's danger, and to her meritorious struggle with herself. Willing to show her that her present conduct was right and acceptable to him, and that he gave her credit for the intention she professed in her letter to his friend, Giovanni's manner assumed a soothing air of sympathy; he inquired the particulars of the Marchesa's illness, applauded Beatrice for her dutiful attendance in her sick chamber; and assured her, in a lowered voice, that, by persevering in her present conduct, she would command his respect and admiration through life.

If Giovanni were too amiable to Beatrice, even when repulsive and cold, how irresistible did he appear, now that he smiled on her as he did on Cesario—now that his eyes occasionally rested on hers with a look of cordial approbation! She could scarcely bear those eyes: for, under all their sweet expressions, her heart swelled with emo-

tions almost beyond control. The love, the brightness, the dark beauty of Cesário's so lately extolled eyes, were no longer any thing to her: all there, which had once beamed light, was to her blank; the charm was gone—the passion which had bestowed that enrapturing charm!

How brief, how worthless are all the affections of a heart, which does not find its chief delight in contemplating the moral perfections of its object! for in virtue only, do we find increasing, unsating beauty; in virtue only, do we ask no novelty.

On the charms of moral beauty, all mankind agree: her divine lineaments are to be traced from rules drawn by a divine hand; and she has only, therefore, to be seen, to be acknowledged and adored: but material beauty is a thing of mere opinion, subject to argument, unsatisfactory when unconnected with nobler qualities, and perishable in her nature. Unite the two; place the divinely-aspiring soul in the mould 'made after God's own image,' and we have the perfection of man. Then, to love such union—then, to admire the outward type of inward excellence, is natural and right; and we honour the Creator in estimating his work.

Cesario might have observed Beatrice's inattention to himself, had he not been too agreeably occupied in remarking the mutual confidence which he believed was now established between her and his friend. To fix that confidence was the chief object of his present anxiety; after which, he hoped that Giovanni's kind counsel would fortify the courage of Beatrice; and that, supported by him, and prompted by her own wishes, she

would make the trial they proposed of the Marchesa's indulgence.

From the number of persons coming to offer congratulations, and to make inquiries, nothing particular could pass in conversation; Cesario, therefore, yielded to the motion of his friend, and whispering the wish of finding Beatrice alone, at an earlier hour the next day, he bade her adieu!

In their way homewards they encountered the Prince of Melfi. He was standing under the portico of a Palazzo in the Strada Balbi.

"I have news for you, young men," he said, holding out a letter: "the Turk is preparing employment for us all. Signor Cigala, I hope you are still knight enough to draw a sword, and dare a culverin, in aid of your former brethren?"

"What means your Highness?" asked Giovanni, advancing.

"This letter here," returned the Prince, "tells me the sultan Solyman seriously meditates the siege of your island—of Malta I mean; and if we have any true blood in our veins, there is not a man amongst us, who will not be ready, aye rejoiced, to pour it out, in defence of that bulwark of Christendom."

The Prince thought not of compliment: but Giovanni instinctively bowed his head at this gratifying testimony to the order he still loved; and, taking the letter, he ran hastily over its contents.

It was written by a person whose local situation stamped his communications with authority; and the information it gave, was of a nature to rouse all the dormant fire in Giovanni's breast.

It represented the Sultan in the highest state of irritation against the Knights of St. John, whose

ships not only scoured the Archipelago, but had the boldness to run under the very guns of the Ottoman forts. The richest prizes captured by the Turkish corsairs had been retaken by those valiant chevaliers; so that, deprived of their plunder, and insulted in their very harbours, the Turks were roused into a determination of exterminating the whole Order at a blow. Solyman had already issued orders for the assembling of troops at the different ports of the Morea, to be ready for embarkation at the proper season: he was increasing his fleet, and had sent privately to demand the aid of his bashas at Algiers and Tripoli.

All the Mahometan powers, therefore, were in motion; and it remained for Christendom to prove that her energies were equal to the strength of her cause.

"It will be a desperate struggle!" exclaimed the experienced Doria, as Giovanni transferred the letter to Cesario.

"Desperate!" repeated Giovanni, and the look which accompanied that word transformed him into another man; "say a glorious struggle! Who will remain spectator of it?—I would not give my right to be an actor there, for all the other distinctions of life!"

"But you are no longer one of the Order?"

"In my soul, I am," replied Giovanni: and again such a brightness spread over his face, that the prince stood astonished.

"Now I believe all I have heard of you!" he exclaimed, eyeing him with a smile of pleasure. "When I used to pass you in your walks, or meet you in society, and see you so calm, so like a man of peace and study, I confess it was not

possible for me to conceive that such had ever been *a thunderbolt of war*."

Cesario, who glanced over the whole letter in an instant, now interrupted them: he precipitated himself upon Giovanni, crying out, "I will accompany you." He forgot Beatrice, as he embraced his friend in a transport of generous enthusiasm.

"You will go under my orders, I hope," said the prince, with good-humour; "the fleet of Genoa will make but a sorry figure in the harbour of her besieged ally, if her best sailors choose to volunteer fighting on shore."

"You think, then, my prince," asked Giovanni; "that, if the Turk persists in his resolution, Genoa will assist the Grand Master?"

"Can you doubt it?" inquired Doria, "we shall meet before the guns of St. Angelo, depend on it."

"And when may this formidable operation commence?" asked Cesario, suddenly recollecting his bright prospects of love and felicity.

"The project is but hatching," replied Doria, "and will require time to mature. 'Tis now November: I should think they cannot be ready before spring. Those infidel dogs hope to perfect their plan before it is guessed at; and, to do so, they must *creep* towards it; that gives us time; and if I could command Spain as easily as I hope to move Genoa, I'd scotch the young snakes in their nest. I'd burn or cripple every galley before they could assemble into mischief."

"Ah my prince! and rob the brave chevaliers of the glory they are about to gain!"

Doria smiled kindly at Cesario; then said temperately, "At your age I should have made the

same ~~exhibition~~; but I have now lived long enough to know that the greatest glory a soldier or sailor can obtain, is to give up a brilliant action, when the same object may be reached by a less showy and less dangerous road. I should like fighting and fame as well as the youngest of you; but, if I can prevent the Turk beforehand, my conscience won't excuse me if I neglect it."

While this short dialogue was passing between the prince and his officer, Giovanni was musing upon the probable effect of the present conversation on his friend's destiny. He now repented the precipitancy with which he had urged Beatrice to declare her engagement, since it was likely that circumstances would remove both friends for a period long enough to shake even her latest attachment. But who may foresee events? At any rate, he thought, "I have gained one salutary point,—she is awakened to some emulation of nobler character."

"And why should not my friend accompany me, when I go to Malta?" he asked suddenly, anxious to remove Cesario, as soon as possible, from the circle of Beatrice's enchantments. "I will pledge myself to yield him up to you and his duty, the moment the fleet of the republic appears off our island: meanwhile, why may he not share in whatever is going on at Il Borgo?"

"I see no objection to it," replied the prince; "but what says Adimari himself?" My sons tell me that there is a certain attraction in a certain quarter—which—"

Cesario's colour deepened into crimson; he cast down his eyes in some confusion, while stammering out a few words of faint denial.

"Come, come, young man," repeated Doria, "I am neither your confessor nor your judge; but if I can be your advocate (not with the lady, for there you don't want one of course,) but with her relations, I am heartily at your service. My years and name, perhaps, might have influence."

"O my prince!" exclaimed Cesario, seizing his hand, and incapable of uttering more. Giovanni foresaw the agitating scene which must follow; and giving Doria a sign, they turned from the portico into the garden of the Palazzo. There secure from observation, the warm-hearted Doria repeated his offer of service; and inquired the extent of Cesario's addresses to the Signora Brignoletti.

When he heard of their actual engagement, he showed much surprise. "Her mother, certainly, is far from suspecting it!" he said; "the lively Signora has contrived to make her believe that she listens to your enamoured complaints, only to laugh at them. The Marchesa has repeated to me several excellent *bon mots* of her daughter about you. By the mass! this young lady would make a capital politician: however, I conclude stratagems are as fair in love as in war; so we'll not be too nice. As I have always had some weight with the Marchesa, I will do my best to make her favourable. You are noble, if her daughter be rich—you are brave, she beautiful: in my mind the thing is suitable enough. What shall I do?—speak to the Marchesa, or take counsel with the daughter first."

Giovanni undertook an answer to this; for Cesario, struck with what the prince had said un-

reflectingly, was standing silent, astonished and mortified.

It was Giovanni's opinion, that the prince should at once see and speak with the Marchesa, when her health would permit; that of course he should use the only argument the case allowed, Cesario's noble birth and rapidly-rising honours. But perhaps for the lady's sake, it might be as well merely to say, that his young friend had every reason to hope his constancy and character had distinguished him in the Signora's eyes above her other admirers; and that what Cesario now sued for, was but permission to declare his passion in the world, as one not forbidden by the Marchesa; after which he would hasten to win honours, ere he would venture to ask the hand of Beatrice.

"So! here I have plunged all at once into a love affair!" exclaimed the frank-hearted prince: "at my age it is almost ridiculous. I could not—I would not do more for one of my own boys: and let me tell you, Adimari, I am half inclined to make it a quarrel between us, that you have not considered me as a father in this business. You have fallen in love, and given up coming to see me; and I should never have known more of the thing than what common report said, had I not, by some odd chance, taxed you with it myself."

"I confess my fault!" replied Cesario, respectfully, yet fervently kissing the hand then extended to him; "but to talk of Beatrice to any one but a friend of my own age, (glancing at Giovanni;) and besides, I knew your highness had concerns of your own."

"Ay, ay!" interrupted the prince, with a sigh which he hemmed away: "some of my children find me work enough. You may thank the heart-aches which one of them often gives me, for the high, high value I set upon character and conduct. They are worth all the titles and riches in the world. Parents may think themselves happy when their children set their hearts upon persons who have no other fault than want of money."

The veteran's care-furrowed brow clouded as he spoke, and his kindly eyes suffused.

Giovanni, who had heard the family-circumstances to which he alluded, was respectfully silent.

Rumour said that the eldest Doria was privately married to an infamous creature, who had not only been his mistress, but was notorious from a former connexion of that sort with the most profligate cardinal at Rome; and the brave father contemplated, with bitterness, the prospect of all his honours (honours so nobly won) descending to the children of such a disgraceful union.

He had to lament, also, this son's ruinous habit of deep play: a habit into which he had been led by intimacy with a foreigner of high rank but sordid principles; and, as Doria's second son (then absent on a state mission) was eminently qualified to increase the lustre of the family, that circumstance seemed to sharpen the father's pangs. In truth he could not forbear regretting that the rights of primogeniture were unalienable: he could not always suffocate a murmur, when he looked on the brightness of his own and his uncle's fame, and saw the black eclipse with which it was threatened by his eldest born.

But how often do we witness these equal distributions of Providence! where the one scale is so overflowing with distinctions and prosperity, disgrace and disunion too often weigh down the other!

Cesario's quick sensibility was moved—he thought of his own father, whose slightest wish had ever been the law of *his* life; the image affected him; so that he could not refrain from once more taking Doria's hand, and giving it the pressure of respectful sympathy.

The veteran wrung his in return, and smiling cheerfully, said,—“Well—you must let me know when I should ask for an audience of the Marchesa: your fair mistress will give of course the earliest intimation of her mother's complete recovery. Meanwhile, go home and think of your crusade. Make up your mind on that subject; for, if it comes to any thing, you must apply officially for leave.”

“I shall go back immediately to the Palazzo Rosso,” said Cesario; “if I can see Beatrice for five minutes only—go with me, Giovanni—no, stay—I had better see her alone: she will be so overcome—so overjoyed at being relieved from this trying confession to her mother. How I bless this fortunate explanation for her sake!—The prince's gracious arguments in my favour will have smoothed at least part of her difficulties.”

He was hurrying along as he spoke, and, having reached the gate by which they had entered, darted into the street.

Giovanni accompanied the prince to the door of his own residence; conversing, as they went,

upon the subject most important to them, the expected invasion of Malta.

Having discussed it in all its forms, they separated; the one, to return into family-cares, and the other to wait for the re-appearance of his friend.

CHAPTER XX.

CESARIO came back disappointed: the Signora Brignoletti was in her mother's oratory at private mass, and could not be disturbed. But he had returned home, written, and given a letter for her to her page; in which he briefly recapitulated the events of the morning, and requested her to allow him a meeting at vespers, in the church of San Siro, after her usual attendance there.

Never had Giovanni seen him in such a tremor of spirit: Cesario called himself intoxicated with joy and hope; he believed himself so; yet was there a troubled expression in his countenance, which showed that all was not as he wished within.

In truth, there *was* a something rankling there—a trifle;—but it was a stinging trifle; and it pressed upon the most sensitive nerve of his character—its pride.

The Prince of Melfi had said, that Beatrice had made her mother believe Cesario was the object of her ridicule.—In Cesario's eyes this was a mortal sin:—it would have been so to any delicate mind; and he judged rightly, when he thought, that the woman who truly loves, would almost as soon profane *sacred subjects* by irreverent speech, as breathe or endure one contemptuous breath against the object of her affections. He, to whom she hopes to vow love and obedience for

life; he, whose will is to be her law and her delight; must be, in her estimation, the noblest of his kind, or her love and her submission will prove but visions of the fancy.

Cesario tried to banish this recollection, but it returned again and again; and at last he had no other refuge than in the hope that the prince had mistaken the Marchesa.

He now repented the proud feeling which had withheld him from asking Doria to explain himself further on this subject; yet while repenting his pride then, he was now yielding to the same infirmity, and debarring himself the comfort of Giovanni's probable better knowledge in her favor.

Giovanni, however, was too clear-sighted not to know what troubled his friend's transports: he forebore from remarking it: cheering himself with the hope that this dissatisfaction with Beatrice, might lead to that perfect acquaintance with her selfish insincerity, which must finally cure his infatuation.

Upon Giovanni himself, this new light acted like a blessed charm. He saw Beatrice as she really was: light, hollow, ungoverned either by principle or reason: artful, even in the very tempest of the passions; a character, in short, which was rapidly approaching the most startling lengths, solely from its deficiency of self-government.

Thus she, who began with innocence, might easily be led to end in crime: and Giovanni felt with a shudder, that it was in his power to bring her to that horrid point.

So impressed, he found it a difficult task to speak of Beatrice as her lover's present state demanded: but the subject of Malta fortunately was now so connected with that of Beatrice, that

he soon succeeded in engaging Cesario's attention from her, and arousing him to that lively impatience for noble action, which was the natural bent of his soul.

On this day, Cesario watched the setting sun with peculiar anxiety:—he watched the purple twilight till it deepened into its last solemn shade, and then he darted out.

He found the principal streets thronged with people.—The relics of some saint were carrying in procession from a church in the city to one beyond the walls; and he could scarcely get along through the crowd of priests and nuns, the long train of light of whose torches, was seen blazing over the dark mass of rabble behind.

Their sweetly-solemn chant was unheard by him; and but for the interruption their procession gave to his eagerness, perhaps he might not have seen them; so intent was he upon his principal object.

He pushed forwards, regardless of every thing; afraid that Beatrice might be deterred by this very crowd from attending vespers. On reaching the cathedral, he was agreeably disappointed; for he not only found the Signora there, but saw the church was nearly empty. Almost every one had left it to join the procession.

As the service was not quite concluded, he stood at a little distance from the spot where Beatrice was saying her last prayer; and his eye, after one fond glance at her kneeling figure, turned to fix upon the monument of his father.

The scene; the situation; the mixture of transport and dissatisfaction which was swelling his breast; the recollection of all that he had enjoyed, during his father's life, and all he had suffer-

ed since his death: the idea of Giovanni; the maternal care of Doria; and lastly, Beatrice's insensibility, when she first saw his father's monument; every one of these circumstances pressed upon him with more than usual force. Some prophetic sadness mingled with regret for past blessings: and he almost audibly exclaimed, "O Beatrice, why am I compelled to feel that there is a want in the creature I love dearest?"—

A moment afterwards, the small congregation separated; and Cesario, hastening to Beatrice, led her into a remote part of the church.

There they walked long and undisturbed. Beatrice was veiled from head to foot; so that, except from the sound of her voice, it was impossible to discover her emotions.

Cesario first recapitulated the friendly purpose of Prince Doria, together with his own hopes and wishes; then described in glowing terms all the glory he promised himself in serving with the Knights of St. John; and at last ventured to declare his condemnation of what had so keenly pained him.

Beatrice did not lose the opportunity this afforded her. During his discourse she had heard only, that Giovanni was still as eager as ever to urge on her marriage, or at least the public avowal of her engagement with his friend: she only saw Giovanni resolutely flying from her. Whatever impelled him, whether despotic principle, or cold indifference to her enchantments, Cesario was the cause, and, as such, Cesario became almost hateful in her eyes. The idea of marrying him, even of confessing that she ever wished to do so, was abhorrent to her mind; and, bursting into repeated passions of tears, she reproached him

for his honourable censure of her humiliating artifice with her mother; declared, he loved her no longer as he had done; that she never would marry one who could make so ungrateful a return for an innocent deceit practised from tenderness for him: and finally, in a tone of distraction, protested her resolution of shutting herself up from the ungrateful world in a convent.

At first, Cesario yielded to her storm of indignation: for he thought it but a storm, brief as violent, and excusable, perhaps, in one whose heart, he fondly fancied, meant right, even when her judgment led her wrong.

But Beatrice was not to be softened, either by his silence, his submission, or his weak pleadings: he had unwarily given her an argument for breaking with him, and she therefore resented this first rebuke of his, with a violence which argued ill for his lawful rule over her, whenever she should endow him with a husband's authority.

At this moment, however, the amazed and agonized Cesario thought of nothing but the frightful possibility of losing her affections: he conjured her, in the name of their former confidence, to recal her cruel threat: to remember how he had loved, how idolized her; to think what distraction must follow if she persisted in taking the veil. He implored her in the name of that father, whose memorial stood before them—that father, for whom she alone was an equivalent, not to destroy at one stroke all the promise of his youth; not to condemn him to madness or self-destruction.

Beatrice was inflexible: she broke from his arms, as he threw himself distractedly at her feet, trying to clasp her knees; and calling to her page without, she hurried into the street.

Her disappearance roused the lover from his trance: he started from his ignoble posture: indignation kindled in him like sudden fire, while, with a heart which might be said actually to burn, he rushed out of the church.

His looks and manner, when he entered with Giovanni, scarcely needed explanation. He threw himself into a seat with a look in which the fire of outraged love was, alas, quite gone out! He was now pale and haggard.

"It is past—gone!—gone!—" he exclaimed. "She is implacable."

The last words astonished Giovanni, who rather expected to hear that she had made some half confession of her altered feelings.

"Implacable!" he repeated, "in what have you offended her?"

Cesario hurried out an explanation; but it was so often broken by his passionate burst of anguish and self-blame, that it was long ere Giovanni could collect the particulars.

This truest of friends could almost have ejaculated a thanksgiving for so critical a turn in the conduct of Beatrice; but when he looked upon the distracted figure of the man whom he cherished with a brother's tenderness, his heart melted into sympathy. He approached him, and by every affectionate art sought to assuage the acuteness of immediate suffering.

The end Giovanni foresaw and rejoiced in; he foresaw that Beatrice would at last completely unmask herself, and that Cesario would escape so unworthy an union. In the tumult and anxiety of war, he hoped his spirit might find that lively interest without which a heart like his, must lose all relish for life. Could he be brought to endure his present desolation of soul but for a cer-

tain period, after that, his recovery from a passion he would then begin to blush at, would be certain.

Giovanni himself had experienced this: he had gone through every stage of pain and amendment, which they must pass through, whose affections have been fixed either on a fickle or a deceitful object; and he knew, therefore, better than most men, what arguments to use with Cesario.

It was no longer his duty to direct his friend's attention to the Signora's faults; it was rather his province to hold off part of that heavy weight of disappointment which must at last fall on him, and which, coming suddenly, might crush him at once. He made light of Beatrice's anger; represented it as the wrath of an indulged child, which, if it had no root in the heart, could not have outlived the instant of its utterance.

"Surely," he said, "Cesario could not imagine her seriously, deliberately resolved on punishing him with such rigour for having uttered an unwelcome truth; and yet continue to think her worthy of love and regret?"

Cesario felt that he ought *not* to regret her if it were so—but that he *would* not!—Who that has ever loved, and ever felt or fancied unkindness from the person beloved, who in such circumstances could have replied sincerely!

Giovanni's affectionate soothings by degrees restored Cesario to himself: he yielded to that cheating confidence in the character of Beatrice which had so fatally ensnared him hitherto; and suddenly recollecting the facility with which she pardoned Giovanni's unqualified censures and unsubmitting firmness, he exclaimed,—“ Oh,

she will pardon me—I had forgotten her generosity to you.”

Giovanni turned away his face without speaking. It was not his wish to give a false colour to Beatrice, he was only solicitous to spare Cesario the complete shock of disappointment; and he endeavoured, therefore, to separate approbation of her conduct from assurances of his belief that her resentful resolution could not continue; if, indeed, her attachment had ever deserved the name of an affection.

Cesario was not in a mood to scrutinize phrases; these guarded expressions, therefore, went unnoticed by him. He passed from one violent emotion to another, and saw nothing distinctly but the images of former happiness.

From each of these, he not only drew arguments for reliance upon Beatrice, but reasons for regarding her more fondly. Instances of former devotedness to him, of disinterested, generous, what he thought self-sacrificing love, rose before him, and filled his heart with a transport of tender gratitude. He magnified the idols of rank and riches only that he might find Beatrice admirable in having despised them for his sake; yet, had he questioned his own heart, how pitiful would such a sacrifice have seemed to it, if required as a proof of its devotion!

While Giovanni listened to this torrent of delusions, he was wrung with compassion; and, conscious how soon all must change into bitterness, he felt it harder to command his feelings now, than when he saw Cesario actually in the grasp of misery.

At a very late hour they parted: Giovanni, to lead the devotions of his household; and Cesario,

to resign himself to the idea of an earthly object, little calculated to draw him on to nobler meditations.

The next day carried the friends to the Palazzo Rosso: the Marchesa was not risen, and her daughter was therefore mistress of the next hour.

She received Cesario in that cabinet which has for two centuries since, been the admiration of Europe. Giovanni declined entering till the first embarrassment of their meeting should have subsided.

It was not long ere he was called in.

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Cesario on his entrance, "now do I demand all the succours of your friendship!—help me to understand Beatrice—to understand myself—what is it I have done?—am I indeed deserving?—think for me—judge me—for *I* can no longer think."—He struck his forehead with his clasped hand as he spoke, and looked wildly round, as if indeed under the influence of temporary madness.

Giovanni stood where this address had arrested him, and fixing his eyes on Beatrice with an air of severe virtue, said firmly, "You do not mean me to understand that the Signora can, upon reflection, persist in her senseless anger of last night?"

"Yes!—she renounces me—she will not forgive—she refuses——" Cesario's frantic and disjointed answer was interrupted by Beatrice, who put aside her veil, and, directing an expressive glance at Giovanni, exclaimed,—

"Do not *you* condemn me, Signor Cigala; I am sick of the world, and am determined to leave it. O do not think I would pain *your* friend, if my own perpetual misery were not——"

"Perpetual misery!" echoed Cesario, "what do I hear?—some demon in the shape of a confessor, I suppose, has terrified her with preposterous threatenings; and now she fancies it piety to renounce me,—"

"Giovanni! you that are skilled in all the learning of the schools, talk to her; convince her that it is not a work to gain heaven by, that of breaking a fond and faithful heart!"

Cesario's voice was choked by a thousand melting feelings, and walking into the other apartment to recover himself, he gave Giovanni a few moments for unrestrained speech.

"Madam!" said the latter, firmly grasping the wrist of Beatrice, "in the name of God I adjure you, act fairly with my friend in this last struggle between his faithful and your estranged heart! Act without artifice; and as you hope for mercy in your dying hour, be just to him: to delude him on, is to cheat him of his youth—of all that ardent youth prompts him to pursue and win. Have the courage to be hated by him;—if you do indeed no longer love him, tell him so, and set him free; I then will be his anchorage. My heart wants nothing but friendship."

"Oh barbarian!" exclaimed the distracted Beatrice, catching his arm as he turned away, gentle to every other creature, harsh, cruel, merciless to me only! Why will you thus wring from me, what shame——?" A burning blush covered her face as she broke off; and the very action of averting her eyes said more than if she had looked on him.

Giovanni shook her off, as he would have done a serpent; and, springing into the apartment to which Cesario had retired, he took hold of him.

"Let us go," he cried, with the command of a superior being; "this is no place for you; I cannot move her."

Cesario would have resisted, but there was a strength in Giovanni's grasp which defied resistance, and ere the former was aware of it he found himself in the open street.

During the first hour of their conversation, Cesario's despair mastered his reason: he raved alternately against Beatrice's unkindness, Giovanni's fastidious observation of her, and his own folly in acting by the advice of one so prejudiced.

Giovanni gave the storm way, till; exhausted by his own violence, Cesario sunk into speechless dejection.

It was then that his friend began, with the tenderest care, to prepare his mind for a final separation from this too-fondly considered object; he ventured to discuss the nature of true courage; which is better displayed by enduring misfortune nobly, than by contending victoriously in the field.

He reminded him of his father's memory, and of his own fair fame; he enlarged on these, as motives for exertion, assuring him, that each foregone gallant action was an additional pledge to his country of future services.

He tried to re-awaken in him that honourable ambition which seeks distinction by the path of usefulness; and, if he ventured to speak of his own conduct under similar disappointment, he did it, not as proposing himself for an example of fortitude, but as a proof that happiness is attainable, after the loss of one, whom, however

we may have prized, we must eventually condemn.

He closed his exhortations, by advising Cesario to write to Beatrice, and try once more to shake her purpose; if her reply were still inexorable, he recommended him then to quit Genoa with him.

While he described the characters of several individuals of the Order for which they hoped to draw the defensive sword, and enlarged on the spirit-stirring scenes in which they might so soon be engaged together, he communicated a momentary enthusiasm to Cesario: the eyes of that unhappy young man kindled with all their former fire, but that fire lasted not; and he sank again into lifeless despondency.

"I will at least have one triumph over her!" he said, after a long and dismal silence,—“the world shall never know her cruelty. It may continue to believe that I was a presumptuous fool—that she never loved me!”—He sighed as if his heart were rent in twain by the sigh, and relapsed into a gloomy reverie.

Giovanni's entreaties that he would rouse himself, brought him out of this trance of despair; he seized a pen and wrote to Beatrice.

He wrote long, and wildly, but in the midst of lamentation and complaint, he declared his purpose of accompanying his friend immediately to Malta, assuring her, that beyond the loyal breast of that friend, and the Prince of Melfi, the secret of her professed attachment to him should never transpire: that he was then going to exact from the prince a promise of that sort, which would leave Beatrice to bestow herself, uncen-

sure~~d~~ by the world, upon some happier man than him who had loved her only too well.

Giovanni could not condemn any part of this letter; its generosity affected him; and he despatched it, though neither hoping nor wishing that the foolish Beatrice might be moved by its passionate pleadings.

The answer was such as he expected—embarrassed and agitated; evidently written under a humiliating sense of shame, which she strove to cover by confused allusions to her duty as a daughter, by resentment of Cesario's displeasure at what she called the strongest proof of her regard, and by declarations of her inclinations for a religious life.

She concluded with a prayer for Cesario's happiness and honour: and repeating her resolution to take the veil, bade him an eternal farewell.

Even till this moment Cesario believed himself entirely convinced that his situation was desperate, but he now found that some hope glimmered through all that darkness; this letter extinguished it: this selfish, unrelenting, ungenerous letter,—when he closed it, he felt as if his heart were withered forever.

He remained sitting where he had read it, with his eyes fixed upon the vellum; though he no longer took cognizance of the characters, he heard the voice of Giovanni uttering, at times, a few words of courage and comfort.

The quarter carillons of the churches rang their musical chimes again and again, before the unhappy young man regained any consciousness to things around him: when he did so, he recovered himself with a heavy sigh, and laying his chil-

ly hand on the arm of Giovanni, and, with a wintry smile,

“Let us go now Giovanni—let us leave Genoa together—if you can bear with such a wretch as I am.”

Giovanni's reply was an embrace full of his afflicted soul. Cesario rather yielded to, than returned it; but ere he rose from the neck of that incomparable friend, he gave him one convulsive, expressive pressure, and sighing again from the very depth of his heart, left him for solitude and struggle.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN they met next, it was not to talk of *Beatrice*, for *Cesario* avoided her name, but to settle the time and mode of their departure.

Cesario confessed his eagerness to be gone; but, as *Giovanni* had many dependants to consider, and arrangements to make, in case he never might return, it was not possible for him to depart so suddenly.

He was, besides, under obligation to assist at the celebration of a marriage which he had made between a ward of his father's and the heir of a noble family.

This was one of those disagreeable necessities which the world imposes upon us: one of those cases when we cannot assign our reason for a disinclination to do what the world expects from us, in compliance with its usual forms.

The public service upon which he was going to volunteer, did not require his immediate presence; and his private reason (a heart aching for his friend) was not to be given in consideration of the *Brignoletti* family. It was therefore painfully incumbent on *Giovanni* to appear through all the ceremonies and festivities of these nuptials; and it was agreed between them that *Cesario* should go to *Civita Vecchia*, and wait there the arrival of his friend; after which they were to embark together for *Malta*.

A letter of gratitude, and respect, ~~was~~ action was the only return ~~Cesario~~ could make to the warm-hearted prince of Melfi. He had not fortitude to support a personal leave-taking with the ~~man~~ whom he had last seen when his brightest hopes were shining. He claimed secrecy from the prince, with relation to Beatrice; and pledging himself henceforth to devote his whole heart to glory, he prayed his Highness to grant him that leave for accompanying Giovanni to Malta, which he so lately promised.

Doria's reply was written with kindly indulgence to the first disappointment of an ardent nature. He commended his resolution of seeking forgetfulness of a capricious mistress, even "at the cannon's mouth;" and, enclosing him the official permission he asked, bade him adieu.

Cesario had little more to do after this in Genoa. The friendly kinsman, under whose roof he dwelt, regretted, but could not blame his eagerness to seek military employment. "Arms are his profession," thought the Syndic, "and if we mean to advance in any way of life, we must not stand still." With this sagely self-evident proposition, he gave Cesario his parting benediction, coupled with the hope of soon seeing him return.

Cesario would not trust himself with a sight of his father's monument: yet twice he went to San Siro, twice he put his foot upon the threshold, and as often turned away in a paroxysm of bitter recollection. It was in that church, near that very monument, Beatrice had first condemned him to despair! How then could he bear to look on it?

But his filial heart recompensed itself amply in the chapel at the Marino. There, where the actual remains of that dear father reposed, he gave

way, every tender recollection; and felt himself more all the more.

"O, that I had never loved! Ought but thee!" he cried in bitterness of soul, as he embraced the cold marble which covered that sainted dust. He forgot Giovanni at that moment; but in the frenzies of betrayed love, even friendship is forgotten.

Cesario left Genoa on the very day of Giulio Carega's marriage with the ward of Giovanni; and though proposing soon to follow, his friend contemplated with distaste, nearly amounting to disgust, the mask and supper at which he must appear in the evening. Mirth, indeed, is mockery to "a mind diseased."

Giovanni saw, with regret, that Cesario went not in such utter desolation of soul as he professed to do: for Giovanni knew how fallacious was the hope which began again to cheat that sanguine spirit; and aware that his friend's future peace was only to be purchased by total despair now, he would not fan a kindling hope by one breath of indulgence.

He spoke to Cesario of Beatrice, as of one cut off from him for ever by her own unjustifiable act; he called on him therefore, to show his attachment had been grounded on the belief, at least, of excellence in her; and he conjured him to recollect by what a degrading artifice she had prevented her mother's interference with their engagement.

This last argument was the deadly probe: so sensitive was Cesario's wounded delicacy, that he scarcely endured the salutary point of that probe, even from the apprehensive hand of friendship.—Starting at that part of the subject, with

a look which convinced *Cesario* that he must not press it again, and feeling a throb of momentary resentment, *Cesario* seized his friend's hand, wrung it in both his, burst into an agonized groan, and departed.

He returned once more (almost mechanically) to the *Syndic's*; but there was nothing there to detain him—no letter, no message. When he found himself actually on the road from *Genoa*, and became convinced that *Beatrice* would not recall him, his amazed senses nearly deserted him. He was tempted to ride back, go to her, implore her, die before her! To live without her, he believed impossible; but yet it was easier for him to die, than to bend his insulted spirit to a recantation of what had offended her.

Neither pride nor principle would let him do otherwise than assert his displeasure at the stratagem by which she blinded her mother. That she could have mocked his love, and ridiculed its pretensions, was something so gross, so unworthy, so incompatible with the idolatry of true attachment, that he never thought of it without indignation.

Contrition, indeed, might have effaced that hateful impression of art and indelicacy; but *Beatrice* had defended her conduct, and braved his anger: and where was he to find security, if the wife to whom he confided his honour, were guided by such pernicious policy?

As these reflections crowded on him, *Cesario's* paroxysm of relenting fondness died away: but again, and again it returned. He granted something to her pride, and more to maidenly modesty: perhaps she wished to recall him, yet was restrained by these two motives (motives generally

terred honourable to a woman so circumstanced); perhaps even now she was given up to greater despair than he was: — for how passionately did she once return his affections!

If she had really ceased to prefer him, why should she express such a distaste to life? why should she not remain in the world, enjoying the bright season of her youth and beauty? why should she seek to fly other admirers? — but if she were only chilled to him by resentment of his supposed offence, and consequent doubt of his affection, why then her tenderness must return with the conviction of his truth.

Cesario was amazed that he had never seen the subject in this light before; he even wondered that Giovanni had not urged it on him. Certain facts spoke for themselves: Beatrice had not shown favour to any other man; and she was, in the very May-morning of life, with all its golden prospects before her, going to immure herself in a convent!

So instantaneous a blaze of hope blinded Cesario to every thing else: he now saw but one object—the blissful re-union to which it directed him; and, all Beatrice's errors forgotten, all his own feelings, all Giovanni's reasonings, he determined to throw himself upon the good offices of Signor Calva.

With this purpose, and already abandoned to the utmost joy of his sanguine nature, Cesario changed his route, and galloped to the country-house of Beatrice's cousin.

He found the Signor at home, but his wife was at Genoa. Cesario's errand was soon told; after which Signor Calva, having first professed his readiness to serve him, took the liberty of ques-

tioning him upon several particulars. He testified peculiar curiosity about all that had passed between Cesario and his friend on the subject of Beatrice; at each detail making some significant motion of the head or shoulders.

Signor Calva was one of those good-natured, well-meaning persons, who see parts of a subject very clearly, but have not discernment enough to take in the whole of any. He judged every event and character by common rules; and, as his measure could not stretch to any thing beyond the ordinary standard of human conduct, he was, consequently, sometimes mistaken.

The character of Giovanni Cigala entirely passed the bounds of his comprehension; so that he more readily imagined his friendship failing before the seductions of youth and beauty, than a well-educated young woman, like the Signora Brignoletti, shamelessly breaking from one lover to woo another.

The Signor's principles were not so nice, or so consistent, as to condemn with the same severity the same conduct in different persons. If a man's vices, or a woman's frailties, did not injure either his honour or happiness, he considered them as every-day matters. Thus, he could be very indignant at one particular action, and yet tolerate the performer of it. In short, he resented or excused every dereliction from high principle, just so far as it affected himself or his friends. He thought he had reason to think Giovanni no longer true in one point to Cesario, and that falseness he believed it right to detect: but he never suspected that by asserting this, he was doing more than accusing Giovanni of some mere natural frailties; he was pronouncing him to be

one of the most sly impostors that ever cheated under the mask of virtue.

Believing Cesario more the dupe of his friend than of his mistress, yet imagining him deceived by both, he thought it an act of good-nature to show him the double imposition; and, by that warning, afford him an opportunity and motive for being beforehand with the dissemblers, by breaking with the lady, and treating his rival with the contempt he merited.

In this feeling he spoke; meaning well, acting ill.

Oh! the responsibility we take on ourselves, when we attempt to shake the confidence of another! Long should we ponder on it, widely should we survey every part of the character we are about to make an object of suspicion! Which of us, indeed, dare give our own conjectures in the place of facts?

Signor Calva had but his own imperfect observations and hasty fancies to warrant him in what he thought; yet he rashly uttered those thoughts, and laid waste two hearts which were lately all affection and trust.

“So, it was Signor Cigala who first advised you and Beatrice to acknowledge your mutual engagement to the Marchesa?” he observed, drily: “the consequence he must have foreseen—the Marchesa’s prohibition of her daughter’s intercourse with you: for, besides other objections she would be incensed past forgiveness by your joint concealment of it. I cannot admire *that* part of his advice: but, perhaps, he calculated upon keeping up your mutual attachment by charging himself with your several billets; for he, of course, would not have been exiled. Then he does not counsel you to try your fate again with

Beatrice? He thinks you had better give her up at once, and go with him to Malta:—but he does not go, after all; he remains for these marriage-festivities (which I used to fancy he would despise) at the Carega Palace.”

Signor Calva paused frequently during this speech, and looked significantly at Cesario: he looked still more significantly when he concluded it. The heart of the latter was dull in the science of suspicion; he read no particular meaning in the Signor's large round eyes, but replied simply, “He will follow me when they are over. Giovanni does not counsel me to try Beatrice again because he judges her strange conduct with severity, perhaps I ought to say, with justice. Indeed, he is so displeased with her, that I fear he does not wish her to recall me.”

“I believe it,” observed the Signor, more drily than before. He waited for some remark from Cesario, but the latter, absorbed in recollection, not making any, he resumed.

“And, if I go upon this embassy for you, Signor Adimari, what terms am I to propose? Still the avowal of your engagement, or unconditional submission?”

“O, nothing! nothing that can alarm Beatrice, or threaten us with separation. Tell her, I am content to endure months of penance for my fault—to wear out my life in expectation, so she will but allow me to see one bright hope at the end of it. Oh! let her but receive me again into her heart, and consent to hear me pour my soul out at her feet—” Cesario broke off ashamed of his folly. Signor Calva rested his hand on his

shoulder, with a mixed feeling of concern for him, and vexation at his credulity.

"I am heartily sorry to put an end to these sanguine feelings of your's," he said, "but I really do not believe my visit to Beatrice would produce any good. My wife and I have not been stupid observers: we long ago suspected that her inclinations had changed their object; and now we are convinced of it. It was this suspicion which made us withdraw from our house in town."

"Changed their object!" repeated Cesario, in wild, incredulous astonishment. "You cannot mean it!—What man does she receive with any distinction?"

"What man has she pardoned, again and again, for doubting the sincerity of her intentions in your favour?" asked Calva, in a lowered voice. "What man has she allowed to rebuke, to control, almost to govern her?"

"Ha!" cried Cesario, flashing round on him, "have a care Signor!"—and he grasped the hilt of his sword, as if instinctively prompted to avenge this insinuation against his friend.

"I have done!" said the signor, somewhat chagrined at what he thought ingratitude for his good intentions. "I can have no interest in it; time will show"—and opening a trelliced door, he went out into his garden.

Cesario stood a moment or two, breathless with indignation; then, struck at once by a multitude of hideous recollections, he rushed after the signor. "Explain yourself," he cried; "I demand explanation. What infernal suspicion would your words——Giovanni false! Giovanni——Speak, signor!"

"I have no absolute proofs to bring you," replied Calva, "but evidence, which, in my mind, amounts to proof.—Have you temper to hear it?"

"Temper!" ejaculated Cesario, pressing his hand tightly on his convulsed heart,—“Go on, signor.”

Calva sat down on a rustic bench, and Cesario threw himself beside him.

The former then began to recapitulate all Giovanni's deep attention to the looks, words, and actions of the Signora Brignoletti during their first acquaintance at his house; from which time, he said, both he and his wife had since remarked that her partiality for Cesario began to decline.

He then proceeded to describe Beatrice's violent agony when she heard the story of the banditti; and he bade Cesario remember, that her first words, on recovering from her swoon on that occasion, were, not thanksgiving and joy for *his* safety, but eager inquiry after his friend.

Cesario started under the pressure of Signor Calva's fingers at this suggestion, as if he had received the shock of a torpedo: his countenance changed horribly—but he spoke not. The signor resumed.

His next argument was drawn from the strange scene they had all witnessed between her and Giovanni, at San Pietro d'Arena; what followed, when Beatrice and Cesario were afterwards alone together, the signor knew not; but he ventured to challenge her lover's recollections of that interview, feeling sure they would corroborate what he suggested.

Cesario's recollections were now indeed beginning to compose: they prest on him so fast and thick, that he dared not look upon them. "I

cannot remember—I will not think—No more—no more, for the love of God!”—and starting up, he took some hasty steps across the path—then, as hastily returning, he besought the signor to proceed.

Calva was now sincerely sorry for what he had done, and was very unwilling to proceed; but Cesario's impatience was so inflamed by opposition, that the signor, still thinking he was doing a duty, though an unpleasant one, conquered what he considered a weakness, and went on.

He had previously drawn enough from Cesario, to have those additional proofs at his command, which might be said to consist in the facility with which Beatrice yielded to, and the authority with which Giovanni uttered any counsel or reproof: her extreme repugnance to the avowal of her engagement with Cesario, might be dated from her acquaintance with Giovanni; and her present notion of taking the veil could be only the desperate resource of a person resolved not to act as she ought, and ashamed of acting as she wished.

“And where is Giovanni's perfidy!” exclaimed the life-struck Cesario, yet clinging to the last dearest object, in this wreck of all that was precious to him, “if Beatrice indeed——”

“You do not fancy my cousin's affections could have changed of themselves?” interrupted the signor. “Think better of her, and of yourself! We may hope for the honour of the sex, that your friend's passion was the first to break through the bounds I have no doubt they began by prescribing to themselves.”

“My friend! Giovanni!” repeated Cesario, in a hollow voice, fixing his eyes with glazy vacancy of look on the face of his companion.

"You cannot doubt the Cavaliere Cigala's passion," resumed the signor, "when you recall his continued anxiety to wean your heart from Beatrice. No man of common experience expects much sense or prudence amongst women, and he could not really condemn such a pretty, spoiled thing for the little thoughtless follies he reprehended so severely. How could you be so blind? Then his insisting upon her dutiful avowal to her mother, was evidently meant only to extort the Marchesa's positive command for her to break with you. They have not, however, had patience to wait for that; it is broken off, upon that childish pretence, (your un-lover-like ill-humour,) and you are now on your way to death or glory. Signor Cigala, however, remains: he and Beatrice meet this night at the Palazzo Carega: I know it for a fact."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Cesario, starting up, maddened by successive agonies of doubt, conviction, and despair; the next instant he staggered a few paces, and fell against one of the trees: he was for some moments quite insensible.

"If I were a choleric man," said the signor, when Cesario showed signs of consciousness, "that expression of yours might have been fatal to one or other of us; but I allow for your present irritation; Adimari; and I do assure you, that I wish I had not burned my fingers with this business. You know how cordially both my wife and I espoused your interests for your own sake, as much as for our pretty cousin, (though all the time, I blamed myself for countenancing any thing clandestine;) you know how greatly we admired your friend; and you cannot suppose, therefore, that we would have withdrawn ourselves

from Signor Brignoletti at the period of her mother's illness, (if I have told you, and from various trifling circumstances which women observe amongst each other, because *they* know their meaning,) if we had not become convinced that Beatrice meant to play you false! I do sincerely believe Signor Cigala to be a noble fellow; at least that he has done his best to struggle against what has conquered greater saints and philosophers than himself: but he is flesh and blood, like the rest of us; and Beatrice's eyes are not to be resisted, especially when there is love in their glances."

"Madness! torture!" exclaimed the frantic Cesario, "I have heard enough,—but stay—when, said you, they were to meet?" Signor Calva proceeded, not only to repeat when, but to detail the odd chance by which he had discovered their intended meeting.

That very morning, a woman employed to make festival habits, had sent by mistake, a Spanish gipsy's dress, designed for the Signora Brignoletti, to the Signora Calva, instead of some other which the latter lady had ordered.

When this person came to repair her error, she prayed the signora to keep the discovery to herself, as the young lady had sworn her to secrecy; fearing the indecorum of going to a mask at the Palazzo Carega, when her mother was yet but partially recovered.

To Beatrice, indeed, who was drugged with similar pleasures, this mask could have but one attraction, the presence of Giovanni: and who, therefore, could imagine that any thing but his more than avowed sympathy with her attachment, his absolute importunities, could have led her

into the imprudence of going thus clandestinely, where she must go without a protector?

The inference was too obvious. Cesario stood rivetted where this conviction first struck him; in outward appearance he appeared stupified; but in fact his thoughts were flying, with the rapidity of light, from point to point of this horrid subject; now believing, now rejecting every startling circumstance which made against the fidelity of his friend.

"Proof—and proof only!" he said at last, in a determined voice. "I will see them together, or I will not believe. Signor Calva, I thank you for your intentions: from my soul I believe you mean me well, but you may be mistaken; and you cannot blame me for resolving to rely only upon the evidence of my own senses. If Giovanni be false—if he has deceived me but in one, the smallest atom, then is heaven false and hell true."

"Well, then, you mean to go to the Palazzo Carega?" asked Calva: I'll accompany you—our masks will conceal us, if we choose they shall do so; and there can be no sin in coming at the truth by any means."

A very short time was required to fix the necessary arrangement. Signor Calva now made it a point of honour to substantiate his accusations; and Cesario was in that state of feverish impatience which hurries its unhappy victim on to the very conviction he dreads to find.

Signor Calva was to join his wife in Genoa, as he had engaged to do, ere she left him! He was then to prepare a mask and domino for Cesario, who was to accompany him to the Palazzo Carega; then, they were to separate, and singly watch

these persons whose conduct there must stamp
on their face their suspicions.

This settled, they parted: Signor Calva to quar-
rel with himself for his officious interference
(since he lamented the pain he had inflicted;) and
Cesario, to tread back that labyrinth of deception
and horror into which he had been forcibly led.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALL the arguments urged by Signor Calva to prove the mutual understanding between Giovanni and Beatrice, were now powerfully supported by Cesario's own recollections: it explained all Beatrice's inconsistencies, and Giovanni's austerity,—that austerity which was so incomprehensible to him. It did not seem assumed. O that seemed!—there lay the damning solution of the mystery.

It was plain they had both counterfeited: Beatrice loved Giovanni, Giovanni loved her. Cesario believed he could have forgiven him that love, had he avowed it frankly; but to endeavour at undermining *his* attachment to her, by counterfeiting displeasure at venial faults; to lay a plot to get him banished from the Marchesa's house; was a treachery to which Cesario felt that not even love, all-powerful as it was over his heart, could have made him subservient.

Yet, was it not possible, after all, that Giovanni might detest his own frailty, and determine to refuse the happiness he must purchase with the life's blood of his friend. Might not Beatrice, too, rather resolve to sacrifice her bloom to a cloister, than plant such a dagger in the breast she once joyed to reign over? Their meeting to-night might be intended for a last farewell! if so, Cesario might still retain a remnant of happier

days: ~~nothing~~ of what had once possessed every affection of his soul.

Friendship and love were indeed too strong within him, for one blow, however violent, to dislodge them. He clung to this fond fancy, the moment it appeared; and the romantic wish of proving himself more generous than his friend and mistress were unkind, happily arose to divide his heart.

He now determined to see Giovanni at his own house; there to tell him, openly, what he knew and imagined of his smothered passion for Beatrice: he would then learn how far she returned that passion, and if entirely, he resolved to resign her to him.

Filled with this deceitful idea of his moral strength, and unconscious of his own insincerity, Cesario hastened to retake the road to the Marino. As he went along, his busy thoughts pictured the scene he was about to go through, in a thousand varieties. Had he reflected on the nature of those day-dreams, it would have awakened him from his trance of self-delusion: they were prompted by his secret hopes, as much as by his wishes; they were all full of high-wrought enthusiasm and generous sacrifice. They represented himself in a struggle of agony and devotedness, and Giovanni, overpowered by his heroism. They ended, how?—by the conquest of principle over the two hearts which passion had led astray. Thus, however they began, they concluded in Cesario's restoration to the affections of his mistress; and the sacrifice he meditated, was therefore but one of those vain visions of impracticable romance, which, only those indulge, who know not the tyranny of love, and the weakness of youth.

The day had been far advanced, when Cesario encountered Signor Calva; it was far spent ere he reached the Marino. Giovanni was not there: he was gone, his domestics said, into Genoa, purposing to remain for the mask at the Palazzo Carega.

Chilled and disappointed, Cesario hastened to Genoa. Giovanni was not at his house even there; he might be already at the Palazzo Carega; or he might have gone out, in consequence of a billet brought him by an unknown person.

Cesario's false courage was nearly exhausted; and this second check to the feverish ardour with which he sought explanation, extinguished it at once.

This billet, the servant mentioned, came most likely from Beatrice. They *were* to meet at the Count Carega's. Ah well! then there was no self-sacrifice purposed by either of them; *he* was to be the sacrifice.

Crushed at once, all the romantic mixture of struggle and transport with which he had so lately medicined his sick soul, vanished like a broken spell: the wretched Cesario turned, to go, he knew not whither; and turning, found himself by the side of Signor Calva.

The Signor, guessing something of his feelings, uttered but a few words of friendly salutation, and led him to his own residence.

Cesario scarcely spoke during the interval which elapsed between this rencontre and the fête at the Palazzo Carega.

The Signora Calva, having made one of the bridal party through the day, appeared not to interrupt, or rather relieve her husband in his fruitless attempt at reconciling Cesario to his fate.

The latter was again abandoned to a trance of rapid, incoherent thought.

Yet, though dead to every other thing, he heard and registered all that Signor Calva continued to urge in support of his destructive opinion: and when the hour came for joining the lively groups at the Palazzo Carega, he threw on his disguise with breathless eagerness.

Many masks were assembled, when Cesario followed Signor Calva into the principal saloon of the Palazzo: the bridal party were easily distinguished by the fancy and splendour of their dresses:—Giovanni alone was magnificent with simplicity.

He wore a suit of pliant amber-coloured leather, richly damasked with pearls; over which a loose cloak of azure silk served but to mark the noble movements of his figure.

He was reclining along the lowest step of a sort of throne, where the bride was seated: his head raised, and inclined back to address her at the moment of Cesario's entrance, gave, by that action, a peculiar grace to his whole person.

The benevolent satisfaction of his heart was diffused over his countenance; yet was there a sweet heaviness in his eyes, perhaps more touching than their usual cloudless serenity.

Cesario's distempered fancy attributed this expression to the soft reveries of love, while in fact it proceeded from suppressed sorrow for him.

Never before had Cesario examined his friend's figure with the gaze of jealousy; and never before, therefore, had he remarked all its symmetry.

"What sorcery blinded me till now!" he exclaimed, half-aloud, as he stood gazing on him. "How could I believe that perfection of manly

grace was dead to the passion he must inspire?—how could I suppose, that my wretched self might ever bear comparison——” He stopped, overcome with shame at this humiliating idea; for, was it possible to lament the woman, whose heart was either to be won or lost by mere exterior?

His ready heart had an answer for that also; it told him, that in character he was as inferior to Giovanni as in person.

Signor Calva drew near him at that moment. “Leave me, I pray of you,” said the latter hastily, ere he could address him. “I can scarcely endure my own thoughts, much less any society. I would not be shackled.”

The good-tempered Calva motioned acquiescence, and mingled with the crowd.

Cesario remained where he left him, till the increasing influx of masks disturbed his meditations, and obstructed his view. He then changed his place; and, during that change, Giovanni escaped him.

Cesario looked round in every direction; but pillars, arches, groups of statuary intervened, and Giovanni was no longer discernible. He then gathered his large domino round him, and hastened where he thought it most likely for Giovanni and Beatrice to meet.

He got by degrees through the long suite of saloons, perpetually stayed and irritated by the persecutions of the fantastic groups peopling those superb apartments. He turned back from the seventh room, nearly frantic with impatience: for no where could he see the lofty head of Giovanni towering above others; no where could he discern that Moresco shawl, with which he was

told the glittering ringlets of Beatrice were to be disguised.

Had they met? Had they left the Palazzo together?

Almost breathless with the rapidity of his movements, and the torture of his mind, he was standing in a maze of perplexity, when the Signora Calva came up to him.

"I am very sorry," she whispered, "that my husband talked to you of our wrong-headed little cousin; but now, as you ought to be convinced, I advise you to go into the gardens: I saw Signor Cigala and Beatrice there, by the grotto of Arethusa not a quarter of an hour since."

The Signora did not wait reply, and Cesario was not able to give one. For a moment or two his limbs failed under him, and he had to support himself by catching at a pillar of the orchestra; but immediately afterwards, new-strung by despair, he sprang forward, and struggled through the crowd.

Signor Calva, who was watching him from a distance, marked the wild flashings of his eye, as it turned from side to side, lest the objects he sought should pass him unseen; and quietly making his way up to him, he followed unobserved.

Cesario entered the gardens: they were partially illuminated; some walks, however, were left to their own deep umbrage and the silver moonlight. Through these darker shades the tremulous gleam of water was visible, but not a foot was yet heard to disturb their solitudes.

The other avenues were blazing with coloured lamps, and thronged with figures: from those Cesario turned, loathing. He flew to the grotto of

Arethusa; but it was vacant: he rushed out of it, and looked round. Before him lay several open groves and glades, and behind him a deep shade of sycamores, skreening one of the lesser entrances.

He stood troubled and doubtful which path to take. As he paused, he was startled by the sound of unequal steps among the sycamores, and the next moment he heard the peculiar voice of Beatrice.

"No, Giovanni!" she said, in a tone of distraction; "I feel now that I never loved Cesario. I was grateful, and I pitied him—pitied his misfortunes too. Would I have done for *his* sake what I now do for yours? Oh! be assured I never loved him."

At the last words, Cesario uttered a terrible cry, and rushed forwards. His hand was on his sword; but in drawing it, his foot entangled in the folds of his domino, and, betrayed equally by the slippery grass and by his own agitation, he fell to the ground. Doubtless some other person had interrupted and alarmed Beatrice; she fled precipitately; and the uproar of maskers within the gardens, and of lacqueys without, must have prevented Giovanni from recognising the voice of his friend: for having first stooped for a bracelet which Beatrice had dropped; and which, if lifted by another, might sully her reputation, he went out by the same door through which she had darted to her hired carriage.

Signor Calva, meanwhile, was prompt in assisting Cesario; but, in doing so, he had the address to make a sign to one in the company, who obeyed it by conveying away the sword which caused Cesario's fall. "Command yourself!"

whispered the signor, stooping to his ear, and forcibly holding on the wretched young man's mask, which he was on the point of tearing off. "Be guarded, for the sake of the Signora's family." Cesario ceased at that appeal: he rose from the ground without speaking, at the same time impelling the signor forward into the grove.

The short path through that mere skirting of trees led them to an open door, beyond which they saw the street, and a throng of pages with flambeaux.

"They must have gone out this way," said the signor, as he passed with him out of the door.

"And together!" muttered Cesario, "I will follow to his house." And he tried to shake off the arm of his companion.

The stifled tone in which he spoke, had something so portentous in it, that the signor grasping him more firmly, insisted upon accompanying him wherever he went.

Cesario contested the point almost fiercely, but Calva was too resolute in his determination to be got rid of; Cesario, therefore, yielded to the impulse he gave, and went home with him.

He preserved a gloomy silence, during all the signor's exhortations to patience; and calls on him for a spirited display of indifference on the loss of such a friend and mistress were unheard. Calva spoke like a common man, to one but slightly affected by a common passion: he was used to see lovers discarded and hearts change; he was used also to the first burst of jealous rage; and he dreaded only its first burst. He was, consequently, assiduous to keep the rivals separate, till the resentment of the supplanted, should have time to cool into contempt.

Cesario's share in the conversation went little beyond an occasional monosyllable; condemning himself to the penance of appearing to listen, in gratitude for the signor's well-intended kindness. In fact, he only heard the irritating hum of a voice, without yielding attention to what it uttered.

When he thought he had endured this long enough for propriety, he rose from his seat. "Allow me now to retire," he said commanding his fluctuating colour for an instant. "I want rest—to-morrow we may consult together: you have promised me shelter for to-night."

The Signor was deceived by that air of composure which persons under the most violent agony of grief sometimes assume with the cunning of insanity, to lull suspicion of their fatal purpose.

He took a light; and having conducted his impatient guest to a chamber, repeated his exhortations, and bade him, good-night.

As the Signor departed, Cesario shot the bolt of his door. He listened with gasping anxiety, till the steps of Calva were no longer audible: then a wild and savage joy thrilled through him: for he was free!—free, to seek the revenge his soul thirsted for.

With one spring he cleared the balcony of his window into the garden; scaled its high wall; and was at the door of Giovanni's house in the Strada Lomellino, without having once paused to take breath. He passed the servant who let him in, without a question. The man knew him too well, to give him any interruption, or to apprehend any thing from the fierceness and strangeness of his entry. Cesario, therefore, took the lofty stair-

case at a bound, and burst into Giovanni's apartment.

Giovanni was sitting at a table, his face buried in his hands. His hair was all disordered, as if the actions of a perturbed spirit had scattered its broken masses.

So absorbed was he in painful thought, he did not hear the step of Cesario, as he sprang through the pillared entrance; he drew a profound sigh, and as he sighed, he looked up. He then saw Cesario standing opposite to him, with such an expression of misery and meltingness in his face; and that face so wan, that he almost took it for his apparition. He half rose, ejaculating some pious adjuration.

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Cesario, approaching him, all bewildered with the revulsion of feeling which the mere sight of him, thus sad and alone, had caused.

Giovanni knew then, that it was Cesario; and he was stretching out his hand to welcome him back, and to demand the reason of his re-appearance, when he saw his friend's countenance suddenly convulsed, and a demon's frown alter every feature.

"Ha! have I proof again!" he exclaimed, precipitating himself upon the table, and snatching from it the bracelet which Giovanni had so unfortunately taken up after it fell from the arm of Beatrice.

Cesario looked at this bracelet eagerly, intently; then furiously dashing it on the floor, and trampling it under his feet, he cried out, "There, cursed bauble!—defend yourself, false man!" he continued, rushing upon Giovanni, and putting his hand to his side in search of his sword. The

empty scabbard mocked his grasp: for he knew not what had passed in the grove at the Palazzo Carega.

His passions were now doubly inflamed by disappointed fury, and he darted his eyes round the room in the deadly hope of espying some weapon of offence.

At that moment, had Giovanni possessed ten thousand lives, Cesario would have thought them all too few to slake his gasping vengeance: he uttered some unconnected words of horrid import, accompanied by certain wandering movements of the eye and hand, which had an expression in them even more horrible than his words.

Giovanni, however, looked at him awhile with a fearless though afflicted aspect; then advancing said,

“What fatal suspicion thus maddens you?—You suspect me of perfidy, Cesario, and I am innocent; in the name of God, be less violent, and hear me.”

“I waste no time in words,” exclaimed Cesario, fiercely repulsing him; “answer me—did I not see you in the Carega gardens, this night, with Beatrice? did I not hear the vows of love pass between you? did I not hear her declare—shame on that shameless avowal! Away—away.”

“Cesario, if these lips,—this heart—”

“Hence! Mock my blind faith no longer;—I heard,—I heard!—yon bracelet too,—I have kissed it on her arm a thousand times!—as you are a knight, lend me a sword,—here, in this spot, let us end one or both of us.—*I cannot, and you shall not live beyond this hour.*”

“But hear me, Cesario; and if after that, you still thirst for my blood, why it is yours—all

yours. I call Heaven to witness, (and I will prove it to you,) that never by thought, word, nor deed, have I wronged you with Beatrice;—is our bond of soul to be broken at last by a woman?—No!—she wrings it from me;—and now I own, that her persecuting love, inflamed by my indifference——”

“Her persecuting love!” repeated Cesario; “her love!—your indifference!” and he burst into a withering laugh: then with a terrible voice,—“Infamous liar!” he exclaimed, advancing; he raised his hand—was it a blow that fell?

Giovanni’s shudder was audible as he started back: from another hand, that blow had been the watch-word of death; but on Cesario, the wretched, misled Cesario, he only turned a look, such a look! and ere the insult could be repeated, disappeared.

Cesario remained where Giovanni had left him, motionless in mind as in body. He might be said to have forgot himself to stone! for he was only roused by the entrance of a domestic who came in by chance. At sight of this person, recollection of what had just passed, flashed on him; but no longer feeling any of that devouring passion which demanded action, he started forward in silence, and casting round him a haggard look of amazement at what had happened, rushed from the scene.

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